

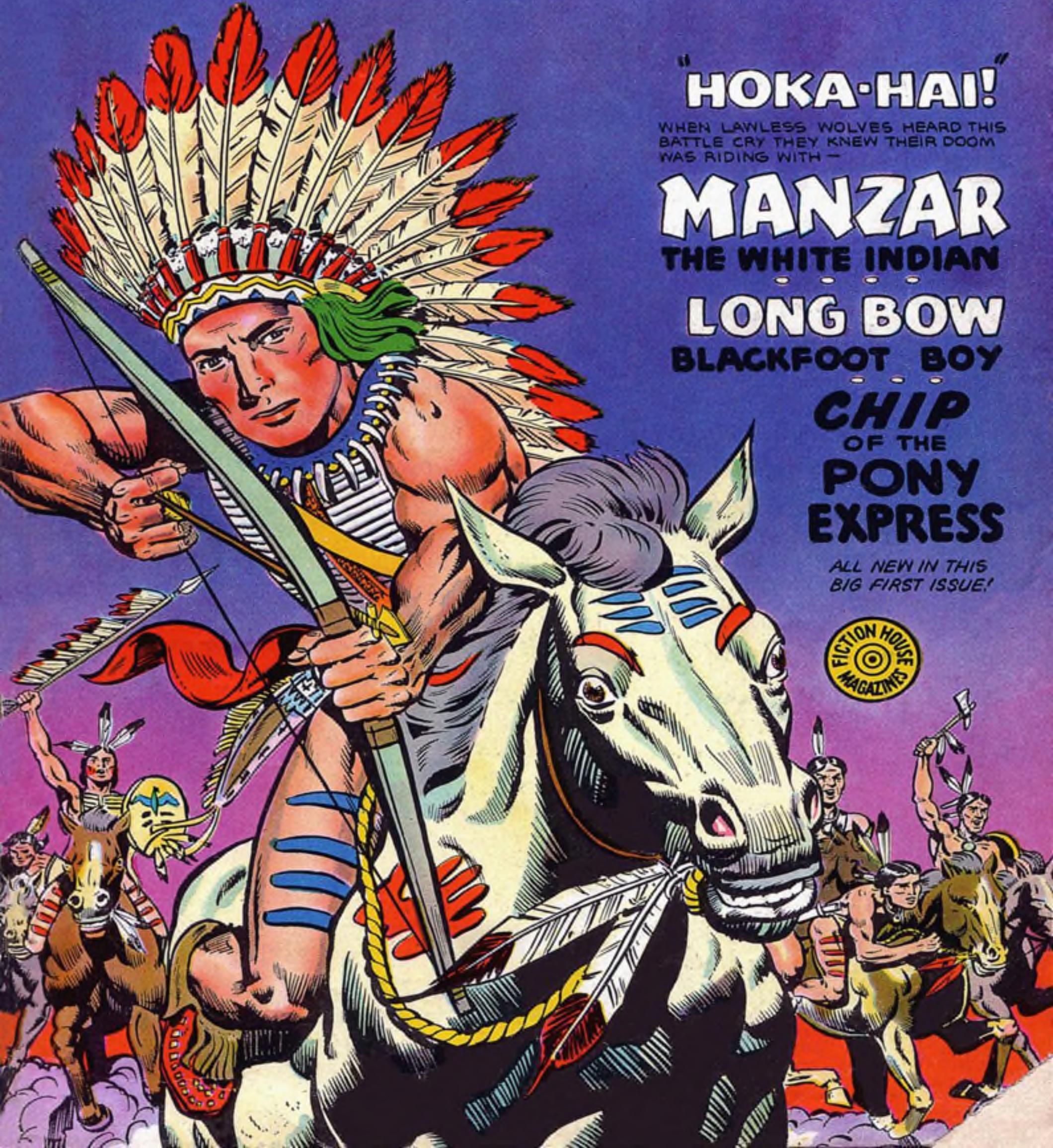
A.N.C.

No. 1

10¢

# Indians

PICTURE STORIES of the FIRST AMERICANS



"HOKA-HAI!"

WHEN LAWLESS WOLVES HEARD THIS  
BATTLE CRY THEY KNEW THEIR DOOM  
WAS RIDING WITH —

**MANZAR**  
THE WHITE INDIAN

**LONG BOW**  
BLACKFOOT BOY

**CHIP**  
OF THE  
**PONY**  
**EXPRESS**

ALL NEW IN THIS  
BIG FIRST ISSUE!



**PAY LESS — GET THE BEST! SENSATIONAL SAVINGS! YOUR MONEY REFUNDED IF YOU CAN BUY THEM FOR LESS!**

LATEST STYLE LUXURY GENUINE FIBRE

# SEAT COVERS

LUXURY SEAT COVERS SAVE YOU MONEY!

Same Superb Quality As Used In The Most Expensive Seat Covers.

Buy from Luxury and SAVE TREMENDOUSLY on smartest, new style, color glamorous seat covers! Lacquer-coated to repel water, LUXURY Genuine Fibre Seat Covers are double-stitched, trimmed with rich leatherette for extra long, luxury wear! Expertly tailored, RICHER, STRONGER, Revolutionary — New ELASTICIZED SLIP-OVER SIDES assure FAULTLESS FIT . . . NO INSTALLATION COST! All in stunning Scotch Plaids of soft, harmonious multi-color weaves! Make old cars look like new . . . new cars even more elegant!

SMARTEST SCOTCH PLAIDS

YOUR CHOICE OF 23 SPARKLING COLORS!

WHATEVER YOUR CAR HERE ARE YOUR COVERS!

Guaranteed perfect fit for every popular make and model, old or new, including—

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And Many Others

SENT ON APPROVAL



BUY FROM LUXURY AND SAVE! ACT NOW Satisfaction Guaranteed or 5-Day Money-Back TEST AT OUR RISK.

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1. Smooth Glove-Like Fit!

2. Full Back and Front Seat Protection!

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3. Richly Grained Leatherette Trim!

5. MONEY SAVING! STURDY!

The Exact Same Material Used in the Most Expensive Seat Covers!

EASILY INSTALLED — TAKES A FEW MINUTES!

(on all make cars)

Specify style for YOUR car.

TYPE A — Solid back for 4-door sedan...front or rear. Rear for coach or coupe.

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1025 Broad St., Newark 2, N. J.

Gentlemen: Kindly rush LUXURY Seat Covers on special 5-day Money-Back Inspection Offer.

Color \_\_\_\_\_ 2nd Color \_\_\_\_\_

Full set front & back covers \$8.95. My car is a 19\_\_\_\_\_  
Make \_\_\_\_\_

Front seat cover only, \$4.98.  2-door  4-door

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Type A  Type B  Type C

On delivery I'll pay postman purchase price plus few cents postage and C.O.D. charges.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City. \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(PLEASE PRINT)

\$ \_\_\_\_\_ purchase price enclosed. You pay postage.

# Indians

PICTURE STORIES of the FIRST AMERICANS

## MANZAR, The WHITE INDIAN



WHEN SMOKE-SIGN SPelled DANGER in the BLACK HILLS, DAN CARTER, THE TRADER, VANISHED... AND BLAZING ALONG THE PERIL-TRAILS RODE THE BRIGHT ARROW, BLUE-EYED SON OF THE SIOUX, SHOUTING THE BATTLE-CRY THE LAWLESS FEARED — "HOKA-HAI!"

## RED FAWN



A MAIDEN'S WORK IS STEWING FISH AND BUILDING TEEPEES AND CHEWING BUFFALO SKINS. BUT RED FAWN, THE LITTLE FIREBRAND, HAD A TRUANT FOOT AND A WARRIOR'S HEART AND AN EAR THAT HARKED WHEN THE WINDIGO BREEZE WHISPERED THE FORBIDDEN.

## CHIP of the PONY EXPRESS



YOU ARE CHIP BLAKE OF KENTUCKY, JUST TURNED EIGHTEEN. YOUR MOUTH IS DRY AND YOUR HAND SWEATS UPON THE STOCK OF YOUR CARBINE. YOU ARE PROUD AND SCARED, FOR IN THREE MINUTES YOU MOUNT AND RIDE TO RISK YOUR SCALP FOR THE PONY EXPRESS.

## ORPHAN of the STORM



WHAT NAME FOR HIM — FOR THIS LITTLE WILD HORSE? SHALL WE CALL HIM DRIFTER? OR BLUE BRAVE? OR KILLER-OF-WOLVES? LISTEN TO HIS STORY, SO DARK WITH DREAD YET SO BRIGHT WITH COURAGE, AND SEE WHAT NAME IT WRITES FOR YOU.

## LONG BOW



THE WAR-PAINTED CROWS SWOOPED FROM THE DARK — "YAA-HEE! WE SLAY" — AND LONG BOW, THE BLACKFOOT BOY, WAS A LONE, LOST FUGITIVE IN A GRIM AND HUNGRY LAND. AND HIS ONLY ESCAPE WAS A WHITE-DEVIL'S DOOR WITH A HUNDRED HOOTING TRAPS BEHIND IT!

# MANZAR THE WHITE INDIAN

By JOHN STAPP



THE WILD TRAPPERS OF THE BLACK HILLS  
CALLED HIM **DAN CARTER**—AND SNEERED  
AT THE NAME... TO THEM THE TALL NEPHEW  
OF OLD PEGLEG CARTER, BOSS OF THE  
TRADING POST AT COUGAR PASS, WAS ONLY  
HALF A MAN...  
**BUT HIS INDIAN BROTHERS OF CAPTIVE**  
BOYHOOD DAYS CALLED HIM **MANZAR**,  
THE **BRIGHT ARROW**—BEST AND  
BRAVEST OF THEIR BRAVES!

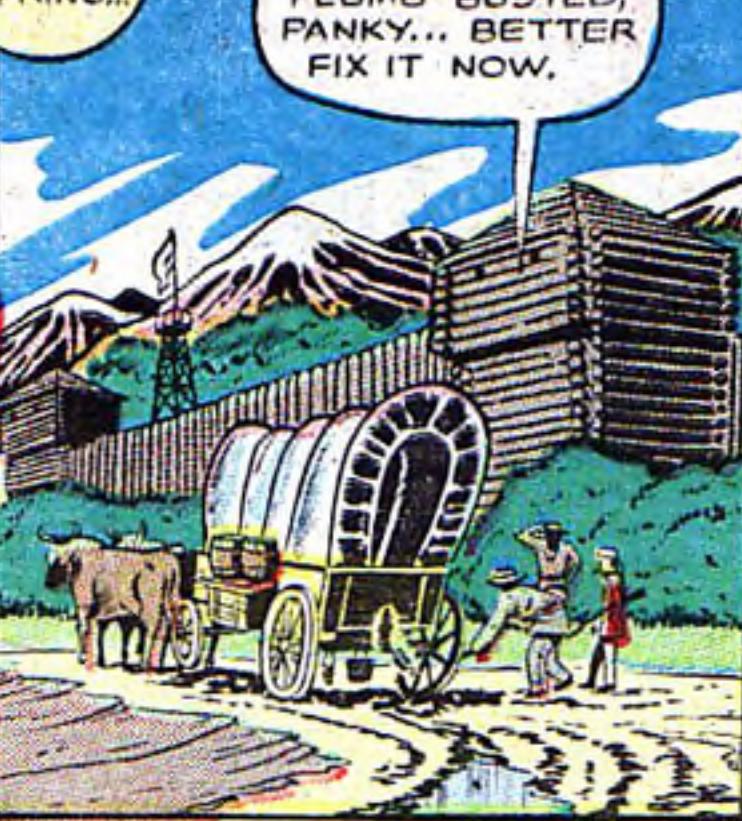


ONE  
DAY IN  
SPRING...

THIS WHEEL'S  
PLUMB BUSTED,  
PANKY... BETTER  
FIX IT NOW.



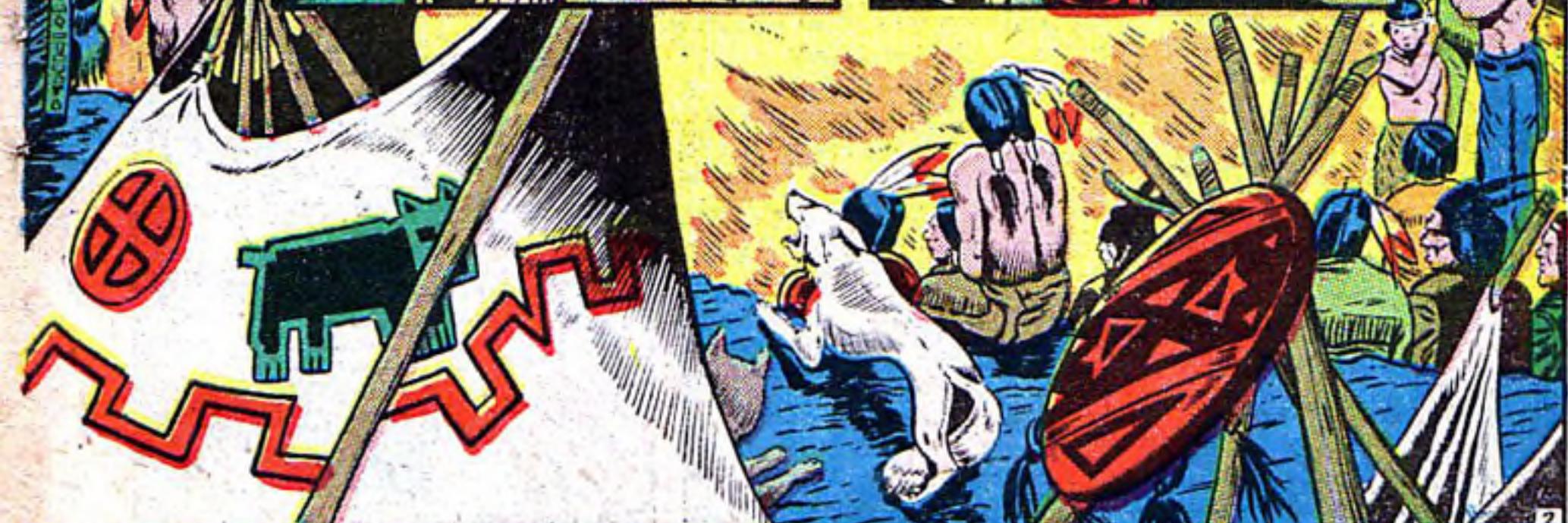
THEN RAISE A YELL AT THE  
GATE... PEGLEG CARTER'S  
GOT NO LOVE FOR US, BUT  
HE CAN'T REFUSE US HELP!



HO! ONE OF PANKY  
HARLOW'S WAGONS... AW, NO, UNCLE  
LET 'EM YELL, DAN'L— PEG... I'LL GO  
THEY'RE PRIME SEE WHAT'S  
SKUNKS! TROUBLING  
'EM...



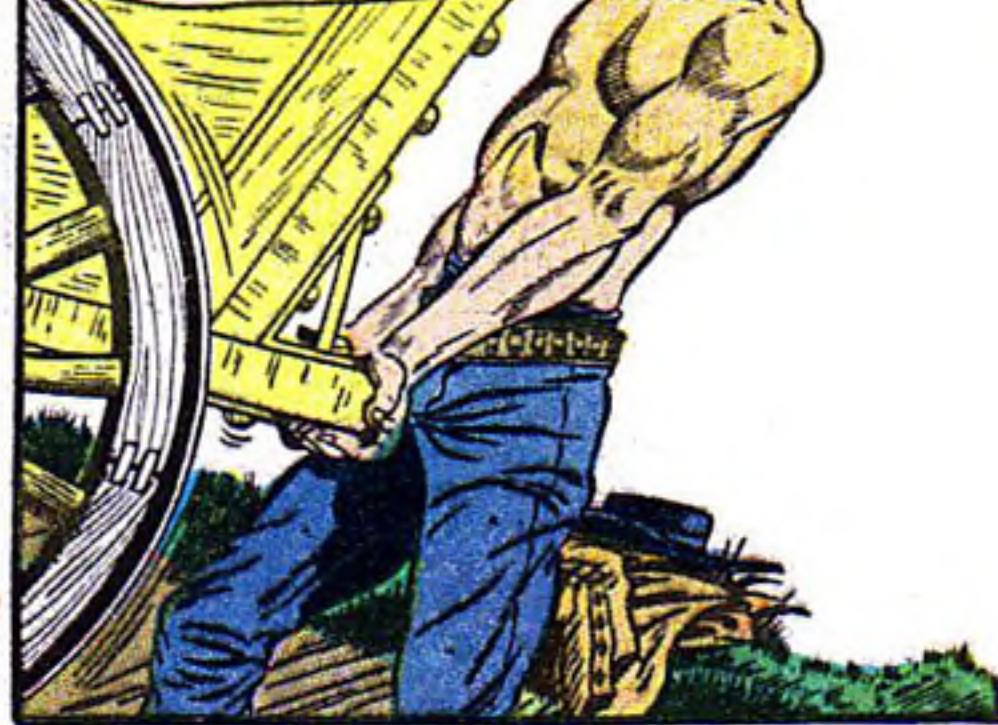
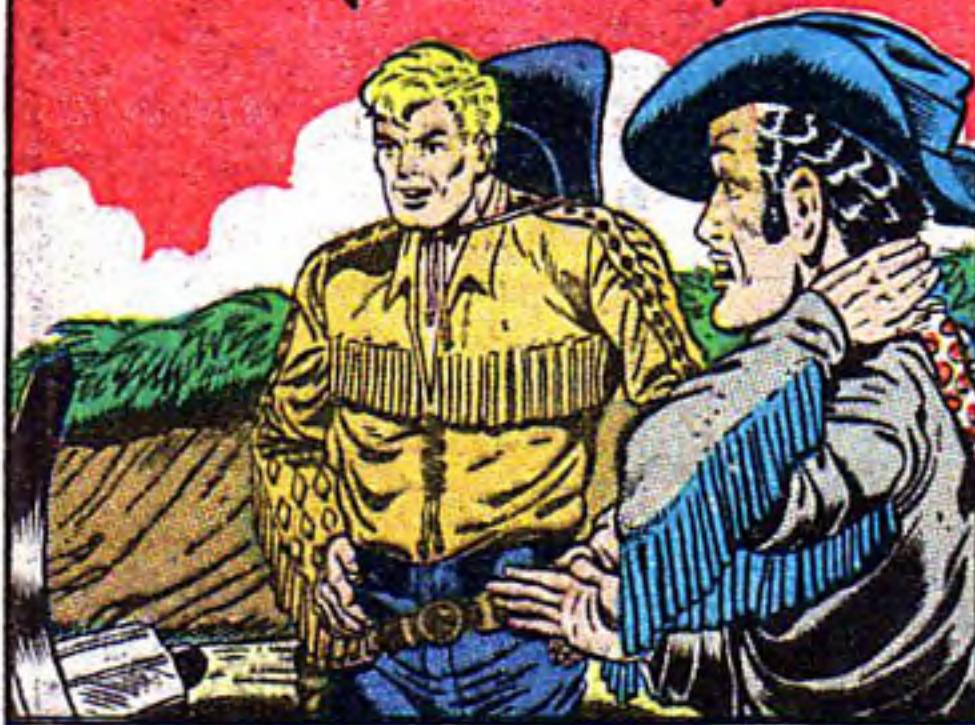
LOOK, SEÑOR PANKY— A  
HELPING HAND... AND  
WHAT A HANDSOME ONE!  
'ALLO, BLUE-EYES!



THAT WHEEL NEEDS  
A NEW RIM, HARLOW...  
WHERE'S YOUR AXLE-  
BLOCKS?

YOU MEAN YOU'LL  
FIX IT? GOOD! HEY,  
SOME OF YOU MEN  
GET A HOLD, HERE-

NO NEED FOR THAT!  
SHOVE THAT BLOCK IN  
PLACE - THAT'S IT - AND  
I'LL SNAKE THE WHEEL  
OFF IN A JIFFY!



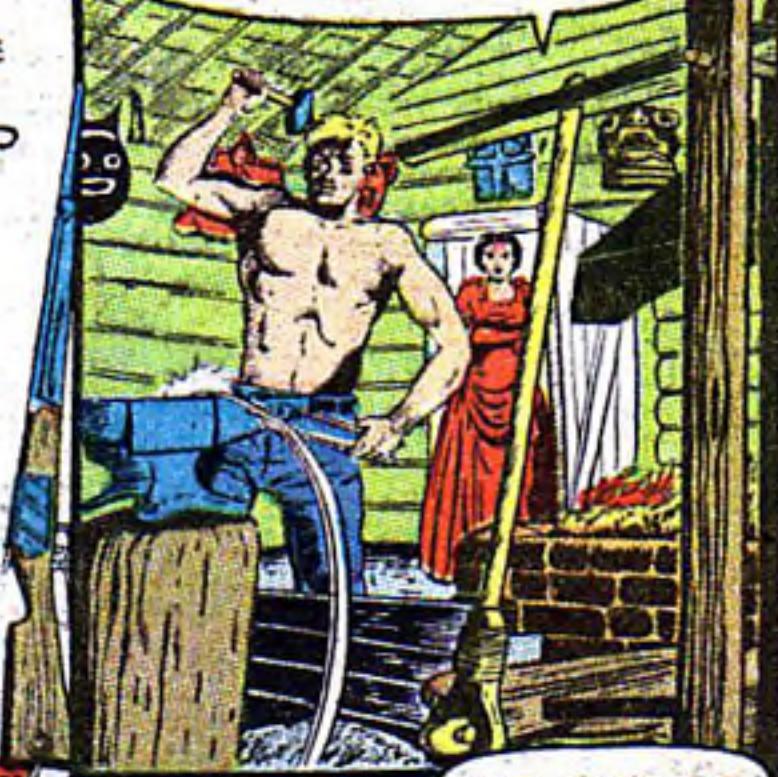
BEHOLD HIM, PAN-KEE!  
LIKE A FEATHER HE  
LIFTS THE LOADED  
WAGON... AH, W'AT A  
**MUCHO HOMBRE!**

SHOWIN' OFF  
FOR STELLA,  
HUH? MAKIN'  
A FOOL OF  
ME!



SOON, IN THE  
CLANGING  
BLACKSMITH  
SHOP OF THE  
POST, THE  
BRIGHT-EYED  
STELLA  
PURSUDES  
HER  
WOMAN'S  
MISCHIEF...  
"YOU DON'T  
MIND IF  
I WATCH,  
BLUE-  
EYES?"

THEY CALL YOU A STRAIGHT  
MAN... IT IS BECAUSE YOU  
GREW UP WITH THE INDIANS,  
NO?

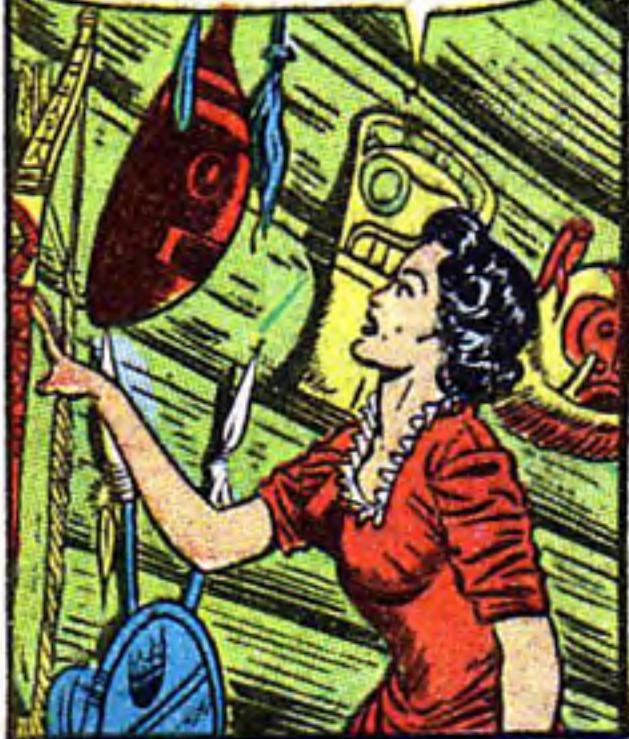


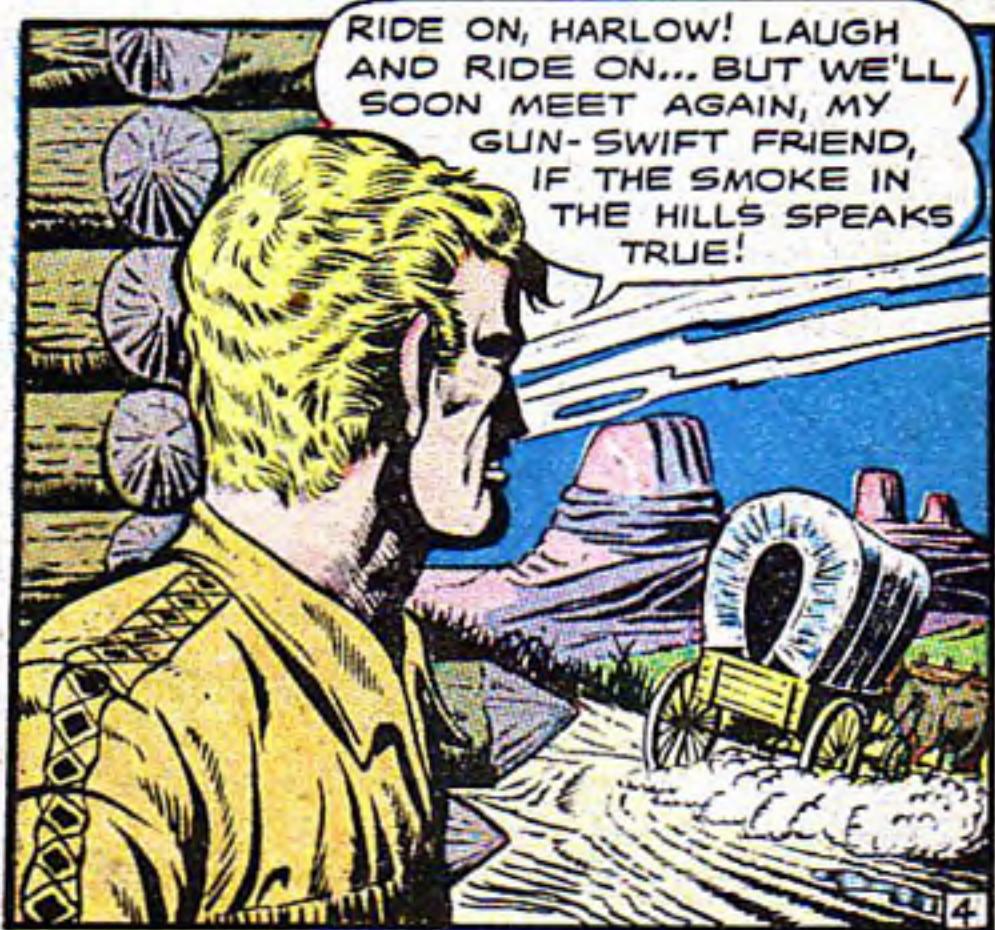
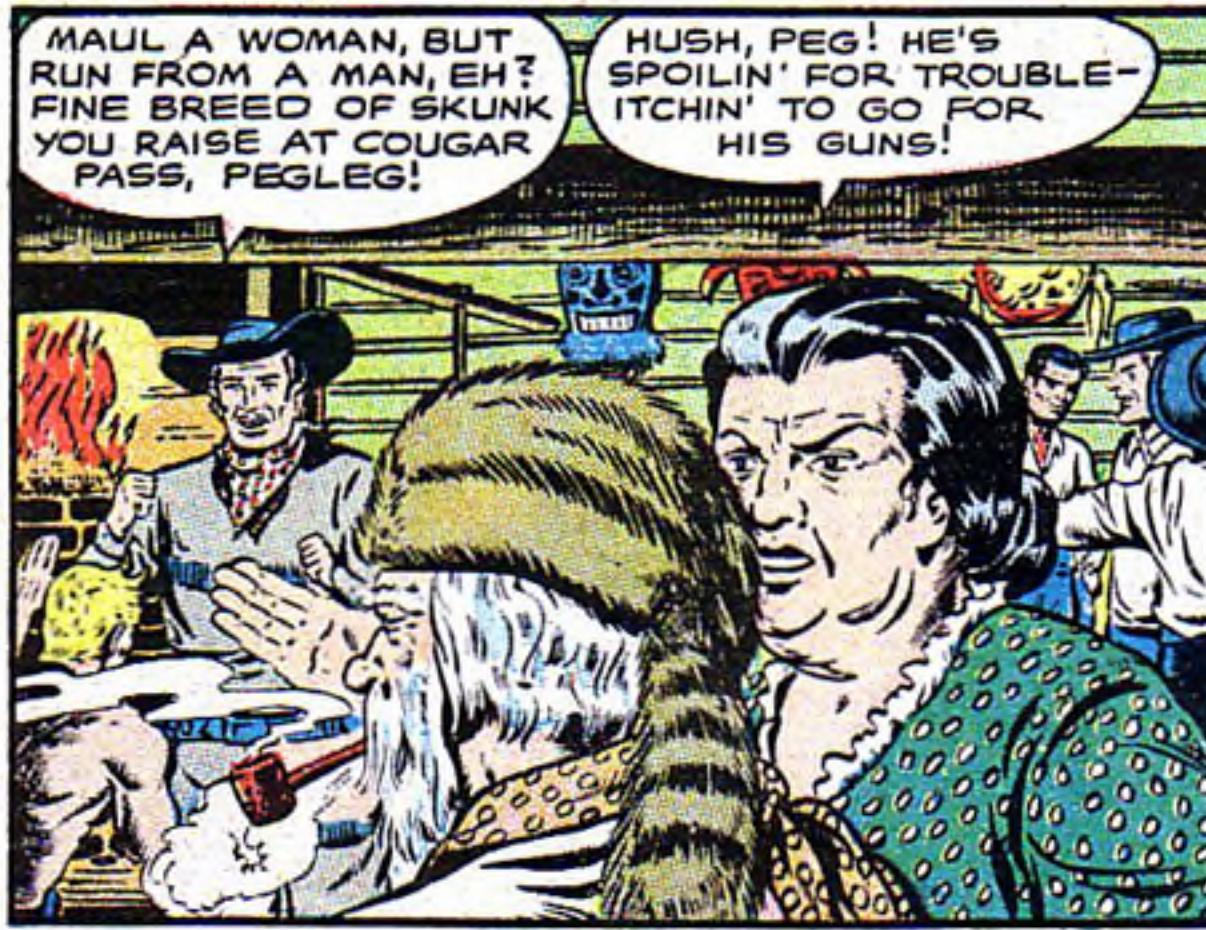
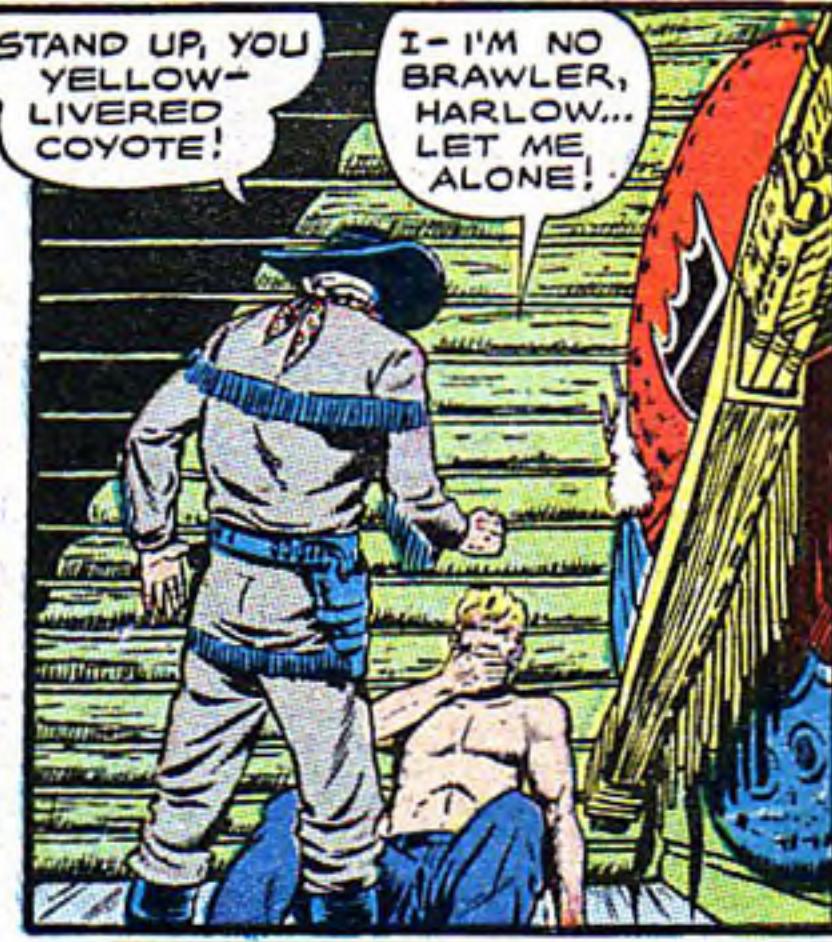
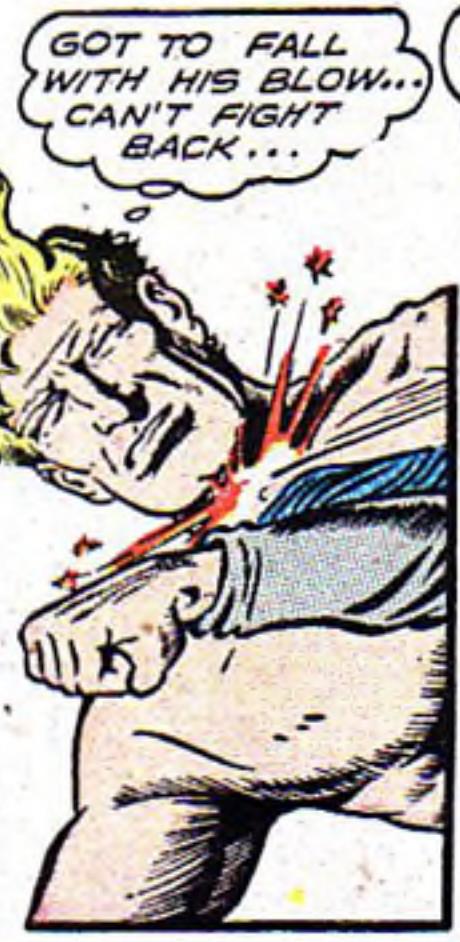
AND NOW YOU ROAM THE  
HILLS FOR UGLY WAR-  
MASKS WHILE OTHERS  
HUNT FUR AND GOLD...

DID YOU NEVER THINK  
THAT PAN-KEE HARLOW  
COULD USE A MAN  
LIKE YOU -

THERE'S YOUR  
ANSWER, LITTLE  
FOOL! PLAYING  
HARLOW'S OUTLAW  
GAME IS PLAYING  
WITH FIRE -

WHO SAYS SO,  
YOU SON OF A  
FLEA-BIT  
SQUAW?



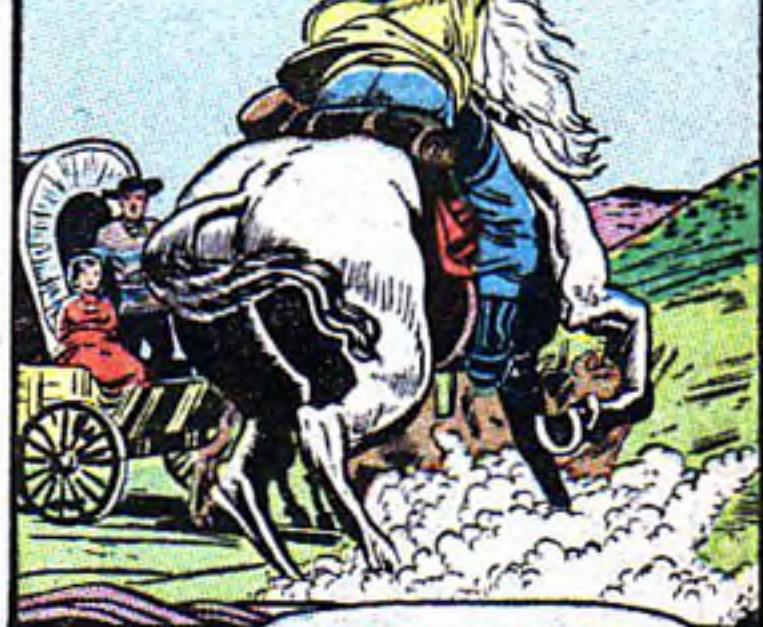


NEXT  
DAY, IN  
THE  
FAR  
HILLS...

YES, STELL, THAT RUCKUS AT COUGAR PASS STILL PLEASES ME... THAT'S WHAT I WANT IN THIS COUNTRY—**TROUBLE!** THE MORE I STIR UP, THE BETTER IT PAYS ME...

SOMEDAY I AIM TO OWN OLD PEG-LEG CARTER'S POST... I'LL BOSS THE WHOLE DAKOTAS—

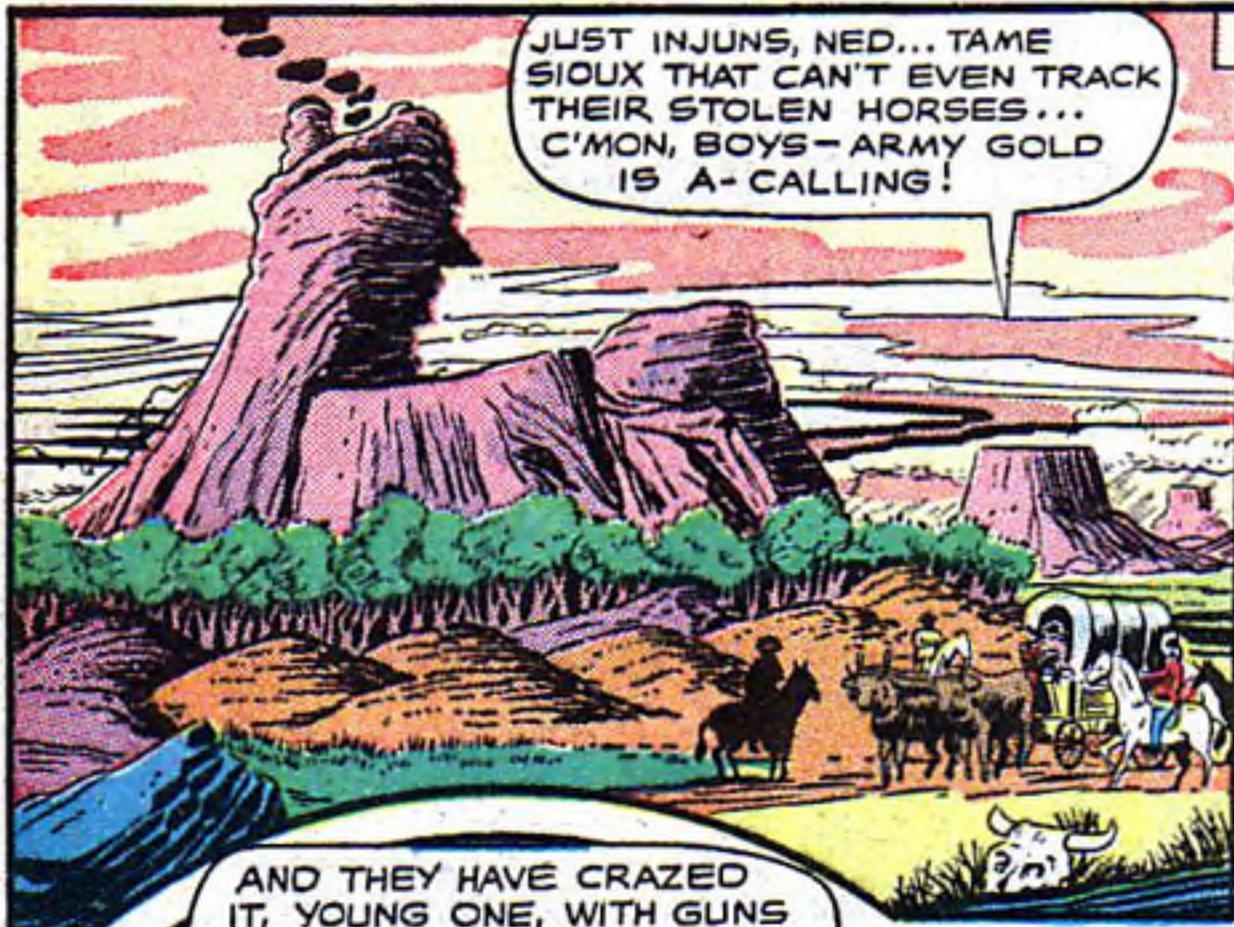
ALL SET, PANKY! THE BLUE-COAT BIRDS ARE FLYIN' STRAIGHT FOR OUR TRAP... BUT WHAT'S THAT SMOKE-TALK YONDER?



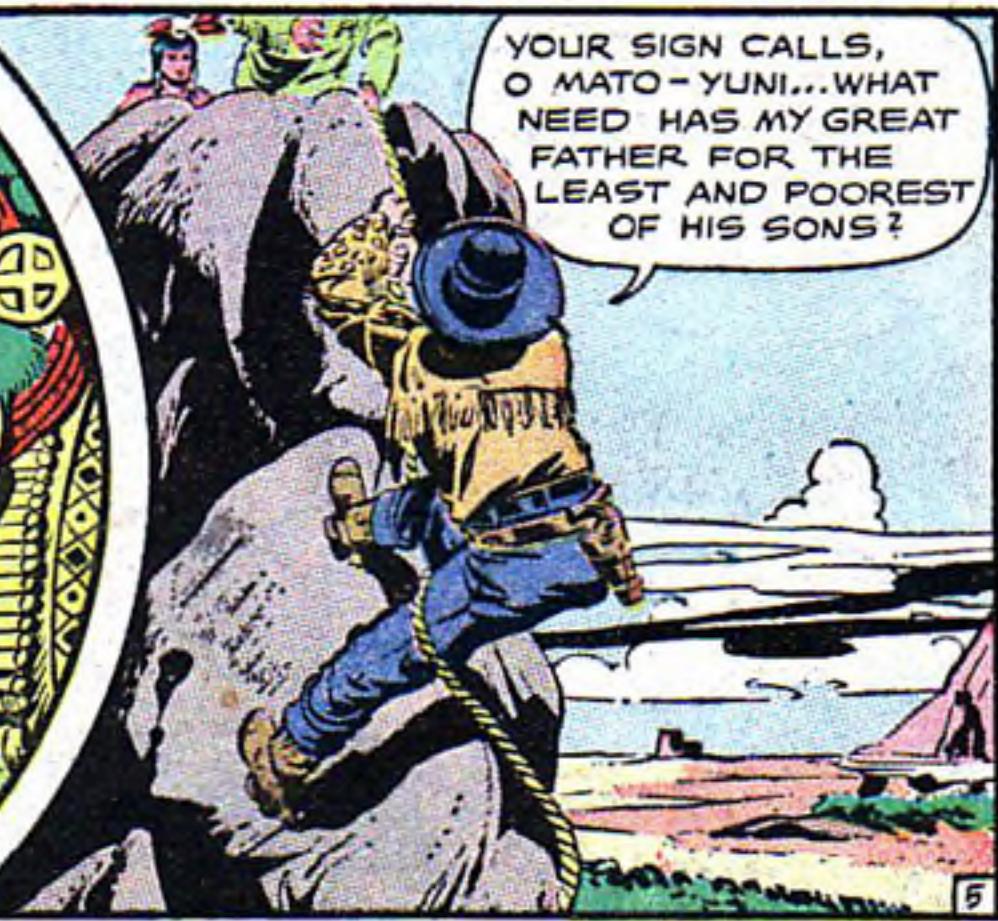
JUST INJUNS, NED... TAME SIOUX THAT CAN'T EVEN TRACK THEIR STOLEN HORSES... C'MON, BOYS—ARMY GOLD IS A-CALLING!

ABOVE...

THEY GO, EYES-OF-NIGHT—THE PROUD WHITE MEN, MASTERS OF A CRAZY LAND!



AND THEY HAVE CRAZED IT, YOUNG ONE, WITH GUNS AND GREED... **BUT LOOK-** OUR ROPE PULLS! OUR SMOKE IS ANSWERED!



YOUR SIGN CALLS, O MATO-YUNI...WHAT NEED HAS MY GREAT FATHER FOR THE LEAST AND POOREST OF HIS SONS?

**MANZAR!** AGAIN  
THE **BRIGHT ARROW**  
SPEEDS INTO THE  
DARK OF MY WOES!

YOU MEAN  
THE PONIES  
STOLEN BY  
WHITE RAIDERS  
TWO MOONS  
AGO?

MORE THAN THAT,  
MY SON! I SEE  
**WAR**—UNLESS  
YOU HALT IT  
NOW!

WAR? DOES **BLACK FOX**, THE  
FIREBRAND OF MY BROTHERS,  
CHANT HIS SCALP-SONG AGAIN?  
BUT LET ME DRESS FOR  
DANGER FIRST, AND TELL ME  
OF IT AS WE RIDE!

I KNOW THE  
THIEF OF OUR  
HORSES—  
HARLOW, THE  
FREE-TRADER!

HE IS AN EVIL  
MAN... A PLANTER  
OF HATE... BUT  
MY EYE IS ON  
HIM!

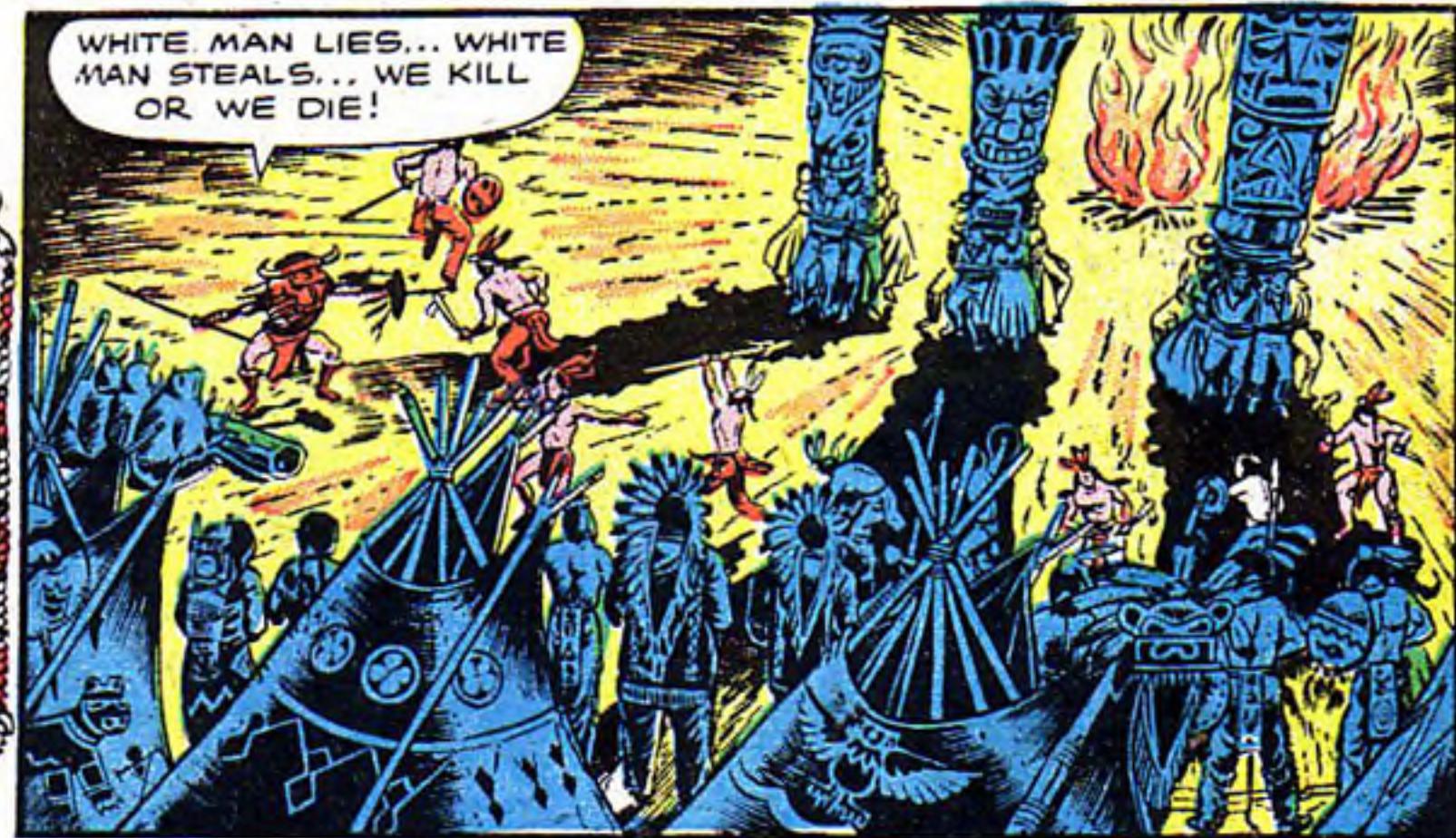
AND HE WILL  
WALK INTO MY  
TRAP BEFORE  
HIS PLOT CAN  
ROUSE A WAR  
AGAINST THE  
WHITE-MAN'S  
WAGONS...

BUT THAT IS MY  
WARNING, MANZAR—  
THAT YOUR TRAP  
FAILS!

AY, GREAT BROTHER! BLACK FOX  
AND TWENTY MORE STRUCK THE  
**LAST NIGHT!**



BY NIGHT  
THEY STRUCK...  
AND NOW, IN  
THE SIOUX  
VILLAGE, THE  
CAPTIVES  
CRINGED AS  
FEARFUL  
FIRES  
BURNED...



BUT THEY SAID AT  
FORT RENO THIS  
COUNTRY WAS  
PEACEFUL!

THAT BRAVE  
WITH THE  
TOMAHAWK—  
HE'S THE  
KILLER  
KINGPIN!

ENOUGH, BLACK FOX!  
LET THE COUNCIL  
DECIDE THE REST!

PAH! DO WE  
HOLD COUNCIL  
UPON A COILED  
SNAKE?



TOO LONG HAVE  
WE HARKED TO  
MATO-YUNI, THE  
CONQUERING BEAR.  
AND SUCH TIMID  
OLD MEN! NOW  
THE WARRIOR  
SPEAK — LIKE  
THIS!





NEARBY,  
A  
MAIDEN  
LISTENS...

STOLEN HORSES  
AND TREACHEROUS  
TRADERS... AND  
HIS EYES BLIND  
TO ME!

WOULD YOU GO  
WITH NO WORD  
FOR SINGING BIRD,  
MANZAR?

HAI-EE!  
OUR TRAIL  
RUNS FAR  
AND FAST!

BUT YOU KNOW THAT WHERE-  
EVER I RIDE, DAY OR NIGHT,  
THE THOUGHT OF MY SISTER  
RIDES WARM WITH ME...  
FAREWELL, SINGING BIRD!

FAREWELL!

HIS SISTER... THERE  
WAS A TIME WHEN HIS  
EYES CALLED ME SOME-  
THING ELSE... BUT WHAT  
CAN I DO NOW TO WIN  
HIS HEART  
AGAIN?

FAR ACROSS  
THE JUMBLED  
MILES, THE  
VULTURE-BIRDS  
OF  
PANKY HARLOW  
LOOK DOWN  
UPON THEIR  
CRAWLING  
PREY...



HAH! SIXTEEN TROOPERS  
LEADIN' THE PARADE, AND  
THE FORK OF THE TRAIL  
DEAD AHEAD... COULDN'T  
HAVE TIMED IT SLICKER,  
NED!



YEAH... BUT  
THEM WAGONS  
MOUNT A WICKED  
LOAD OF GUNS,  
PANK!

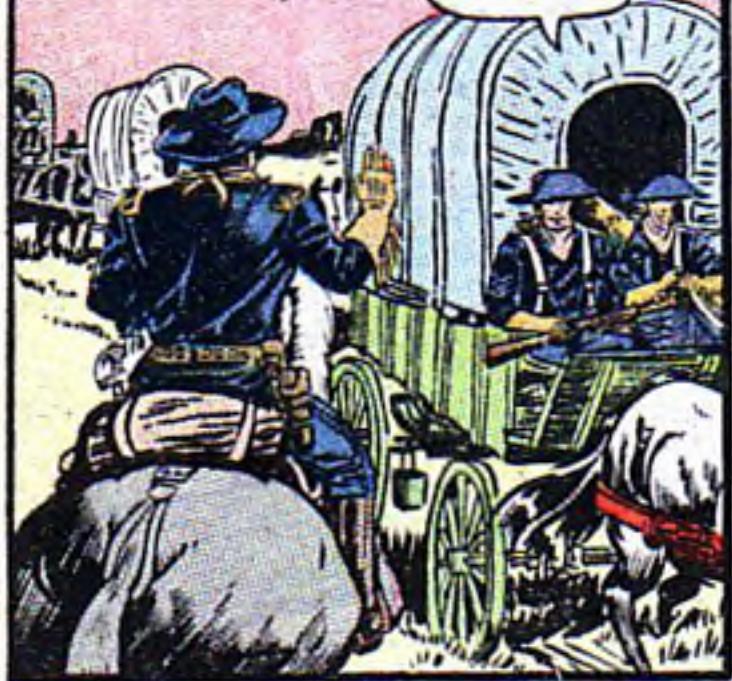
WHO CARES ABOUT THE  
WAGONS? THE BOYS IN  
BLUE ARE OUR MEAT—  
SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS  
WORTH!



ON THE  
PLAIN  
BELOW...

WE FORK OFF HERE  
FOR FORT FETTERMAN,  
SERGEANT... NOW OUR  
ROCKY RIDING STARTS!

YESSIR!



SO LONG, TROOPERS!  
THANKS FOR THREE  
DAYS OF SAFE AND  
PLEASANT COMPANY!

GOOD  
LUCK IN  
OREGON,  
PILGRIMS!

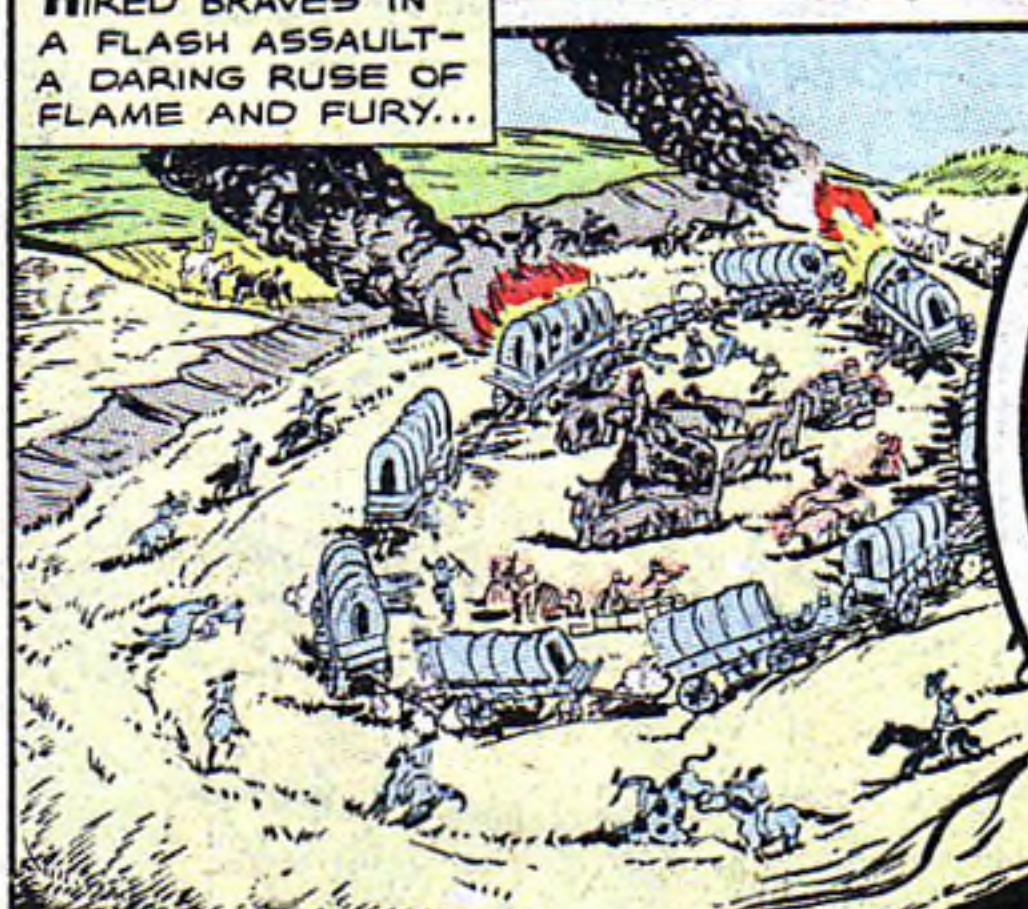


BUT SHORT MINUTES  
LATER, AS THE WAGON  
TRAIN ROLLS ON...

HOLY MOSES—  
INJUNS!



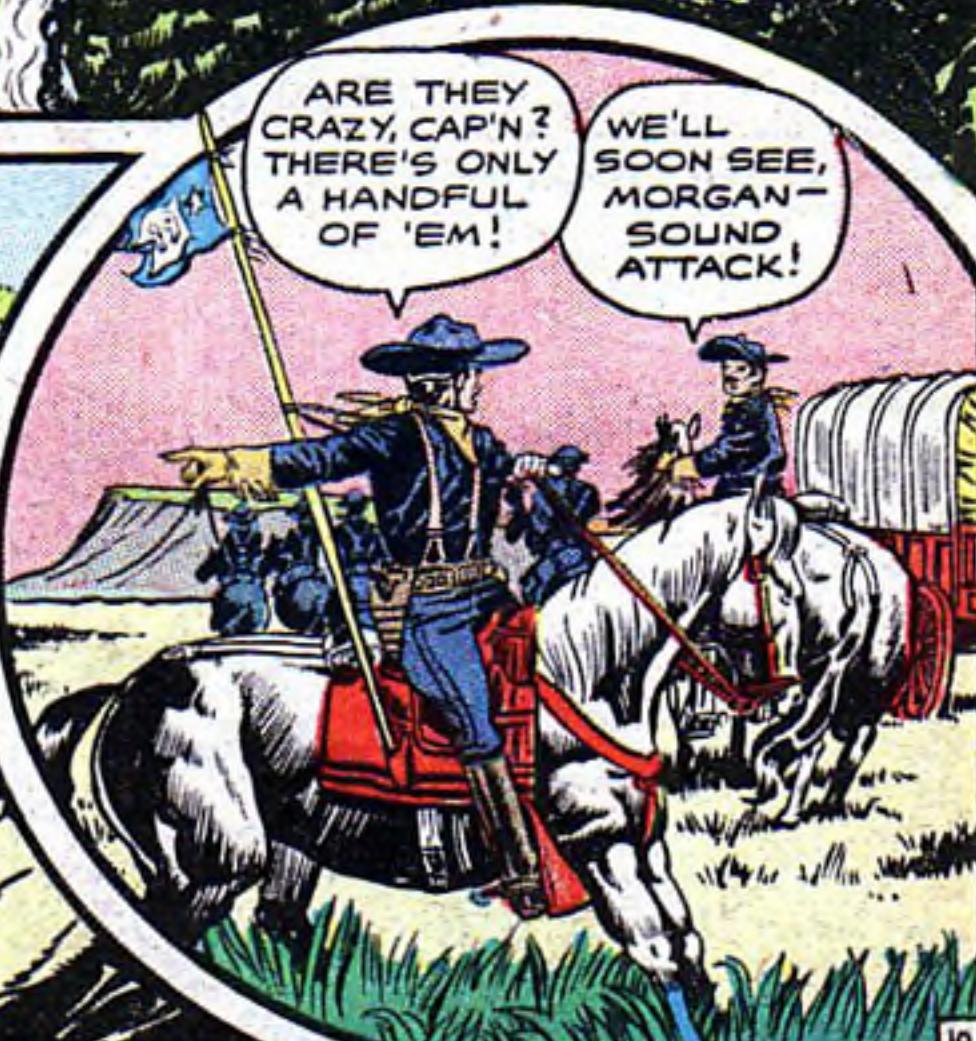
HIRED BRAVES IN  
A FLASH ASSAULT—  
A DARING RUSE OF  
FLAME AND FURY...



...AND FROM THEIR HIDING IN  
THE HILLS, PANKY HARLOW'S  
RENEGADES COME STORMING!

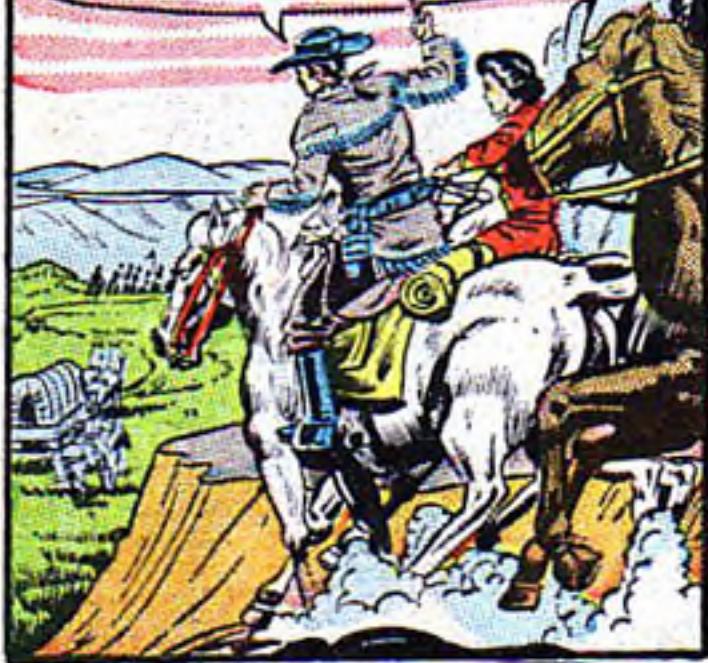
ARE THEY  
CRAZY, CAP'N?  
THERE'S ONLY  
A HANDFUL  
OF 'EM!

WE'LL  
SOON SEE,  
MORGAN—  
SOUND  
ATTACK!

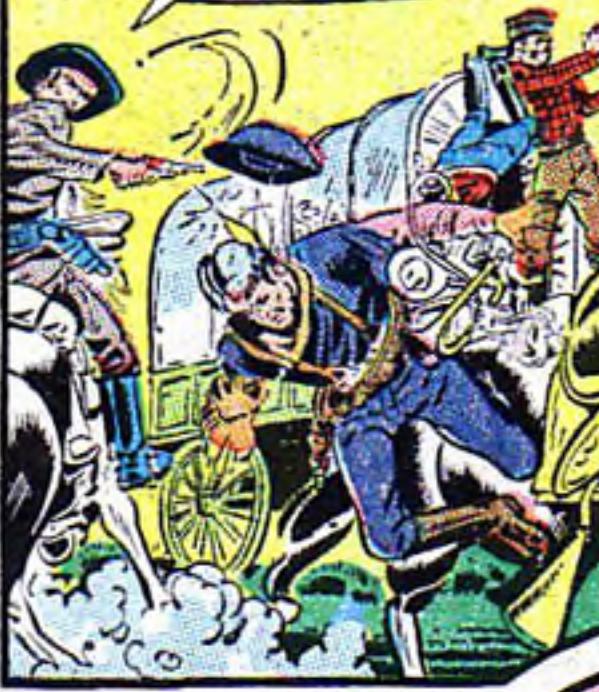


BUT AS THE TROOPERS  
RIDE FOR RESCUE...

THEY SWALLOWED THE  
BAIT, STELL! THE PAY-  
WAGON GOLD IS OURS!

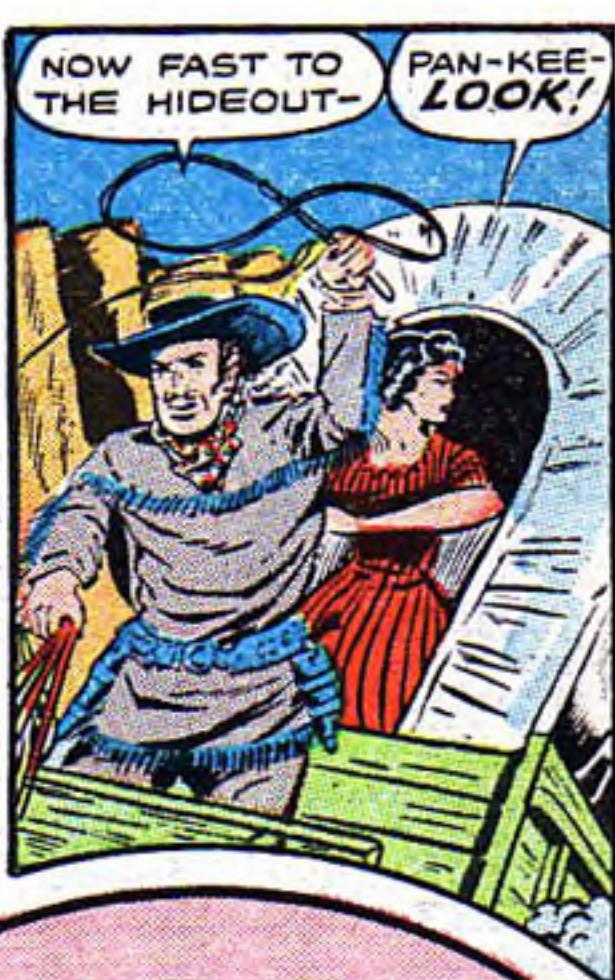


GOLD TO 'PAY FOR FORT  
FETTERMAN'S BEEF AND  
SUPPLIES. BUT WE NEED  
IT MORE THAN THE ARMY  
DOES, TROOPER!



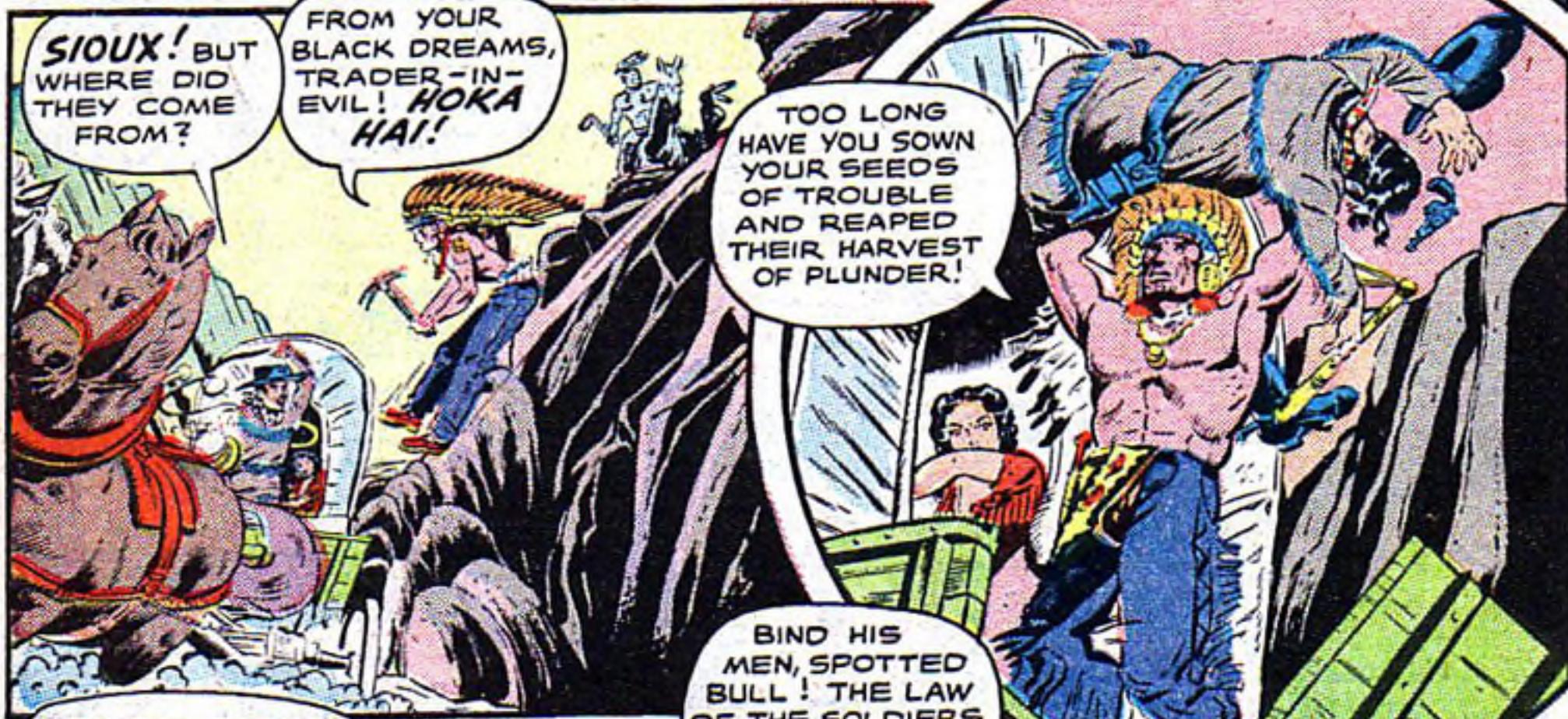
NOW FAST TO  
THE HIDEOUT-

PAN-KEE-  
LOOK!



SIOUX! BUT  
WHERE DID  
THEY COME  
FROM?

FROM YOUR  
BLACK DREAMS,  
TRADER-IN-  
EVIL! HOKA  
HAI!



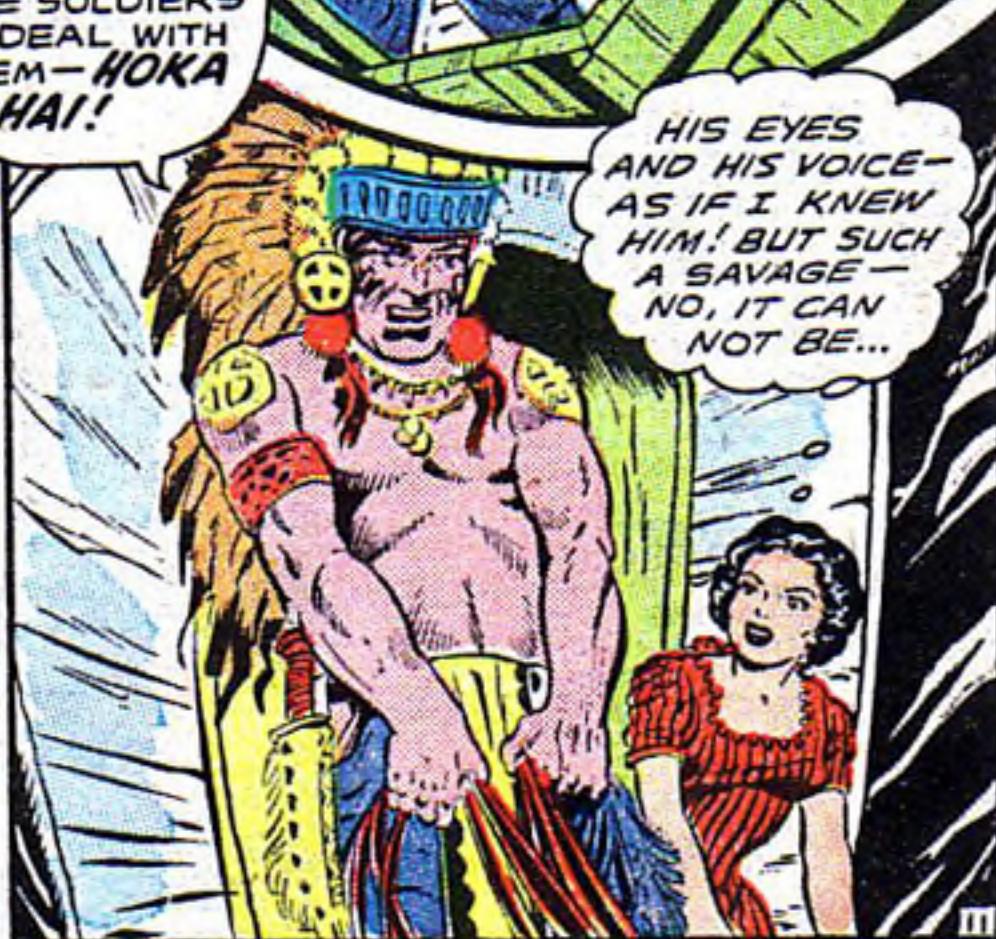
TOO LONG  
HAVE YOU SOWN  
YOUR SEEDS  
OF TROUBLE  
AND REAPED  
THEIR HARVEST  
OF PLUNDER!

LET THE ROCKS  
YOUR CRIMES HAVE  
STAINED WITH  
BLOOD CALL  
PENALTY UPON  
YOU!

BIND HIS  
MEN, SPOTTED  
BULL! THE LAW  
OF THE SOLDIERS  
CAN DEAL WITH  
THEM—HOKA  
HAI!



HIS EYES  
AND HIS VOICE—  
AS IF I KNEW  
HIM! BUT SUCH  
A SAVAGE—  
NO, IT CAN  
NOT BE...

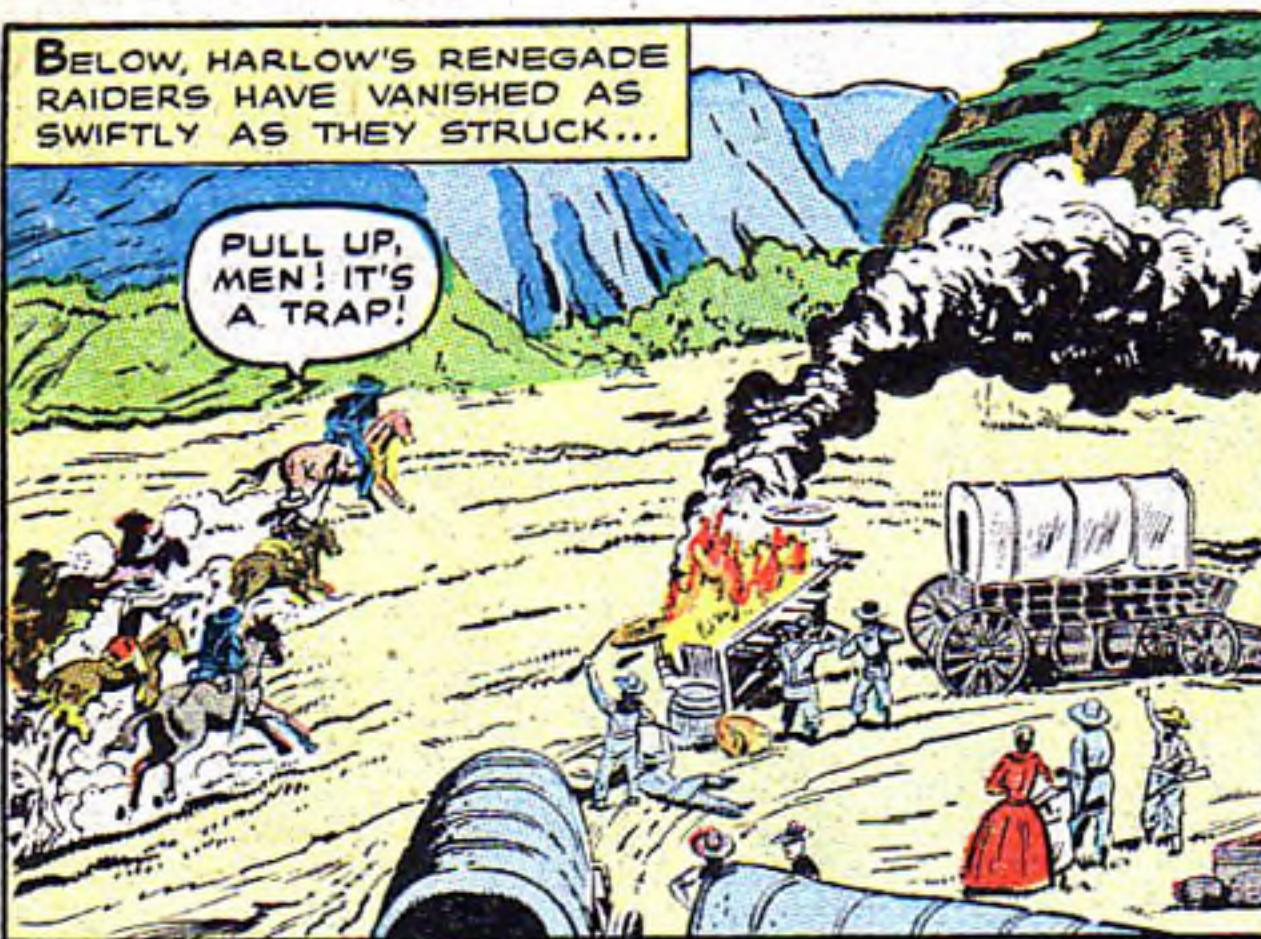


Below, Harlow's Renegade Raiders have vanished as swiftly as they struck...

PULL UP,  
MEN! IT'S  
A TRAP!

CRAZY  
ATTACK...  
CAN'T  
UNDER-  
STAND  
IT!

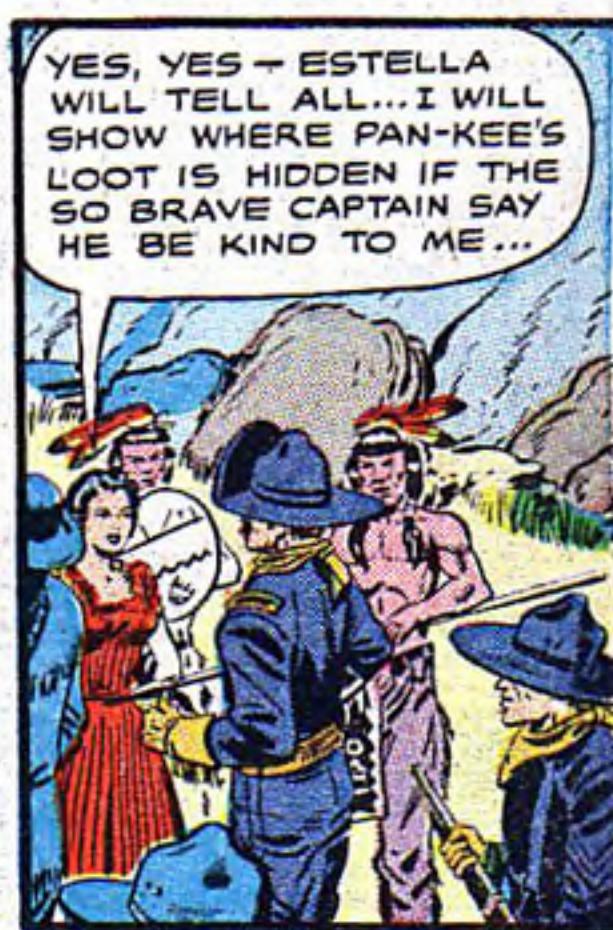
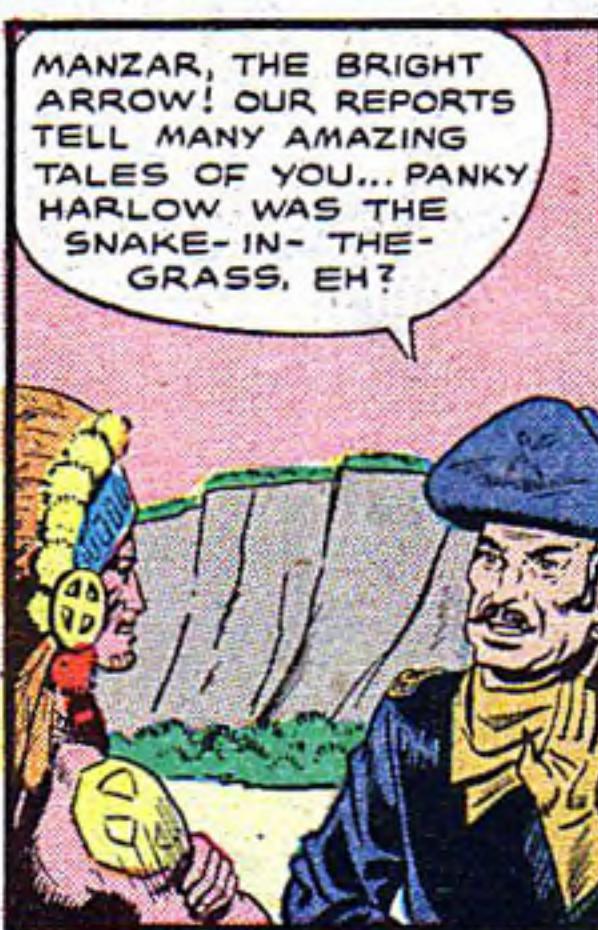
HERE'S THE  
ANSWER,  
CAP'N - YOUR  
PAY-WAGON!



GREETINGS, WHITE MEN!  
I AM MANZAR, OF THE  
SIOUX... THESE CAPTIVES  
I BRING CAN SING THE  
REST OF THE MOURNFUL  
SONG FOR YOU!

MANZAR, THE BRIGHT  
ARROW! OUR REPORTS  
TELL MANY AMAZING  
TALES OF YOU... PANKY  
HARLOW WAS THE  
SNAKE-IN-THE-  
GRASS, EH?

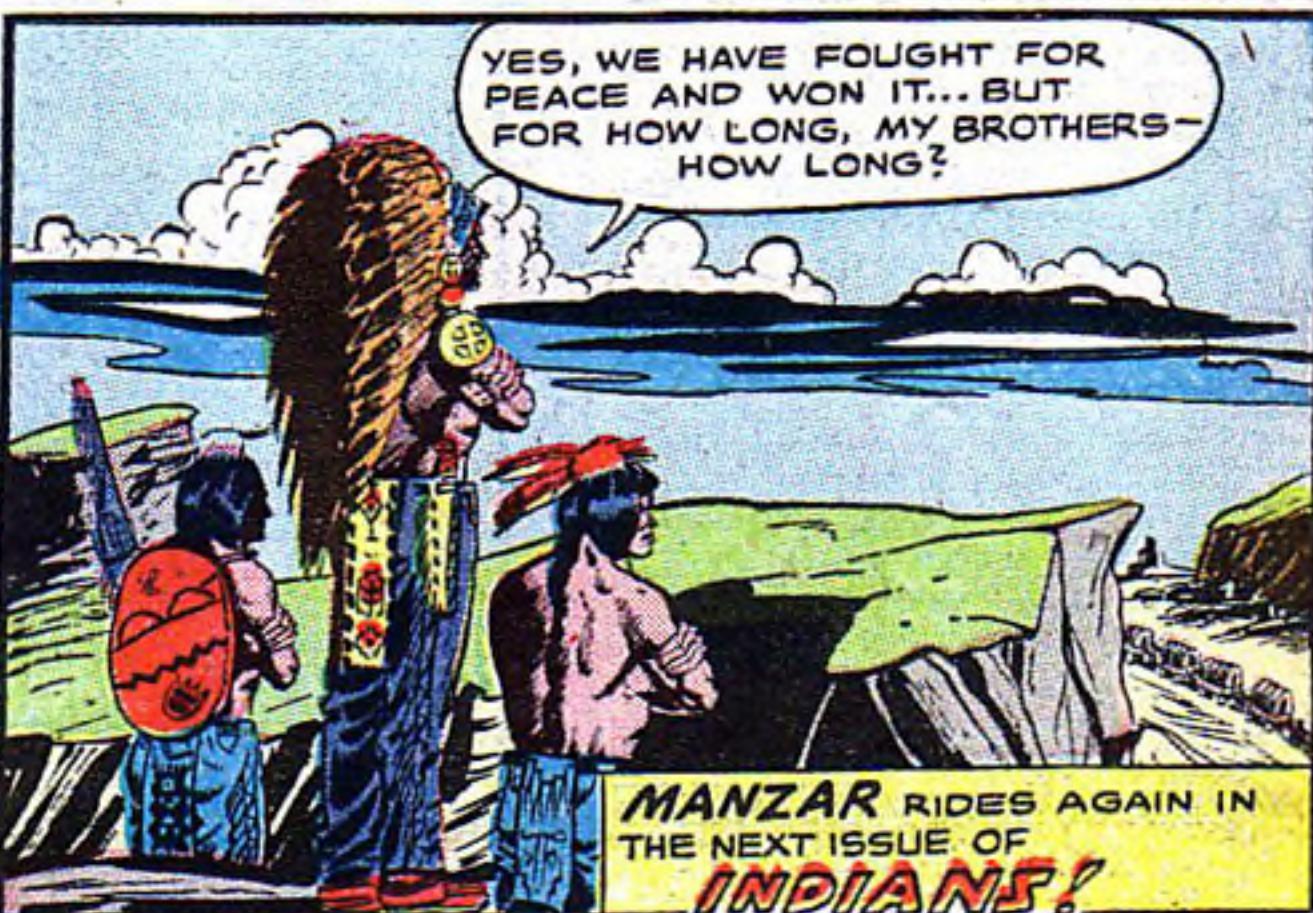
YES, YES - ESTELLA  
WILL TELL ALL... I WILL  
SHOW WHERE PAN-KEE'S  
LOOT IS HIDDEN IF THE  
SO BRAVE CAPTAIN SAY  
HE BE KIND TO ME...



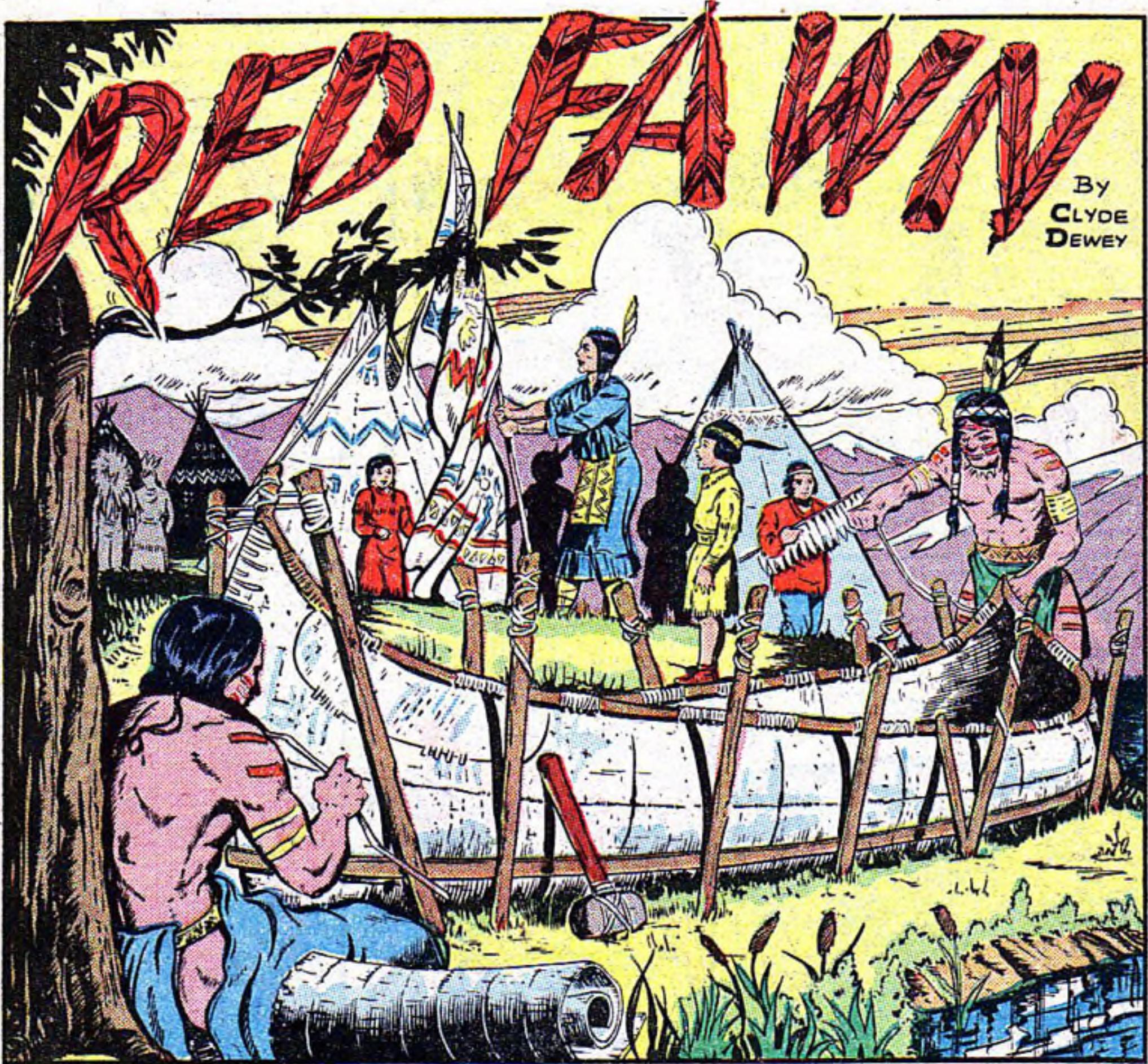
LATER...

HO, BRIGHT ARROW,  
YOU HAVE SAVED OUR  
VILLAGE FROM GREAT  
EVIL... BLACK FOX WILL  
EAT CURSES FOR  
MANY A MOON!

YES, WE HAVE FOUGHT FOR  
PEACE AND WON IT... BUT  
FOR HOW LONG, MY BROTHERS—  
HOW LONG?



MANZAR RIDES AGAIN IN  
THE NEXT ISSUE OF  
**INDIANS!**



By  
CLYDE  
DEWEY

SOON THE WINTER WINDS WOULD HOWL THE PLAINS THE TAWAKONI TRIBE CALLED HOME... NOW MUST THE DEER BE HUNTED, THE BISON SPEARED FOR FOOD AND SKINS, THE TEEPEES LINED WITH NEW-TANNED FURS TO GIVE THEM SHELTER FROM THE ICY BLASTS THAT SOON WOULD SWEEP THE LAND... BUT ONE YOUNG MAIDEN CARED NAUGHT FOR WOMAN'S WORK, INSTEAD SHE YEARNED TO ROAM THE PLAINS WITH THE STALKERS OF THE DEER... AND AS **RED FAWN** LISTENED TO THE ANCIENT ONE, SHE WHISPERED TO HER TIMID FRIEND...

"PAH! IS OUR LOT TO BE NOTHING BUT COOKING, SEWING, AND MAKING WIGWAMS? COME, SNOW MAIDEN, FOLLOW ME WITH SILENT FEET!"



AH, HER BACK TURNED TO US,  
NOW IS OUR CHANCE TO ESCAPE  
HER PRATTLING TONGUE! TREAD  
SOFTLY, SNOW MAIDEN, HEAD FOR  
THE RIVER...



THERE, WE DID IT! NOW  
QUICKLY, WE MUST FIND  
THE CRAFT I HID IN THE  
REEDS. THEN WE WILL  
JOIN THE HUNTING PARTY  
ON THE ISLAND!

I - I LIKE THIS  
NOT, RED FAWN!  
MY HEART IS  
FILLED WITH  
FEAR!



BUT RED FAWN'S SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE  
WAS NOT TO BE DENIED, AND SOON, TWO  
TINY FIGURES STEALTHILY APPROACHED  
THE ROARING WATERS...



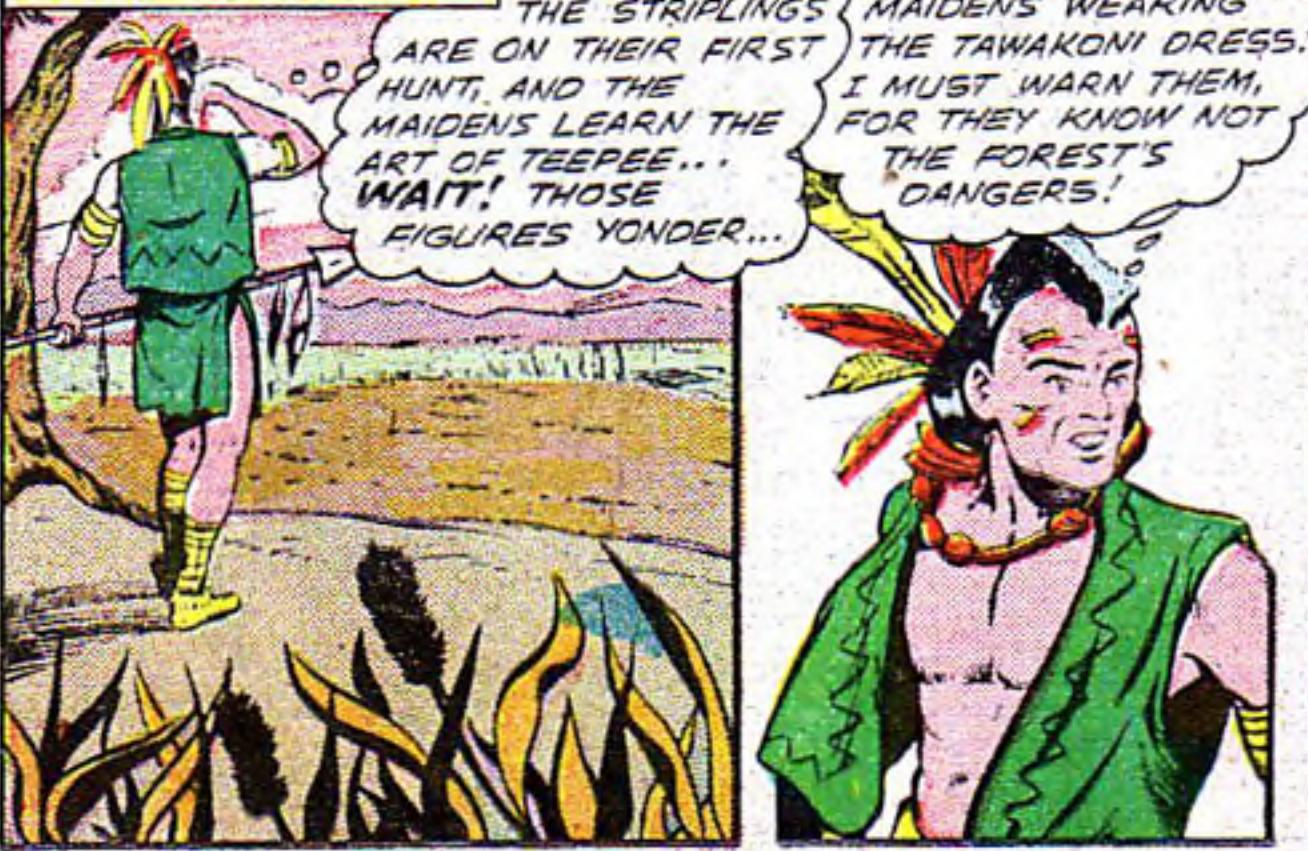
LOOK, THE RAFT  
IS JUST AHEAD...  
SOON WE WILL BE  
ON THE ISLAND  
STALKING DEER!

WAIT! OUR  
PUNISHMENT  
WOULD BE GREAT-  
LET US RETURN  
AND LEARN OF  
TEEPEE  
MAKING!

NO, THEY COULD  
NOT PUNISH US  
IF WE BAG A  
DEER, COULD  
THEY? COME, I  
WILL GUARD  
YOU WELL!



BUT, UNSEEN ON A NEARBY  
HILLOCK, A TAWAKONI TRIBES-  
MAN STOOD WATCHING,  
CAREFULLY SCANNING  
THE HORIZON FOR  
RAIDERS THAT MIGHT  
ATTACK HIS VILLAGE...



ALL APPEARS  
PEACEFUL.  
DO MY EYES DECEIVE  
ME? TWO FIGURES—  
THE STRIPLINGS  
ARE ON THEIR FIRST  
HUNT, AND THE  
MAIDENS LEARN THE  
ART OF TEEPEE...  
WAIT! THOSE  
FIGURES YONDER...

DO MY EYES DECEIVE  
ME? TWO FIGURES—  
MAIDENS WEARING  
THE TAWAKONI DRESS!  
I MUST WARN THEM,  
FOR THEY KNOW NOT  
THE FOREST'S  
DANGERS!

HO, SMALL ONES—  
WAIT! I AM LONE-  
EAGLE, AND  
WOULD HAVE  
WORDS WITH  
YOU!

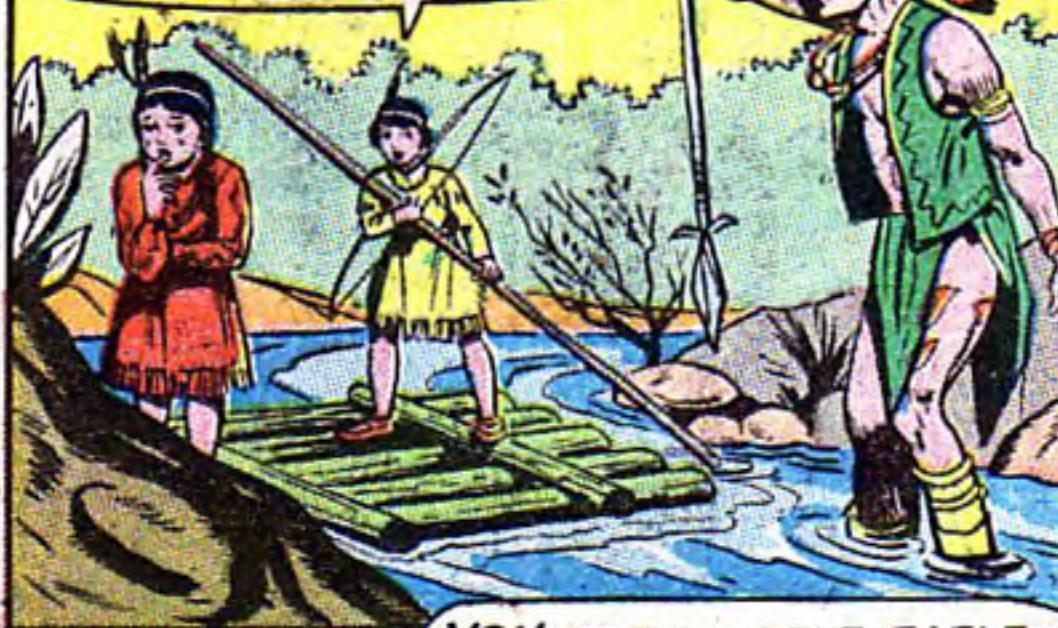
LOOK,  
RED FAWN—  
WE ARE  
DISCOVERED.  
WHAT EVER  
WILL WE DO  
NOW?



I—I AM NOT TOO SURE MYSELF, SNOW MAIDEN! G-GREETINGS, LONE-EAGLE. THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO AT CAMP, SO WE THOUGHT WE WOULD HUNT THE DEER...

HUNT? NOTHING TO DO? GO SMALL ONES, RETURN TO YOUR TASK OF SEWING SKINS FOR TEEPEES!

NO—NO, I AM RED FAWN—AND MY SHAFT CAN WING THE ARROW AS WELL AS ANY TAWAKONI BRAVE!



YOU RETURN, LONE EAGLE—  
SAY WE HUNT FOR FOOD!  
QUICKLY, NOW, SNOW MAIDEN—  
POLE INTO THE STREAM!

COME BACK, COME BACK, OR A  
HUNDRED LASHES OF THE WILLOW-  
REED WILL BE YOUR PUNISHMENT!



HE BABBLER ANGRILY, BUT  
NEVER COULD HE CATCH US!  
FASTER, POLE FASTER!



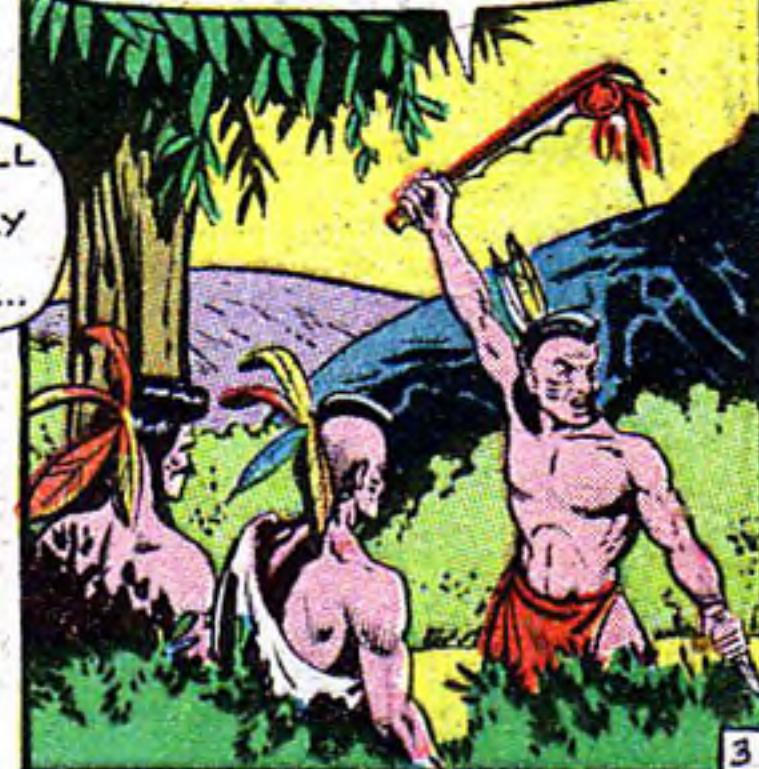
USE CAUTION—FOR  
WE COMANCHES ARE  
BUT A HANDFUL  
AGAINST THE  
TAWAKONI.

THEN COME, AND LET STEALTH  
BE OUR ALLY! REMEMBER,  
WHEN A TAWAKONI WANDERS  
OUT OF SIGHT OF HIS PARTY, MAKE  
HIM CAPTIVE WITHOUT A  
SOUND!

AND AS  
THE RIVER  
SEIZED THEIR  
CRAFT AND  
CARRIED THEM  
CLOSER TO THE  
ISLAND, OTHERS  
LAY HIDDEN IN  
THE BRUSH  
THERE! EVER  
SEEKING THE  
TAWAKONI  
HUNTERS...



AYE, BUT WE ARE FULL  
FLEDGED WARRIORS,  
WHILE THEY ARE ONLY  
STRIPLINGS. AH, I  
SIGHT THEIR PARTY...



AND AS THE COMANCHES GHOSTED SILENTLY THROUGH THE FOREST, THE YOUNG TAWAKONIS OF THE "HUNTERS SOCIETY" LISTENED EAGERLY TO THEIR INSTRUCTOR...

YOU WOULD BE HUNTERS, BUT YOU LET YOUR SHAFTS WING THUS? WHY, NOT ONE OF YOU HAS HIT A VITAL ORGAN ON THE TARGET! COME, I WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO SHOOT.

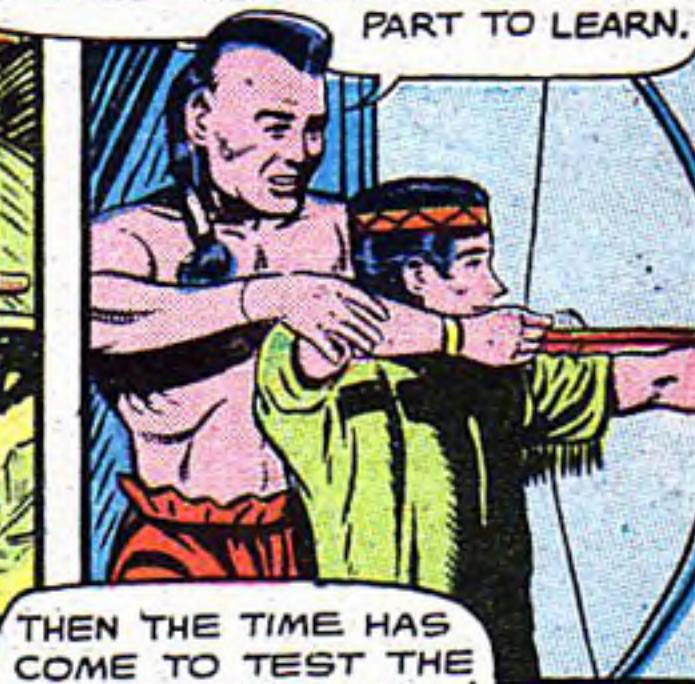


HAI! HAI! I HAVE FOUND THE SPOOR OF DEER! THEY GRAZE BUT A STONE'S THROW YONDER!

NOTICE HOW YOUR EYE AIM'S DOWN, WHILE THE ARROW'S PATH IS... HARK! WHO CALLS?



FEET WELL APART, YOUR LEFT SIDE FACING THE TARGET... NOW NOTCH YOUR BARB AND PULL BACK SLOWLY UNTIL YOUR RIGHT HAND TOUCHES YOUR JAWBONE... AH, MUCH BETTER, BUT THERE IS STILL THE MOST IMPORTANT PART TO LEARN.



THEN THE TIME HAS COME TO TEST THE YOUNG ONES' SKILL! STALK SOFTLY, AND SKINS AND FOOD SHALL SOON BE OURS!



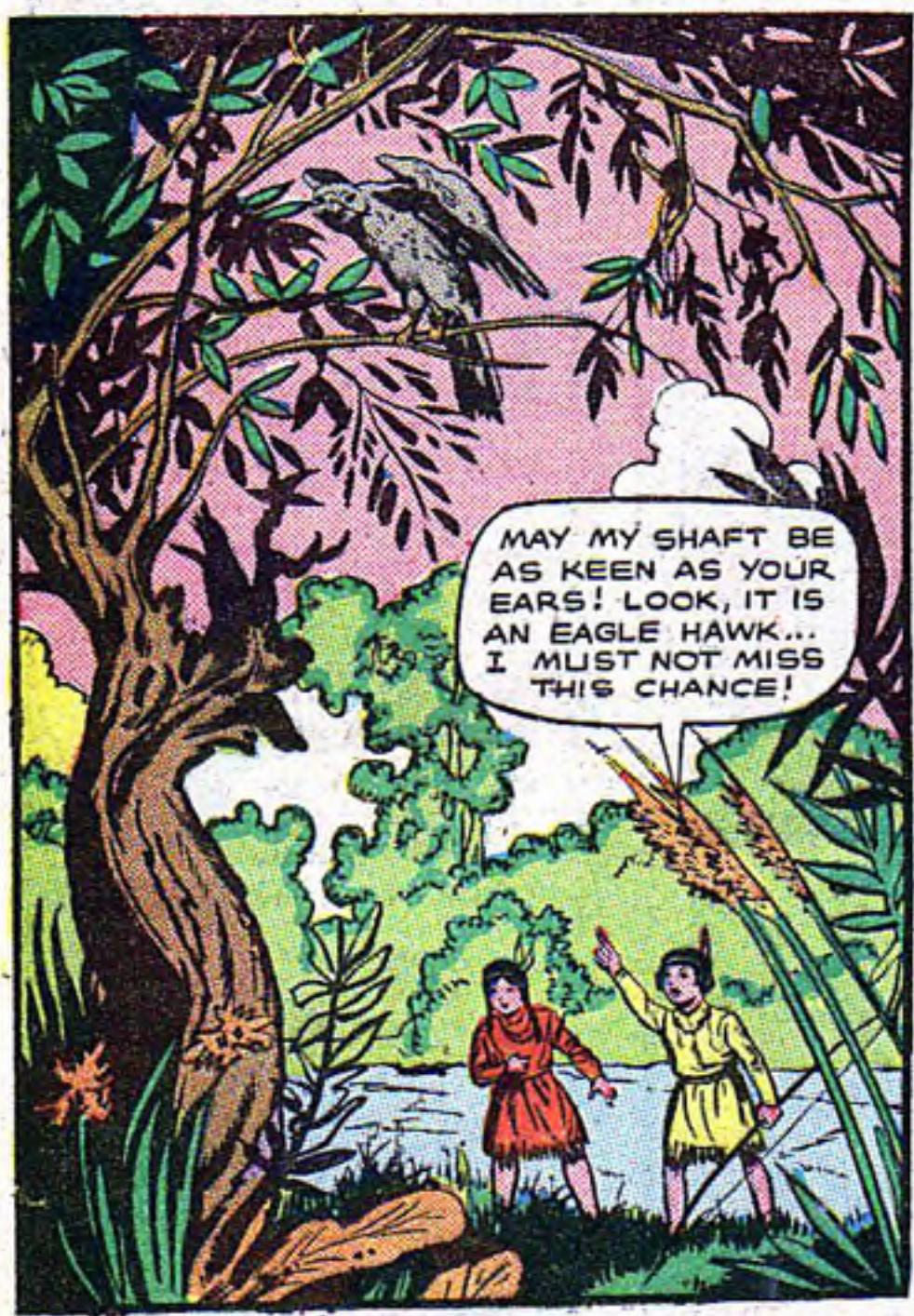
MEANWHILE, TWO SMALL FIGURES  
BEACH THEIR LOG RAFT...

DANGER IN THE AIR,  
RED FAWN, I CAN  
SMELL IT! LET US  
RETURN WHILE THERE  
IS STILL TIME!

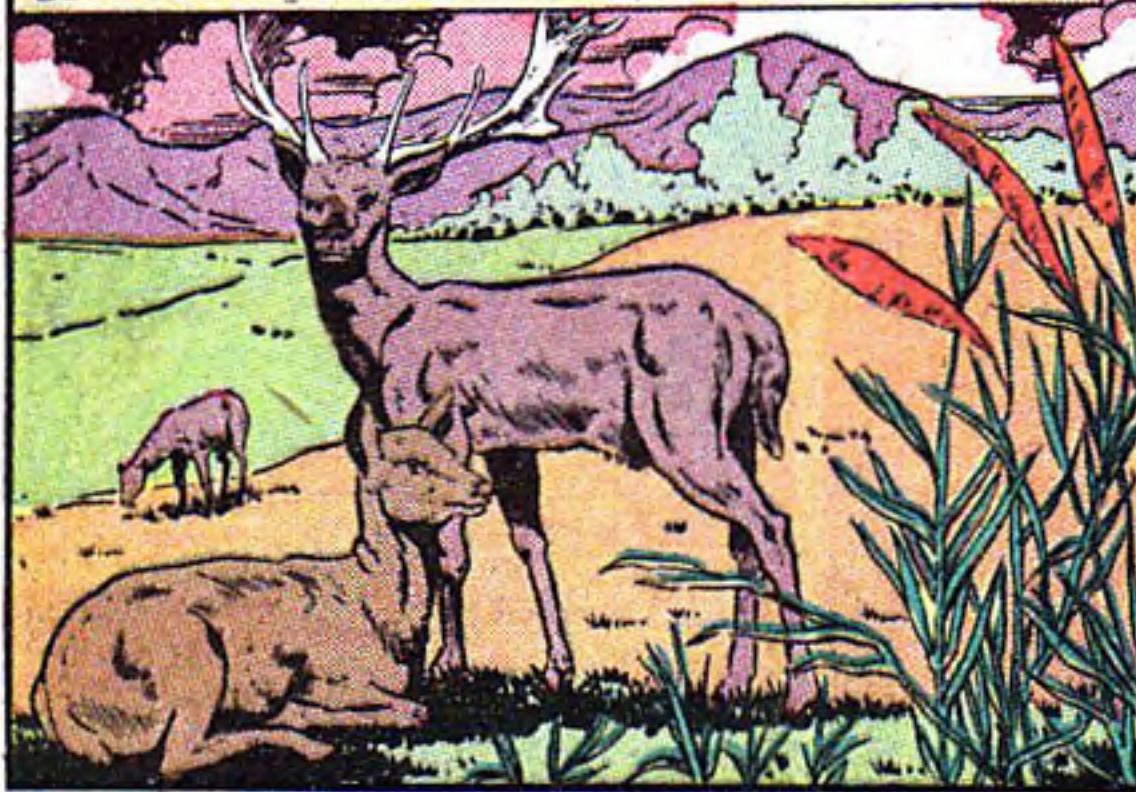
PAH! NOW YOU TALK  
LIKE AN OLD WOMAN  
TENDING FIRES! WE  
CAME TO HUNT, AND I  
WILL NOT RETURN TILL  
I HAVE BAGGED A PRIZE!  
WOULD YOU NOT ALSO  
LIKE TO DO THE SAME,  
SNOW MAIDEN?

WOULD YOU NOT  
ENJOY THE ENVIOUS  
EYES THE YOUNG  
HUNTERS WOULD  
CAST YOUR WAY?

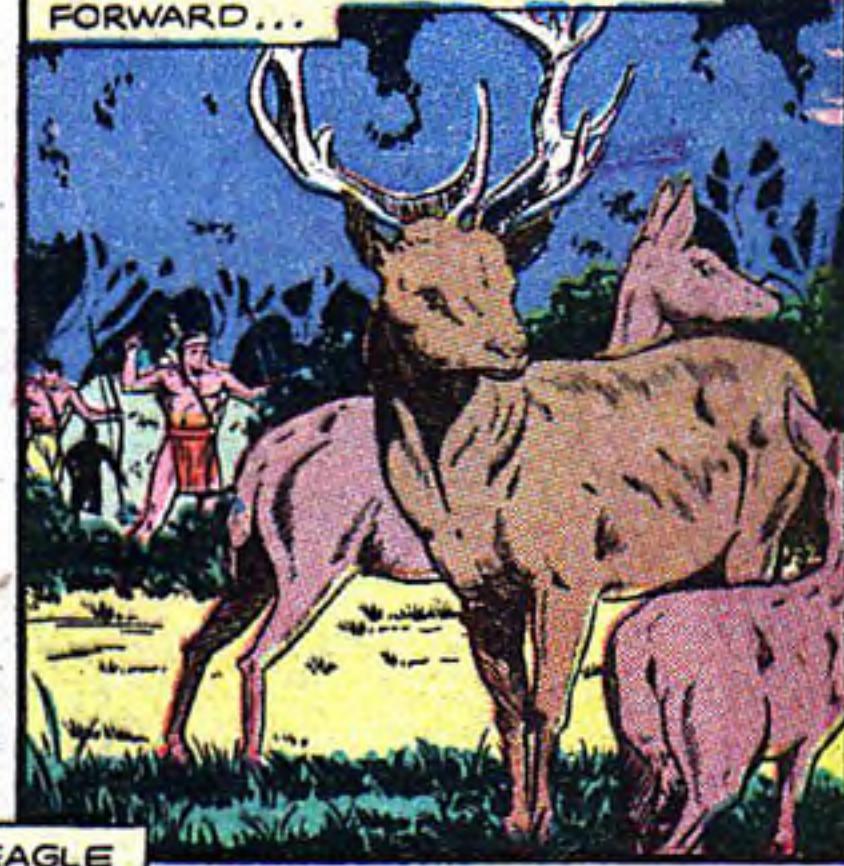
I - I GUESS SO,  
RED FAWN... BUT  
I AM STILL  
FRIGHTENED!  
L-LISTEN! THAT  
NOISE IN THE  
TREE TOPS!  
WHAT...



WHILE, NOT FAR DISTANT, A DEER HERD GRAZES QUIETLY IN A VALLEY, WITH THEIR HORNED BUCK LEADER EVER ON THE GUARD FOR DANGER...

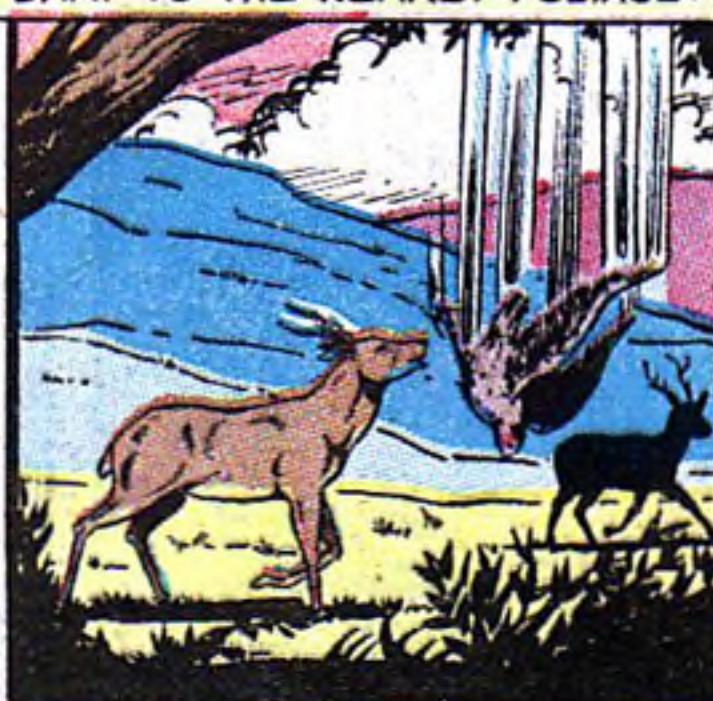


BUT THE WIND IS AGAINST HIM, AND HE DOES NOT SENSE THE TAWAKONI TRIBESMEN WHO SILENTLY PAD FORWARD...



THEN GREAT BOWS TAUT... READY TO WING THEIR BARBS OF DEATH...

BUT SUDDENLY AN EAGLE PLUMMETS EARTHWARD! INSTANTLY THE BUCK LEADER SOUNDS A WARNING, AND SWIFT AS THE WIND THEY DART TO THE NEARBY FOLIAGE!



AND AS THEY DISAPPEAR INTO THE SHELTERING FOREST, A SHOUT RINGS OUT...

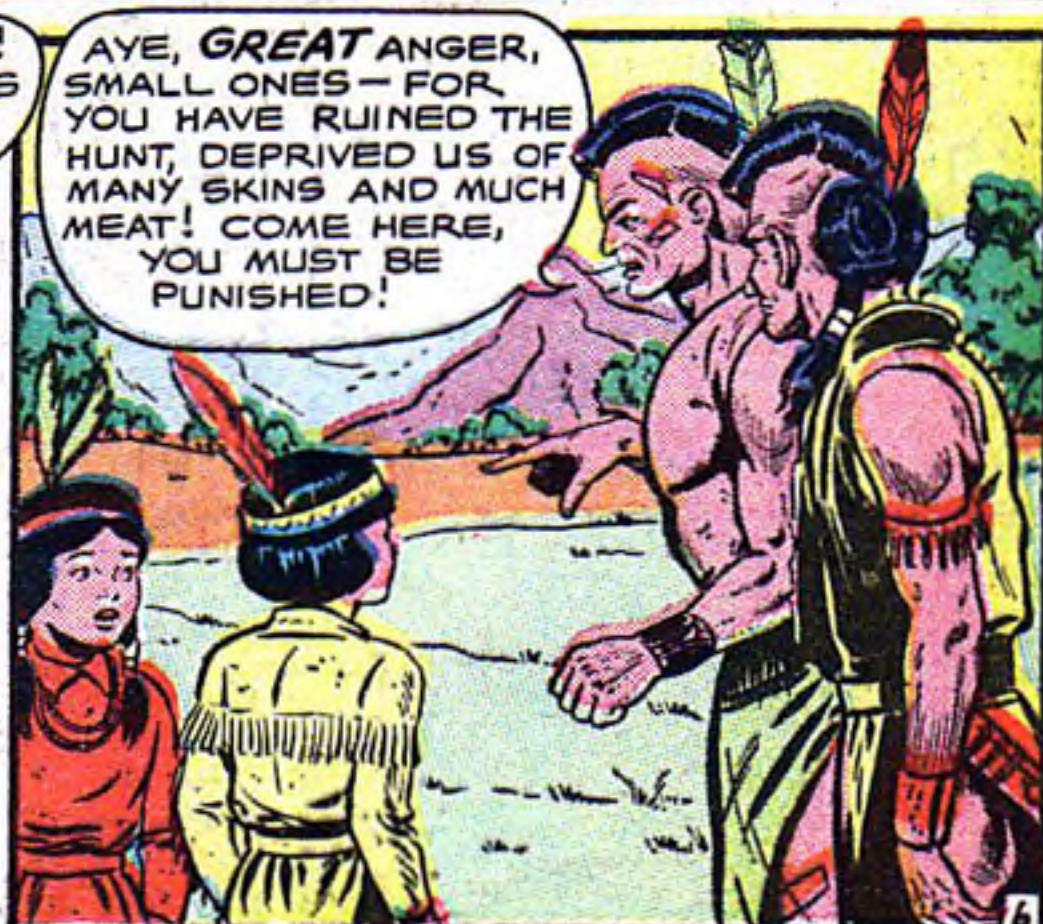


JUST WAIT TILL I SHOW THEM THIS AT CAMP! I CAN HEAR THEM NOW—THEY WILL SAY RED FAWN IS TRULY A HUNTER AND...

LOOK, RED FAWN! LOOK WHO COMES WITH ANGER ON HIS FACE!



AYE, GREAT ANGER, SMALL ONES—FOR YOU HAVE RUINED THE HUNT, DEPRIVED US OF MANY SKINS AND MUCH MEAT! COME HERE, YOU MUST BE PUNISHED!



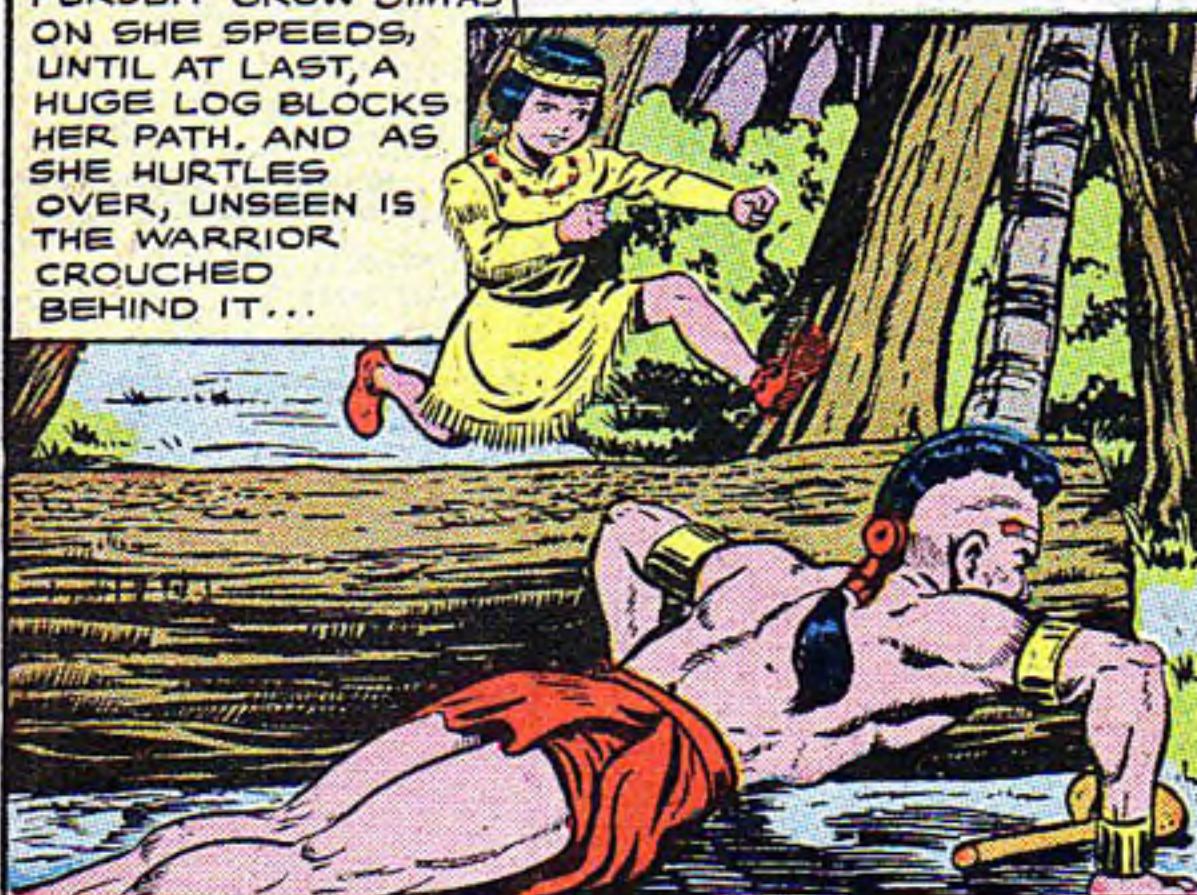
AH, I HAVE THIS VIXEN!  
QUICKLY NOW, SLASH  
ME A WILLOW REED...

BUT LOOK... THE  
ONE CALLED  
RED FAWN FLEES!  
AFTER HER!

DEEP INTO THE FOREST RACES  
THE LITTLE MAIDEN— AND NOT  
FOR NOTHING IS SHE NAMED  
RED FAWN, FOR THOUGH HER  
STEPS ARE SMALL, SHE IS AS  
FLEET AS THE DEER ITSELF!



THE SOUNDS OF  
PURSUIT GROW DIM AS  
ON SHE SPEEDS,  
UNTIL AT LAST, A  
HUGE LOG BLOCKS  
HER PATH. AND AS  
SHE HURLES  
OVER, UNSEEN IS  
THE WARRIOR  
CROUCHED  
BEHIND IT...

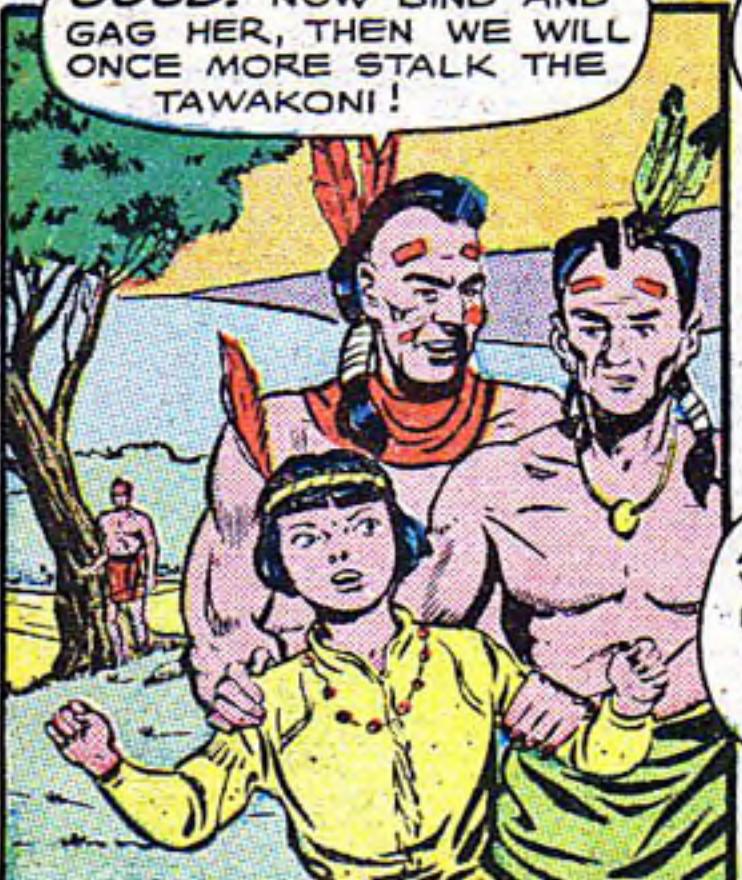


GOOD! NOW BIND AND  
GAG HER, THEN WE WILL  
ONCE MORE STALK THE  
TAWAKONI!

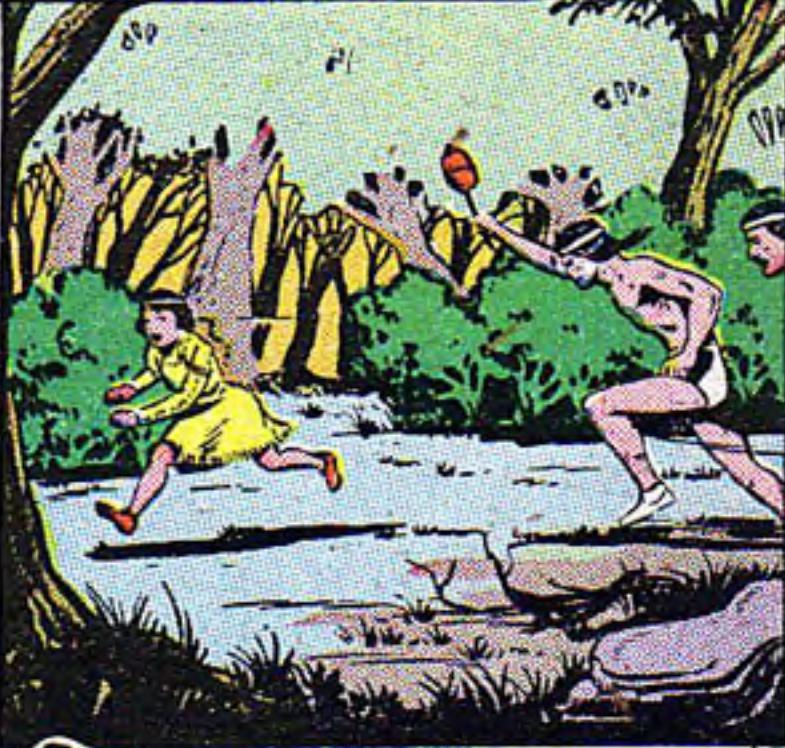
STALK MY TRIBESMEN? NO,  
YOU WILL NOT DO IT—  
RED FAWN WILL STOP  
YOU!

TOO LATE! FOR SURROUNDING  
THE COMANCHE RAIDING  
PARTY...

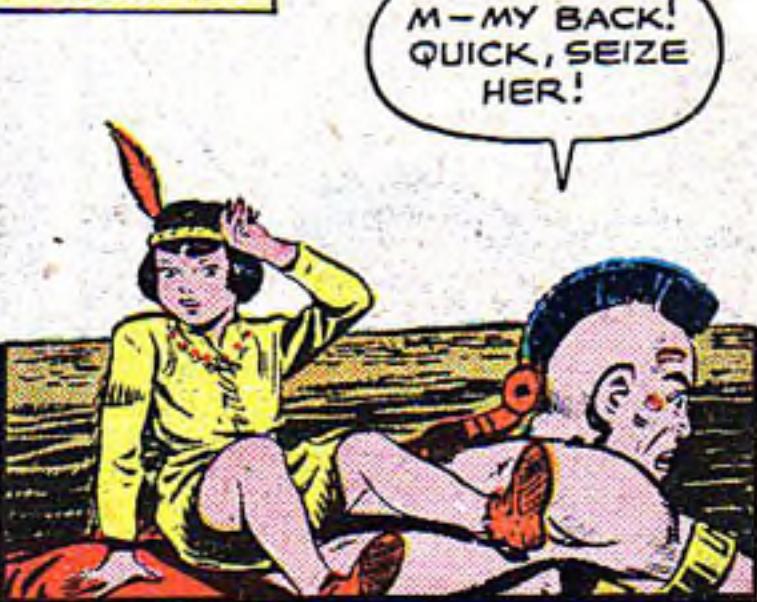
HO! COMANCHE  
RAIDERS! COME,  
TAWAKONI, PROVE  
YOUR METTLE IN  
BATTLE!



AIEE! SHE KICKS  
YOUR THUNDER-  
ROD AND MAKES  
IT ROAR! HURRY,  
SILENCE THIS  
WILDCAT!



DOWN SHE FALLS, AND A YELP  
OF PAIN ESCAPES THE LIPS OF  
THE STARTLED COMANCHE  
LEADER...



THEN TOMAHAWKS FLY, AND WAR WHOOPS ECHO THE FOREST, FOR WITH SURPRISE NO LONGER THEIR ALLY, THE COMANCHE WARRIORS STAND NO CHANCE...

SURRENDER, THE TAWAKONI ARE TOO MANY!



HAI! A GREAT DAY INDEED!  
THE HUNT WAS PROSPEROUS BEYOND ALL HOPE!

AYE, WE CAME SEEKING DEER,  
AND RETURN WITH COMANCHE CAPTIVES!

AND I, TOO, HAVE A CAPTIVE, FRIENDS! LOOK, THE COMANCHE LEADER SURRENDERS TO MY SPEAR!



HOWLING THEIR VICTORY CHANTS, THE TRIUMPHANT TAWAKONI HEAD FOR CAMP... AND LATER, THE VILLAGE ELDERS HUDDLED AROUND A FLICKERING FIRE AND HEARD THE TALE OF RED FAWN'S DEEDS.

YOU DID WRONG IN RUNNING AWAY AND KNOCKING LONE-EAGLE INTO THE RIVER, RED FAWN...



AYE, TO THE TEEPEE, LITTLE ONE WITH THE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE. THIS REED WILL REWARD YOU FIVE TIMES!

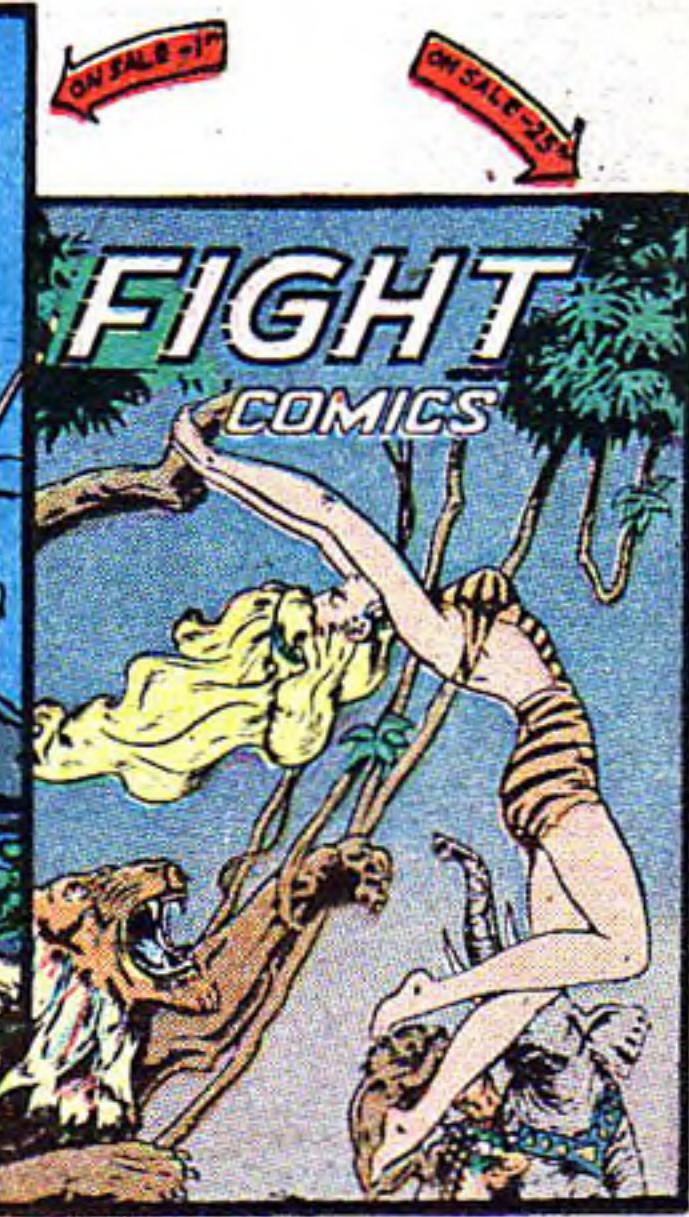
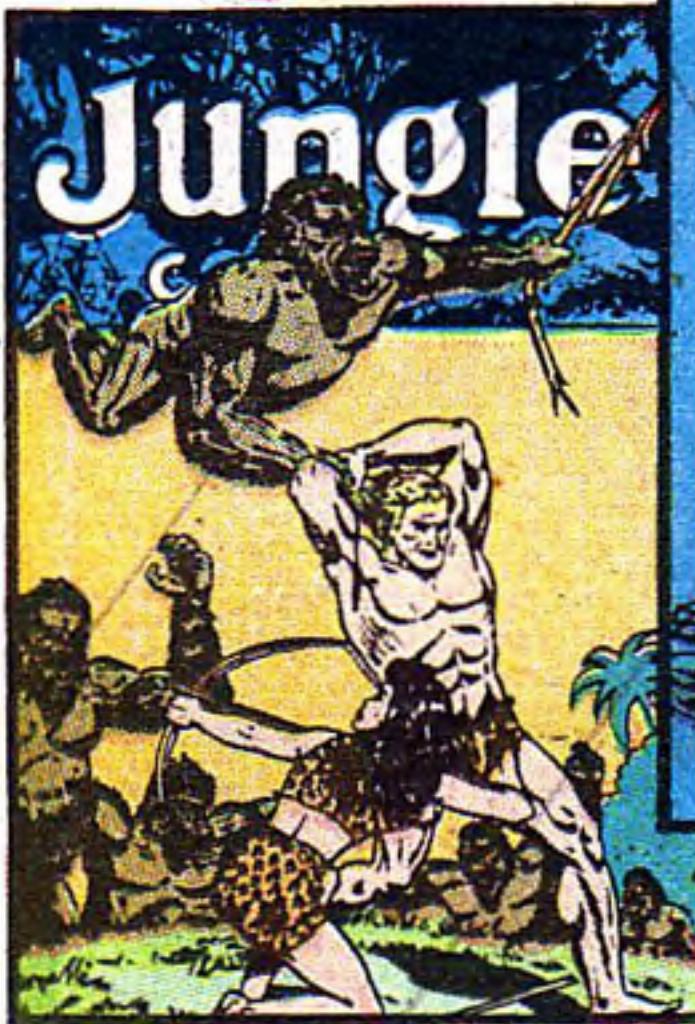


HAI! FIVE STINGS OF THE WILLOW REED IS A SMALL PRICE TO PAY, FOR I, RED FAWN, HAVE THE PRIZE OF AN EAGLE-HAWK, A CAPTIVE COMANCHE LEADER, AND THE HONOR OF SAVING MY TRIBE... AYE, RED FAWN IS A GREAT HUNTER!



BUT AT THE SAME TIME, WERE IT NOT FOR YOU, THE COMANCHE RAIDERS WOULD HAVE CAPTURED SOME OF OUR STRIPLING HUNTERS... THEREFORE, YOUR PUNISHMENT WILL BE LIGHT THIS TIME... TAKE HER TO THE TEEPEE.

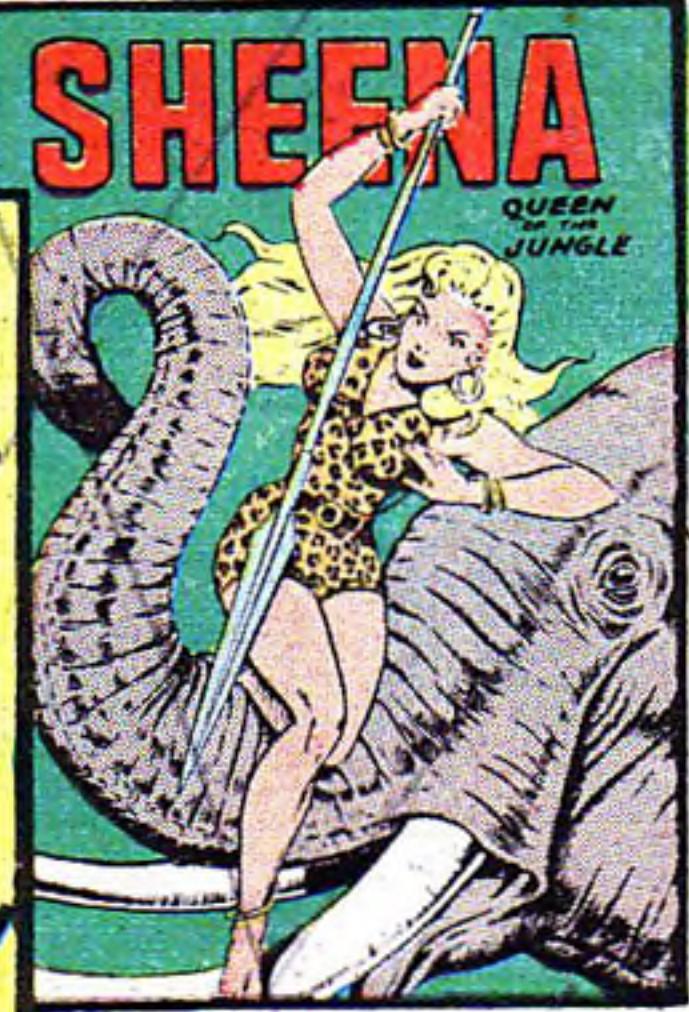
THE END



*Don't guess,  
get the best!*

THE BIG  
**SIX**  
OF THE COMICS!

*On sale at  
all newsstands!*



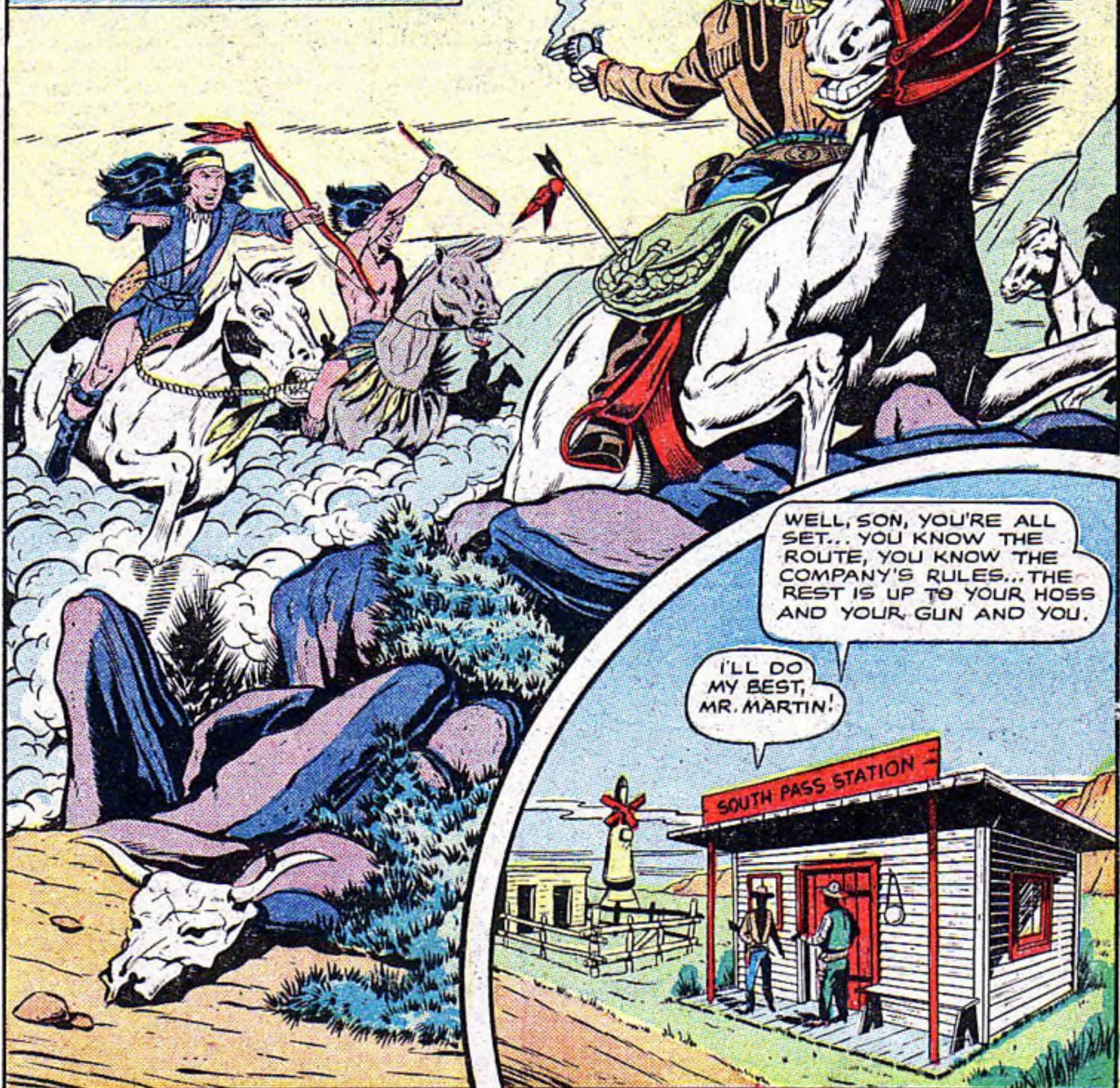
Look for the **BULL'S-EYE!**



# CHIP OF THE PONY EXPRESS

by  
BART CASSIDY

THE YEAR WAS 1860, AND THE DAY WAS A GREAT DAY IN THE LIFE OF YOUNG CHIP BLAKE... IT WAS HIS BIRTHDAY, AND IT WAS ALSO HIS DAY OF DREAMS... FOR HE WAS WAITING NOW TO RIDE HIS FIRST RELAY FOR THE PONY EXPRESS!



YOUR MAIN TROUBLE, IN THIS GOOD WEATHER, WILL BE THE SAVAGES... AND I GOT JUST TWO WORDS TO SAY ON THEM...



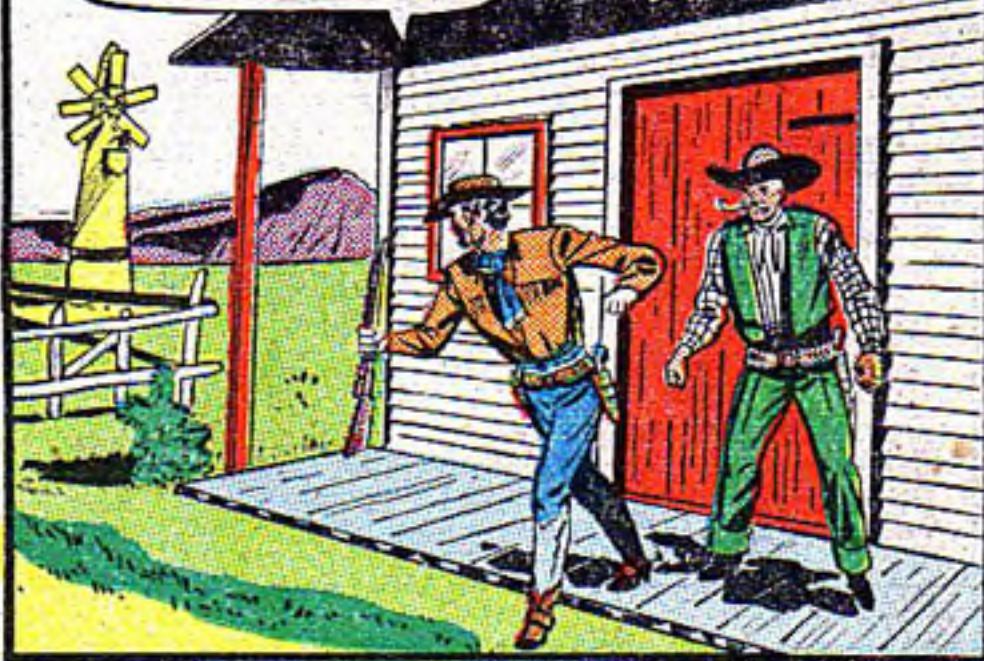
THIS IS IT—MY CHANCE TO SHOW I'M A MAN... CHIP BLAKE RIDING WITH THE BEST MEN IN THE WEST...

HERE Y'ARE! FAST MAIL FROM ST. JOE AND ALL POINTS EAST!

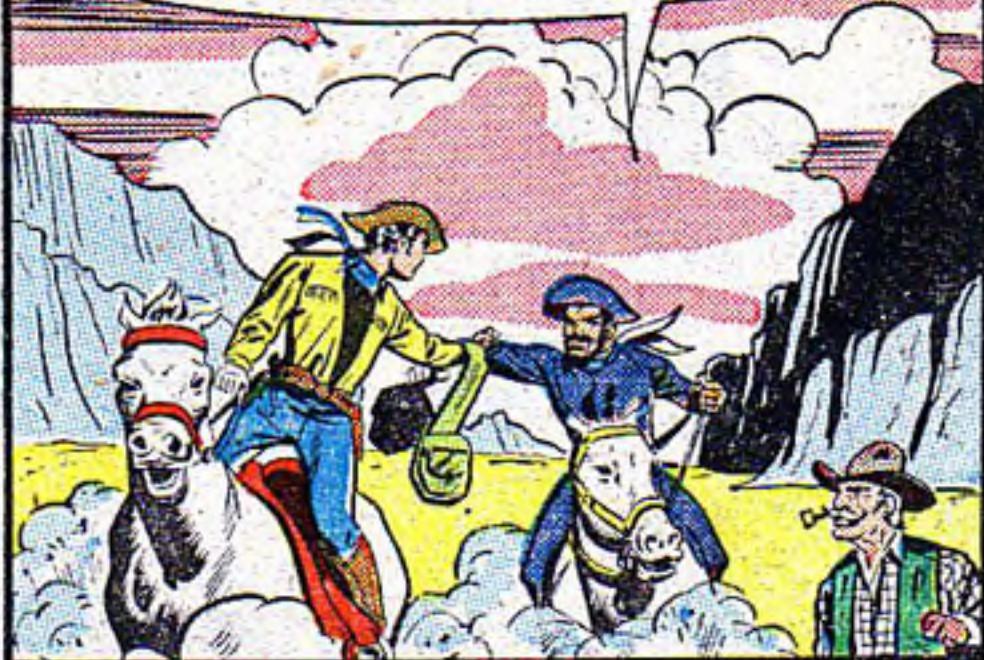


THE WORDS IS KILL 'EM! THEY'RE ALL ALIKE, AND THE ONLY GOOD INJUN IS A DEAD INJUN... THEY'RE TRICKY AS COYOTES... MEAN AS SNAKES—

LOOK! HERE'S MY PICKUP NOW!

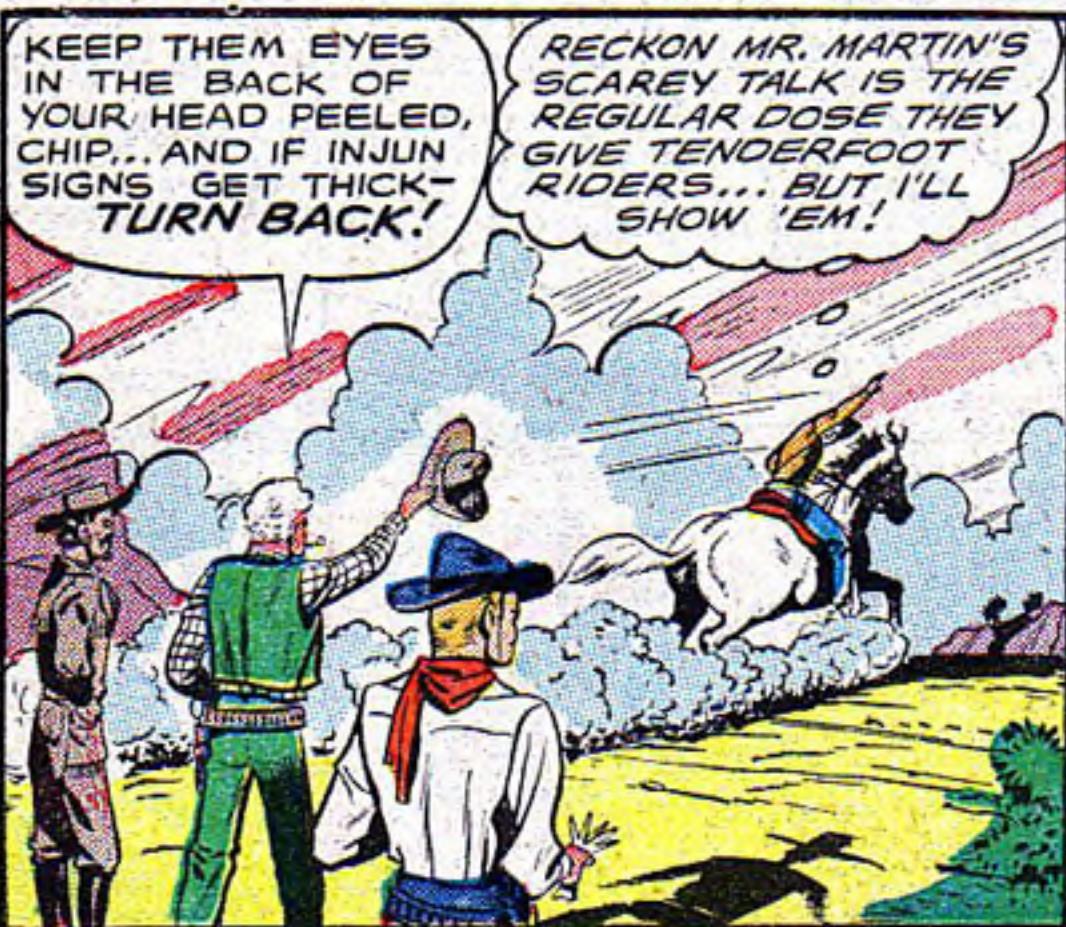


TWENTY POUNDS OF IT, BOY—AT FIVE FAT DOLLARS A LETTER... LATEST NEWS FROM HORACE GREELEY AND ABE LINCOLN AND THE KING OF BOSTON, BOUND FOR CAL-I-FORNIA...AND SHE'S ALL YOURS!



KEEP THEM EYES IN THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD PEELED, CHIP... AND IF INJUN SIGNS GET THICK—  
**TURN BACK!**

RECKON MR. MARTIN'S SCAREY TALK IS THE REGULAR DOSE THEY GIVE TENDERFOOT RIDERS... BUT I'LL SHOW 'EM!



LET THE INDIANS COME! THIS MAIL GOES THROUGH— AND ALL THE REDSKINS IN NEBRASKA TERRITORY AIN'T ENOUGH TO STOP IT!



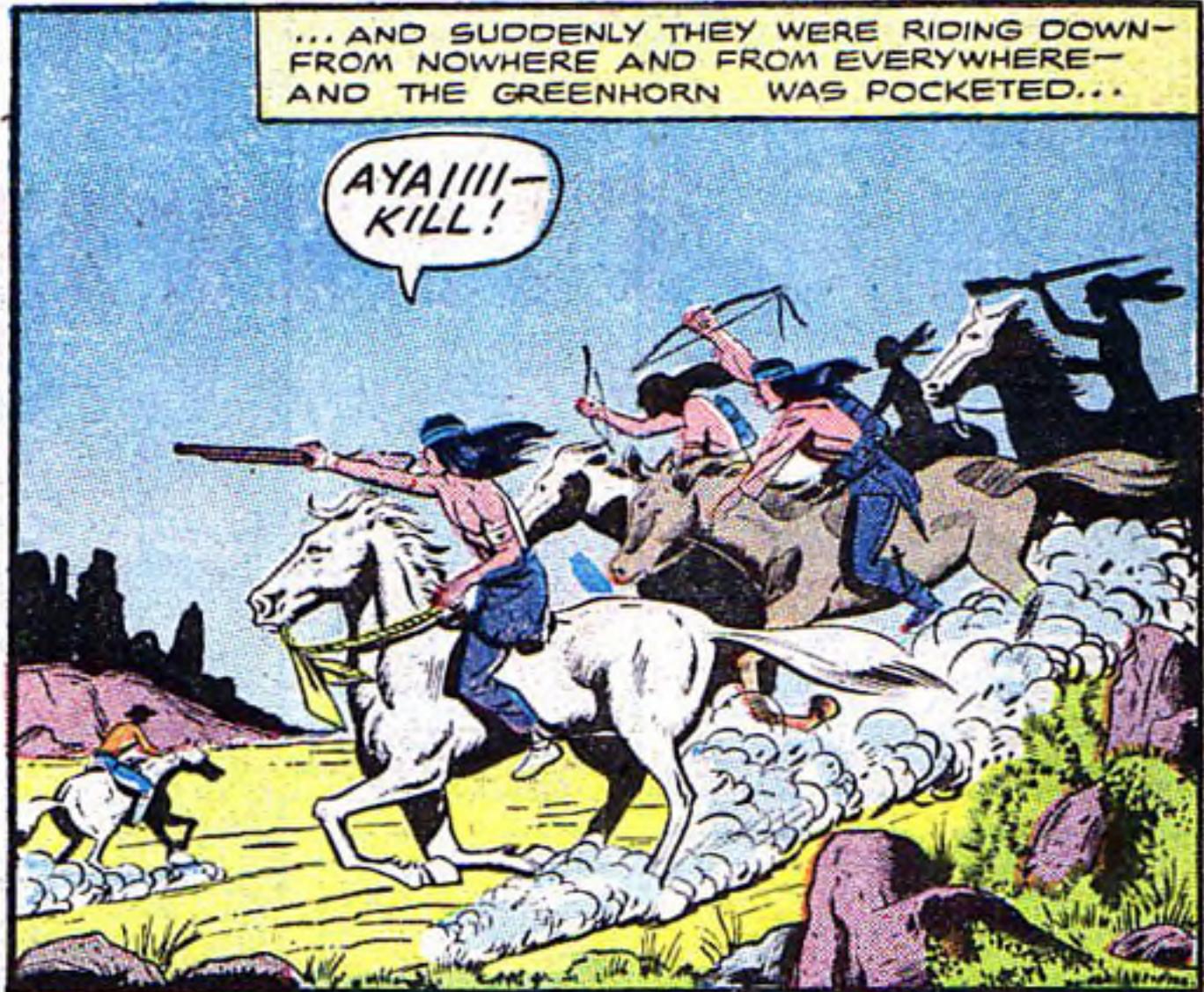
AND SO HE RODE— CHIP BLAKE OF KENTUCKY... A LONE RIDER IN AN EMPTY LAND— UNTIL THE HOWLING PIUTES STRUCK!



THEY WERE HIDING IN THE FOOTHILL ROUGHS... ONE OF CHIEF THREE CLAW'S DEVIL-BANDS...



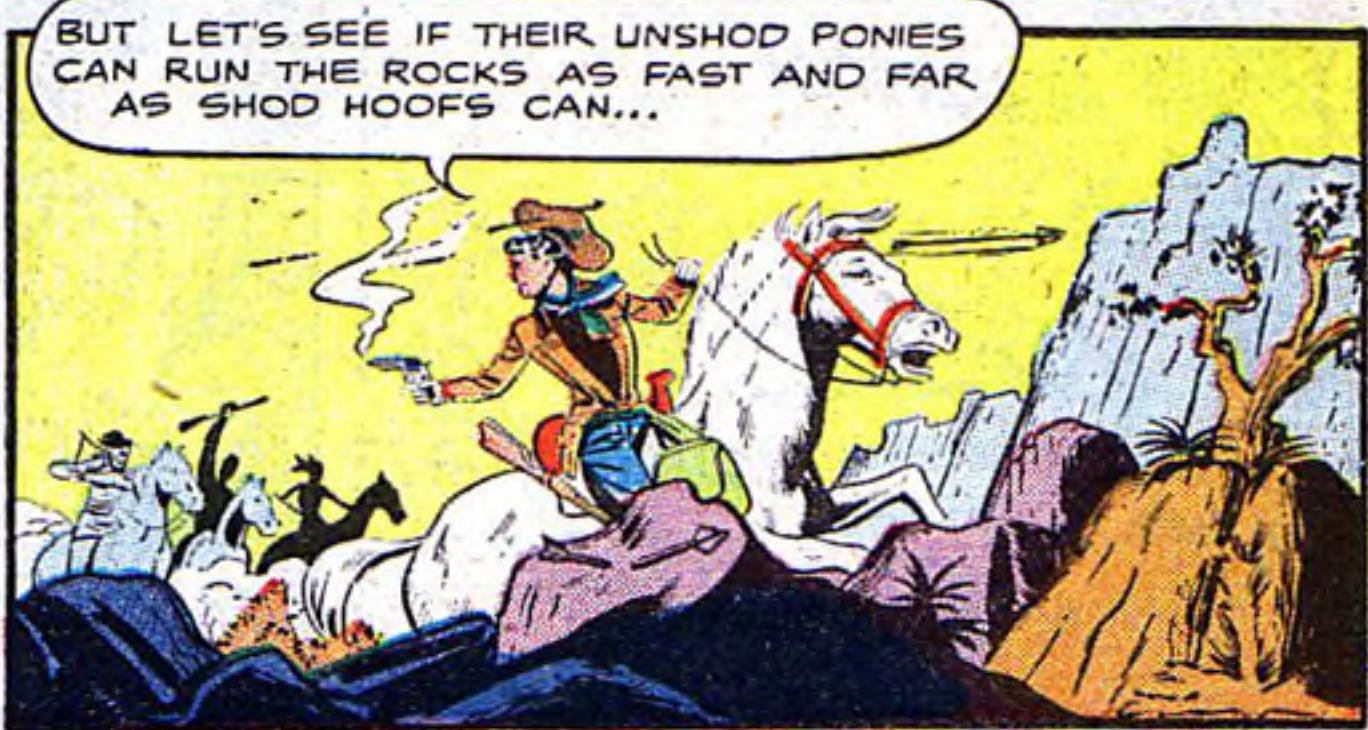
... AND SUDDENLY THEY WERE RIDING DOWN-FROM NOWHERE AND FROM EVERYWHERE— AND THE GREENHORN WAS POCKETED...



GOT US CUT OFF, HORSE—AND THEIR ODDS ARE TWENTY TO ONE!



BUT LET'S SEE IF THEIR UNSHOD PONIES CAN RUN THE ROCKS AS FAST AND FAR AS SHOD HOOFs CAN...

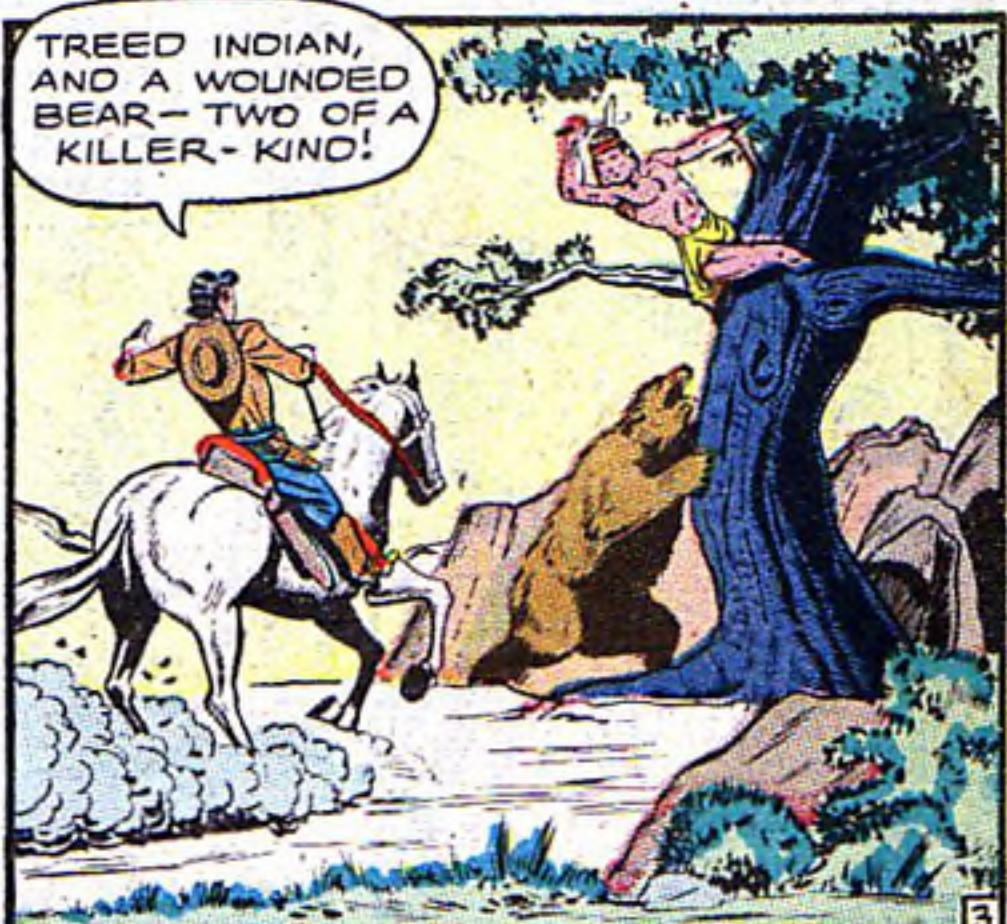


WITHIN A FEW STEEP, JAGGED MILES, THREE-CLAW'S WILD PURSUIT WAS LOST BEHIND...

BUT YOU DID IT, HORSE—NOT ME! GOT TO CUT BACK TO THE TRAIL NOW... WHOA! WHAT'S THAT?



TREED INDIAN, AND A WOUNDED BEAR—TWO OF A KILLER-KIND!



AND THE BEAR HAS GOT HIM! ONE LESS YOWLING DEVIL TO RAID AND PLUNDER AND MURDER...

BUT I CAN'T RIDE ON AND LET IT HAPPEN-

MY FOLKS ALWAYS TAUGHT THAT A HUMAN'S A HUMAN—THE BAD AS WELL AS THE GOOD—AND I'LL WASTE ONE BULLET NOW TO BACK THAT NOTION...

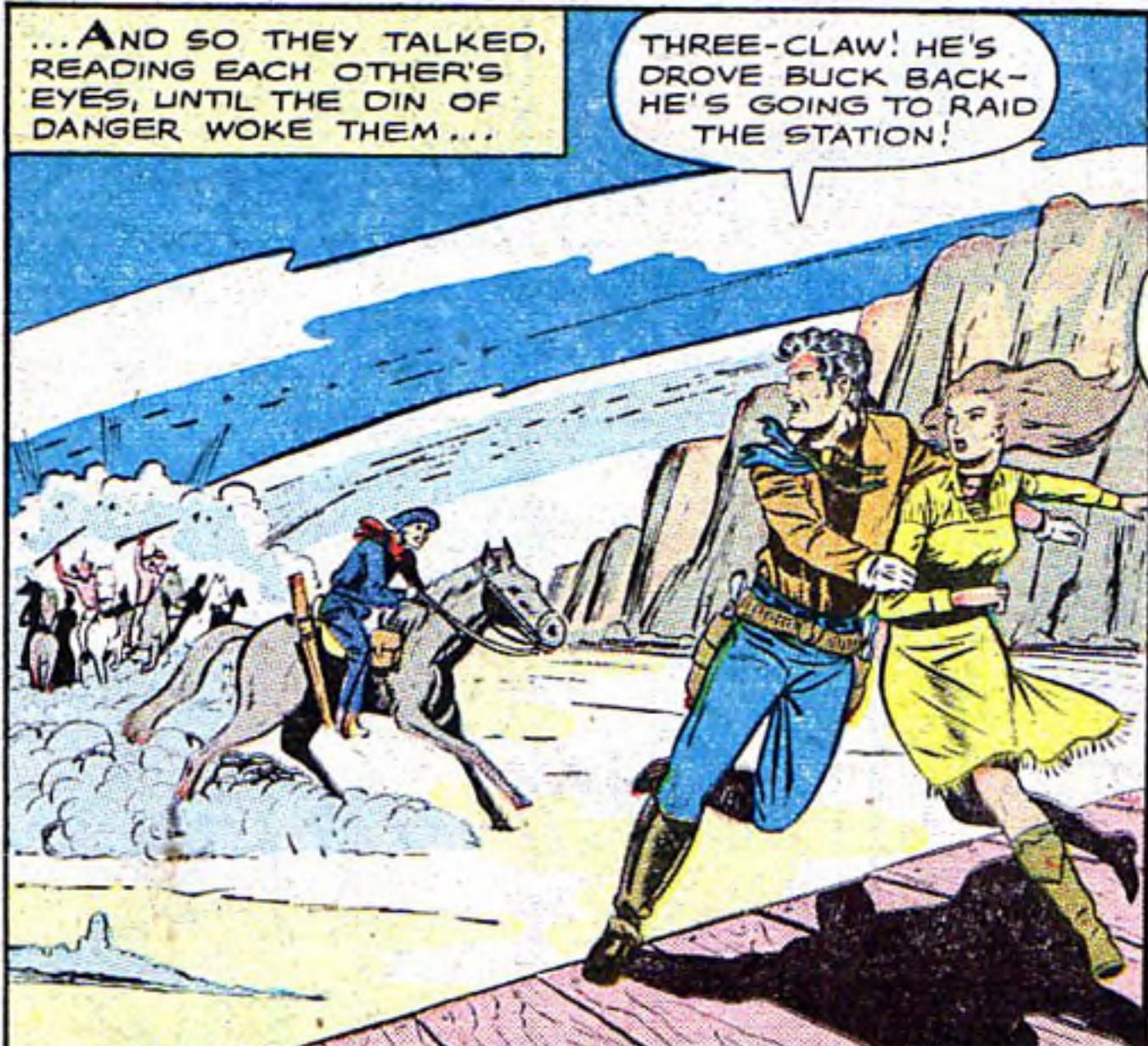
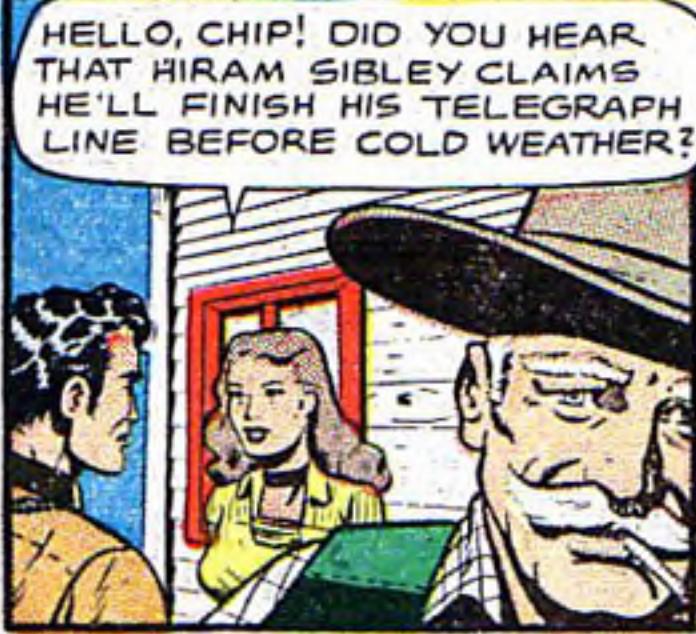
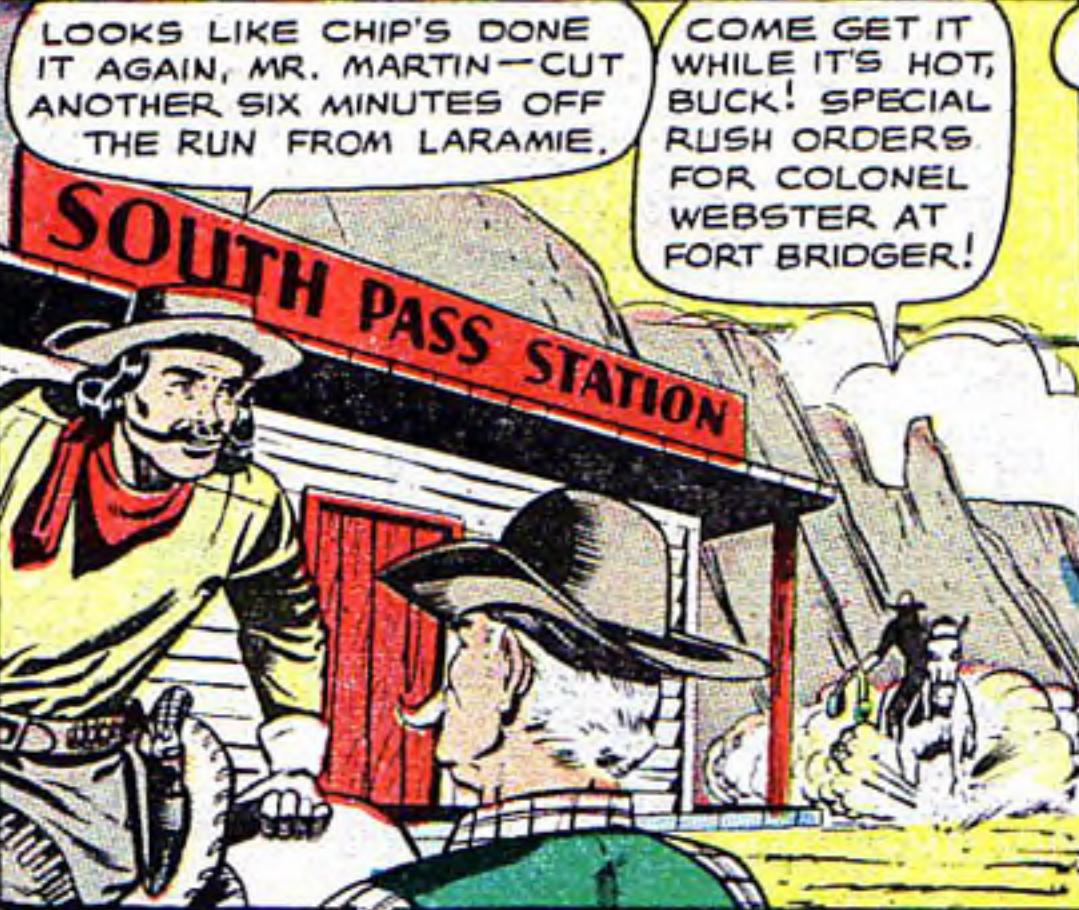
THERE YOU ARE, PIUTE—ONE DEAD BEAR! IT'S MY BIRTHDAY PRESENT TO YOU AND YOUR KILLER TRIBE!

AND I'M GOING TO FIX THAT ARM OF YOURS—JUST FOR CUSSEDNESS AND LUCK...

JUST TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO REMEMBER NEXT TIME YOUR CAMP STARTS SHARPENING THE SCALP-KNIVES...

SO LONG, PIUTE! TELL YOUR PALS WHO JUST MISSED KILLING ME THAT THEY'RE ALWAYS WELCOME TO A BULLET FROM CHIP BLAKE OF THE PONY EXPRESS!

MONTHS  
PASSED...  
AND NOW  
CHIP  
BLAKE  
WAS A  
VETERAN  
OF THE  
TRAILS...  
ACROSS  
THE WEST,  
MEN SPOKE  
OF HIS  
LUCK AND  
HIS SKILL  
AND HIS  
DARING...

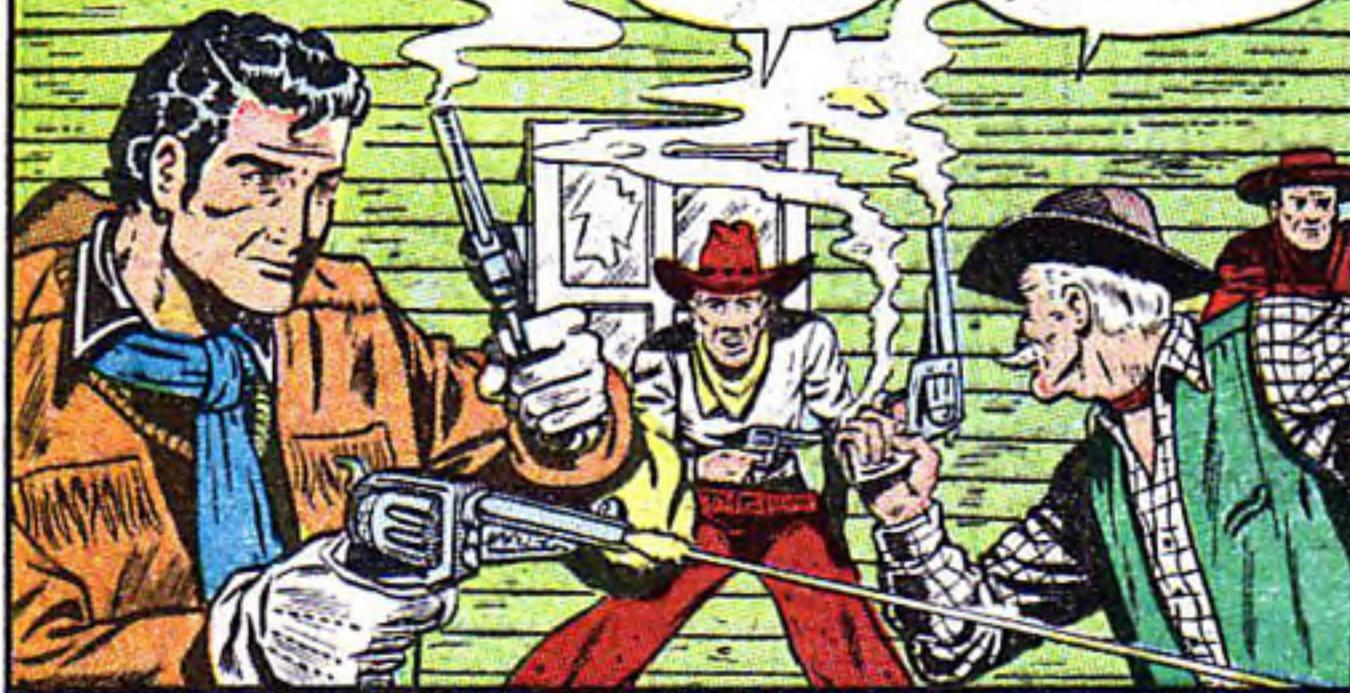


...AND AS THE CHARGE  
OF THREE CLAW'S BRAVES  
FALTERS IN A HAIL OF  
BULLETS...

THEY'RE  
HIGH-TAILING!  
BUT POOR  
BUCK IS  
FINISHED,  
I RECKON!

GET HIS MAIL  
SACK... THOSE  
ORDERS FOR  
FORT BRIDGER  
HAVE GOT TO GO—  
**AND NOW!**

WHO'LL TAKE 'EM? A  
HUNDRED DOLLARS—  
**TWO HUNDRED—**  
TO THE MAN WHO'LL  
RIDE THIS ONE  
RELAY!

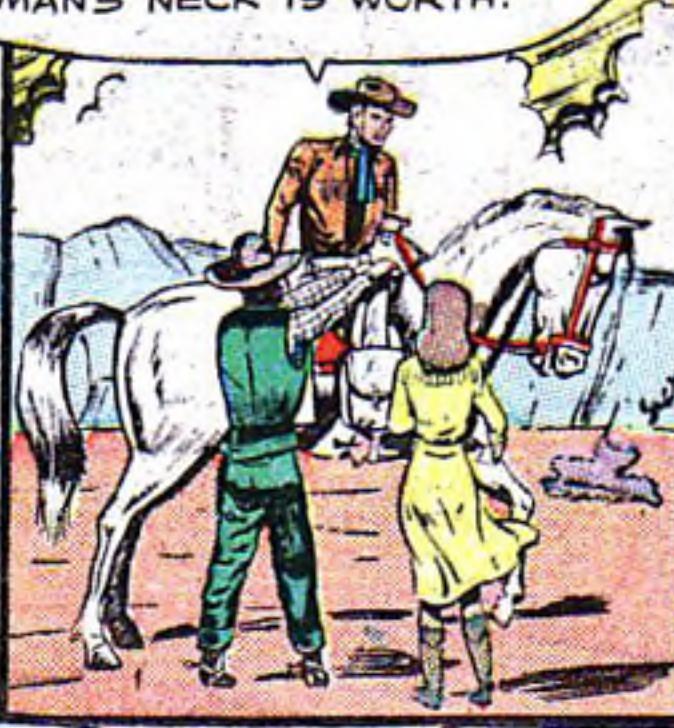


GUESS  
THAT  
MEANS  
ME,  
SALLY!

NO, CHIP—  
YOU'RE JUST  
OFF YOUR  
OWN RUN...  
YOU'RE  
TIRED...

BUT TWO HUNDRED  
DOLLARS IS A BIG MONTH'S  
WAGES... AND I GOT A HUNCH  
THESE ORDERS MEAN MORE  
THAN THE RISK OF WHAT ONE  
MAN'S NECK IS WORTH.

YOU'RE RIGHT, SON... THESE  
ORDERS COULD SAVE TEN  
LIVES A DAY IF THEY CUT  
THE TROOPS LOOSE  
AGAINST THE PIUTES.

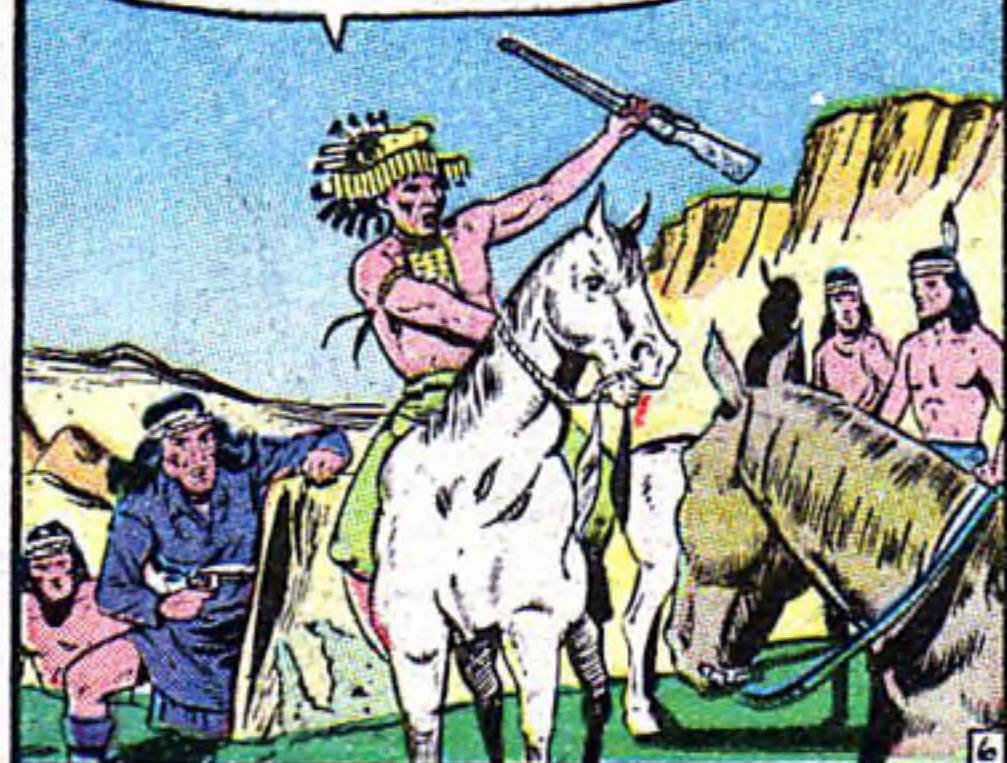


BUT  
CHIP BLAKE'S  
LUCK WAS  
RUNNING  
THIN... FOR  
HIGH AMONG  
THE WESTERN  
CRAGS...

BEHOLD! OTHER  
GUNS GO BACK  
NOW, AND ONE  
RIDER COMES  
FAST—ALONE!

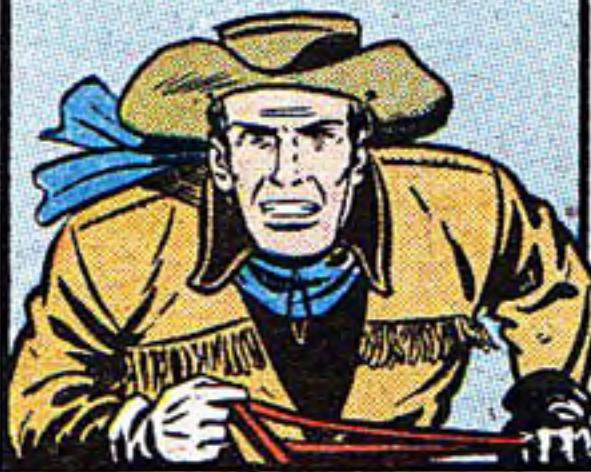


HAI! AND THE STRONG NEW  
WEAPON OF THREE-CLAW  
SHALL BE HIS DOOM! RIDE  
AND KILL!



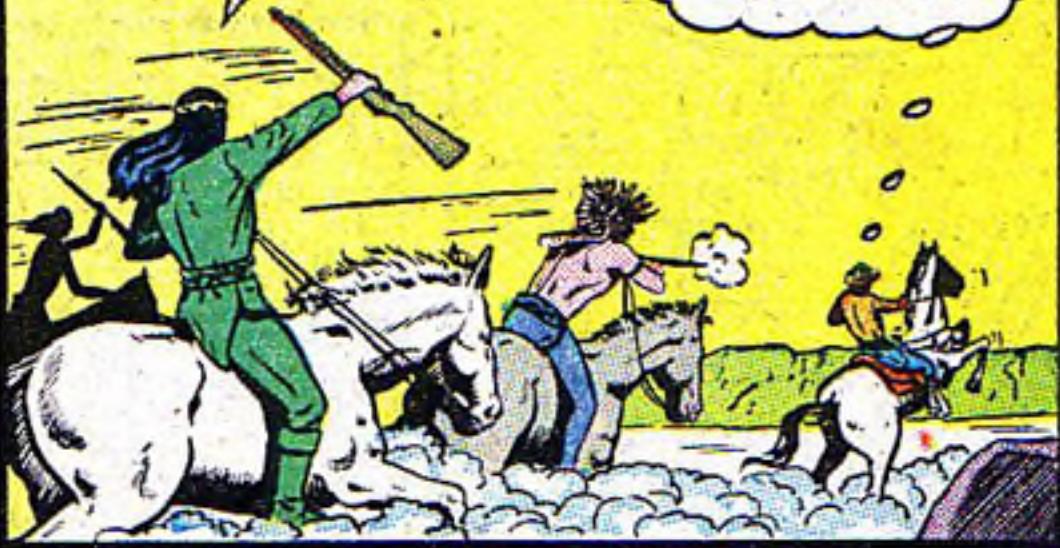
AND THIS TIME THE TRAP WAS SHARP... THEY RODE HIM INTO A PEN OF CLIFFS... AND A NEW FOE FACED HIS HORSE AT EVERY TURN...

CAN'T SKIN THROUGH 'EM... ONLY CHANCE IS TO WHEEL AND SHOOT FREE... WHAT'S WRONG, HORSE?

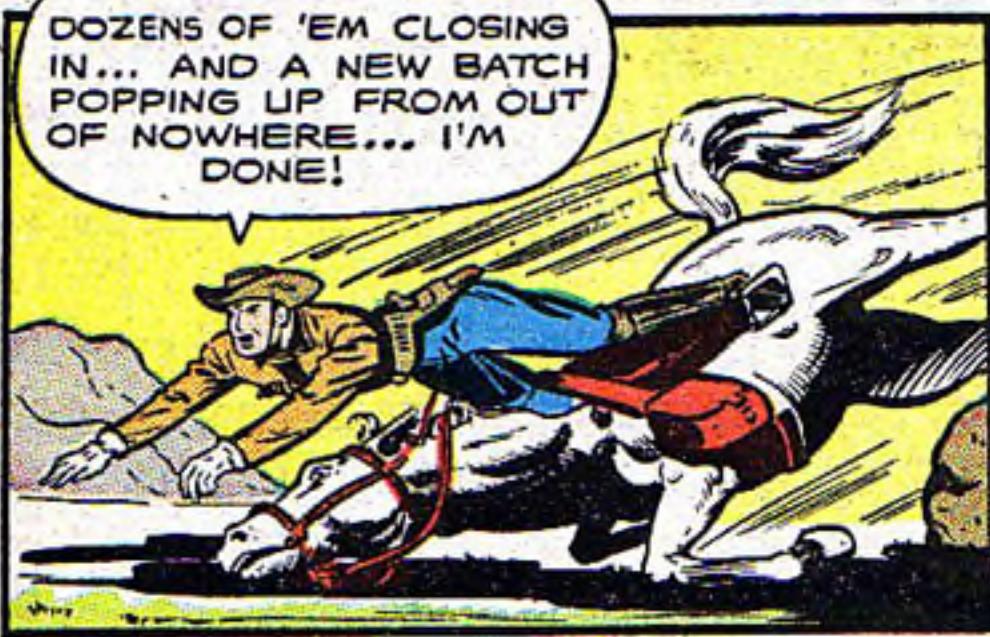


HIS HORSE FALLS! THREE-CLAW SHOOTS THE QUARRY DOWN!

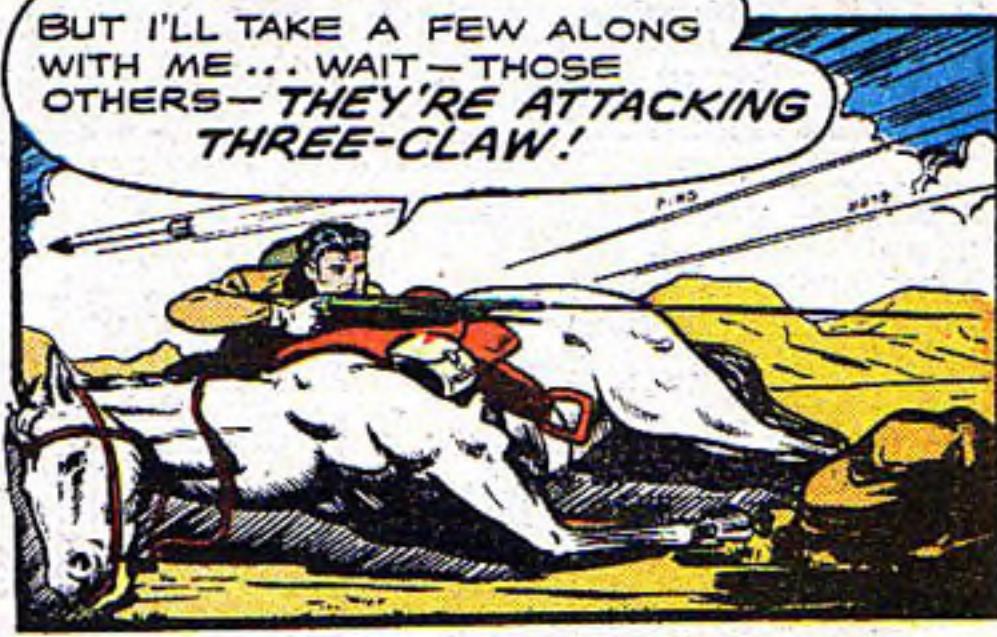
BULLET IN MY HIP... MY LUCK'S FAILED US, SALLY-GIRL...



DOZENS OF 'EM CLOSING IN... AND A NEW BATCH POPPING UP FROM OUT OF NOWHERE... I'M DONE!

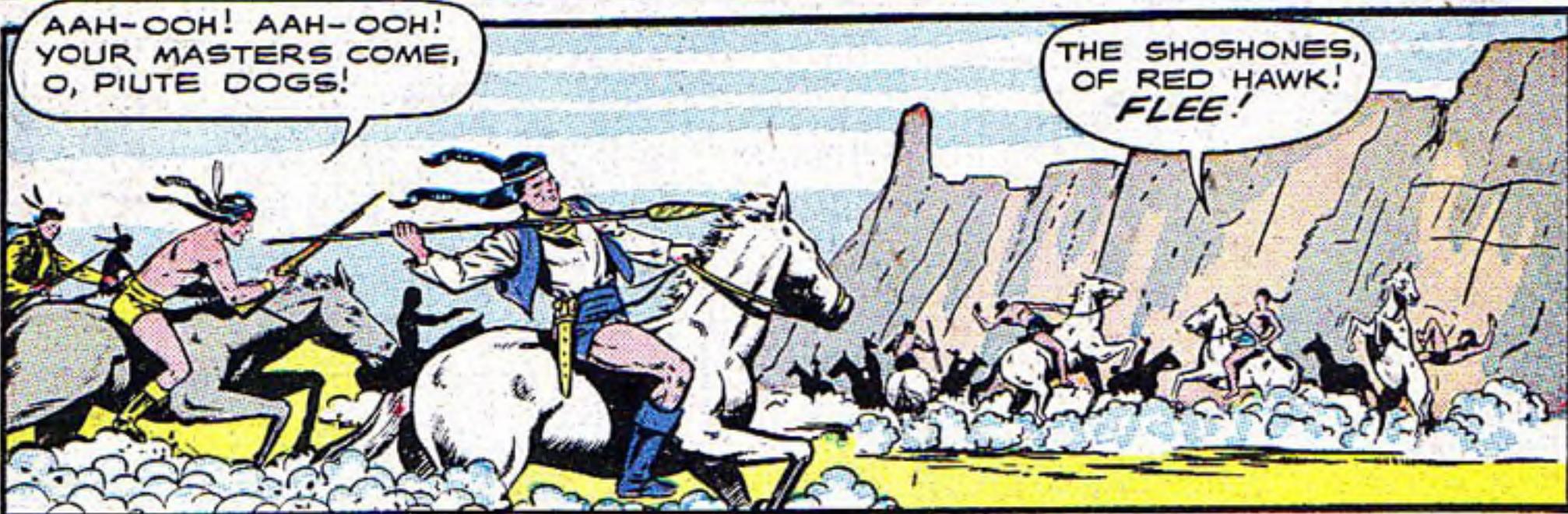


BUT I'LL TAKE A FEW ALONG WITH ME... WAIT—THOSE OTHERS—THEY'RE ATTACKING THREE-CLAW!



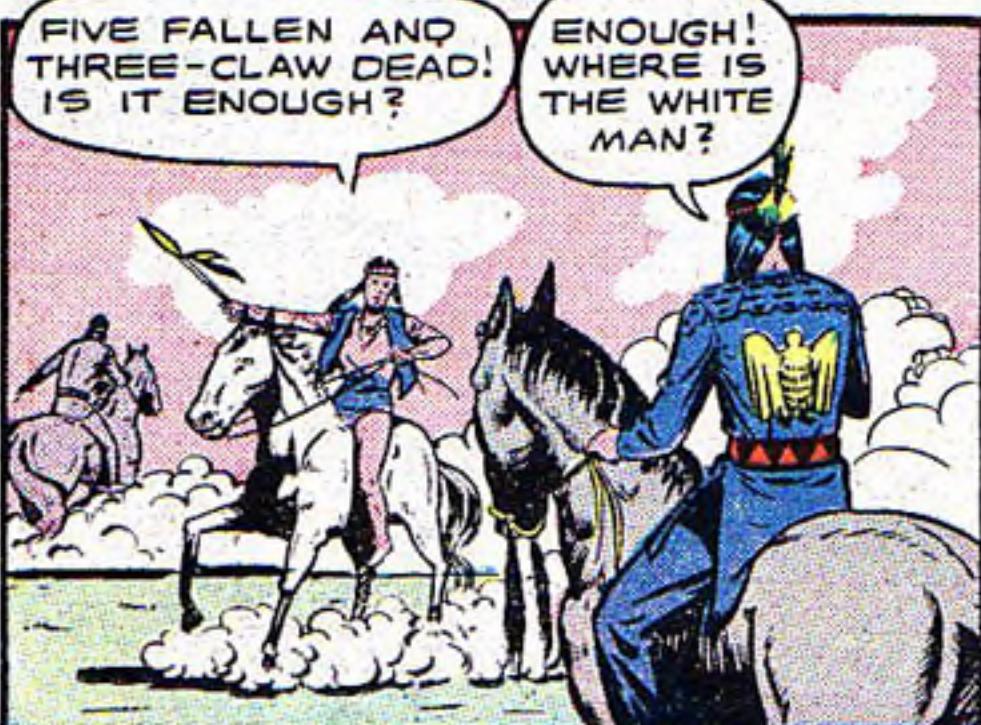
AAH-OOH! AAH-OOH!  
YOUR MASTERS COME,  
O, PIUTE DOGS!

THE SHOSHOINES,  
OF RED HAWK!  
FLEE!



FIVE FALLEN AND THREE-CLAW DEAD!  
IS IT ENOUGH?

ENOUGH!  
WHERE IS  
THE WHITE  
MAN?



BIND HIS WOUND AND  
READY THE POLE-DRAG...  
HE HAS FAR TO GO TO  
SETTLE HIS DEBT WITH  
RED HAWK!

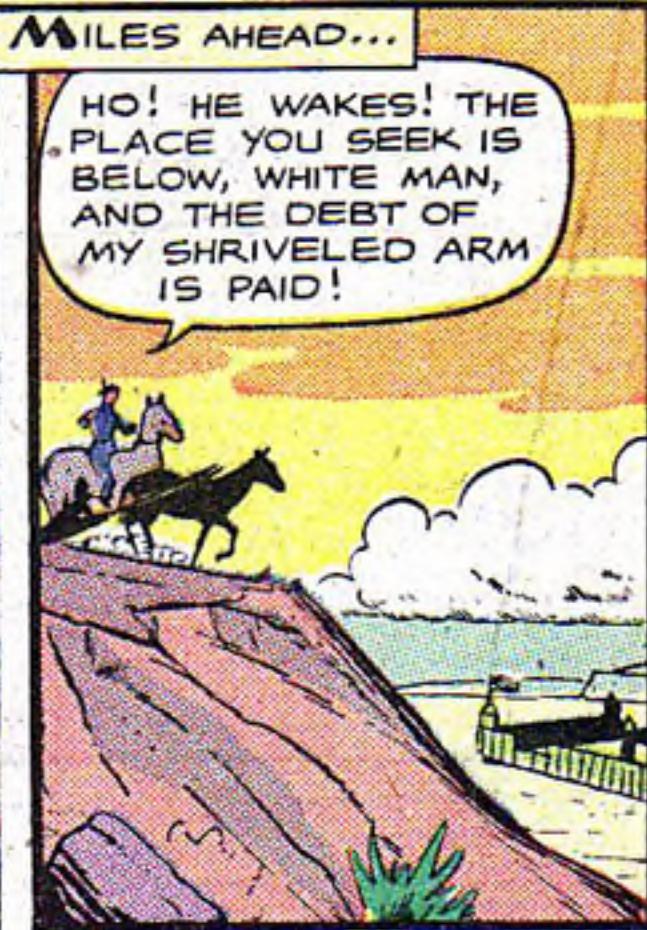
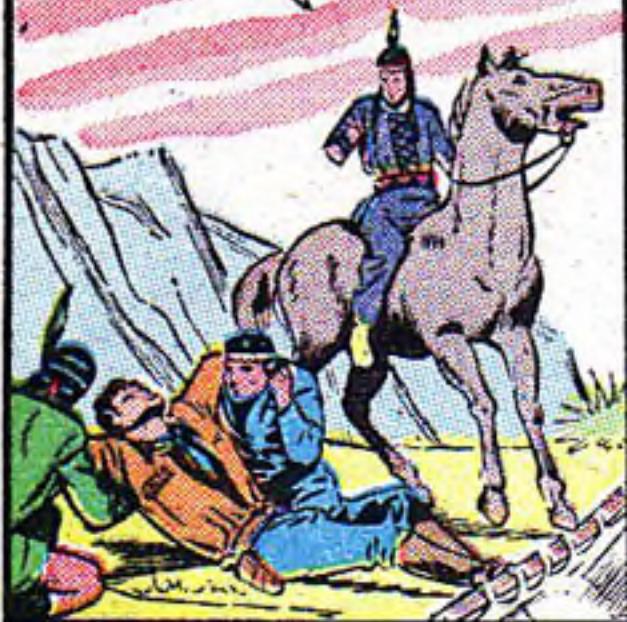


HIS MIND IS EMPTY?  
LET IT BE UNKNOWN  
TO HIM, THEN, THAT  
THE GHOST OF A  
DEAD BEAR WALKS  
TODAY!

LET IT BE UNKNOWN HOW  
SHOSHONE EYES HAVE WATCHED  
HIS TRAIL AND KEPT IT SAFE  
SINCE HIS ANGRY GUN SPARED  
THE LIFE OF RED HAWK!

MILES AHEAD...

HO! HE WAKES! THE  
PLACE YOU SEEK IS  
BELOW, WHITE MAN,  
AND THE DEBT OF  
MY SHRIVELED ARM  
IS PAID!

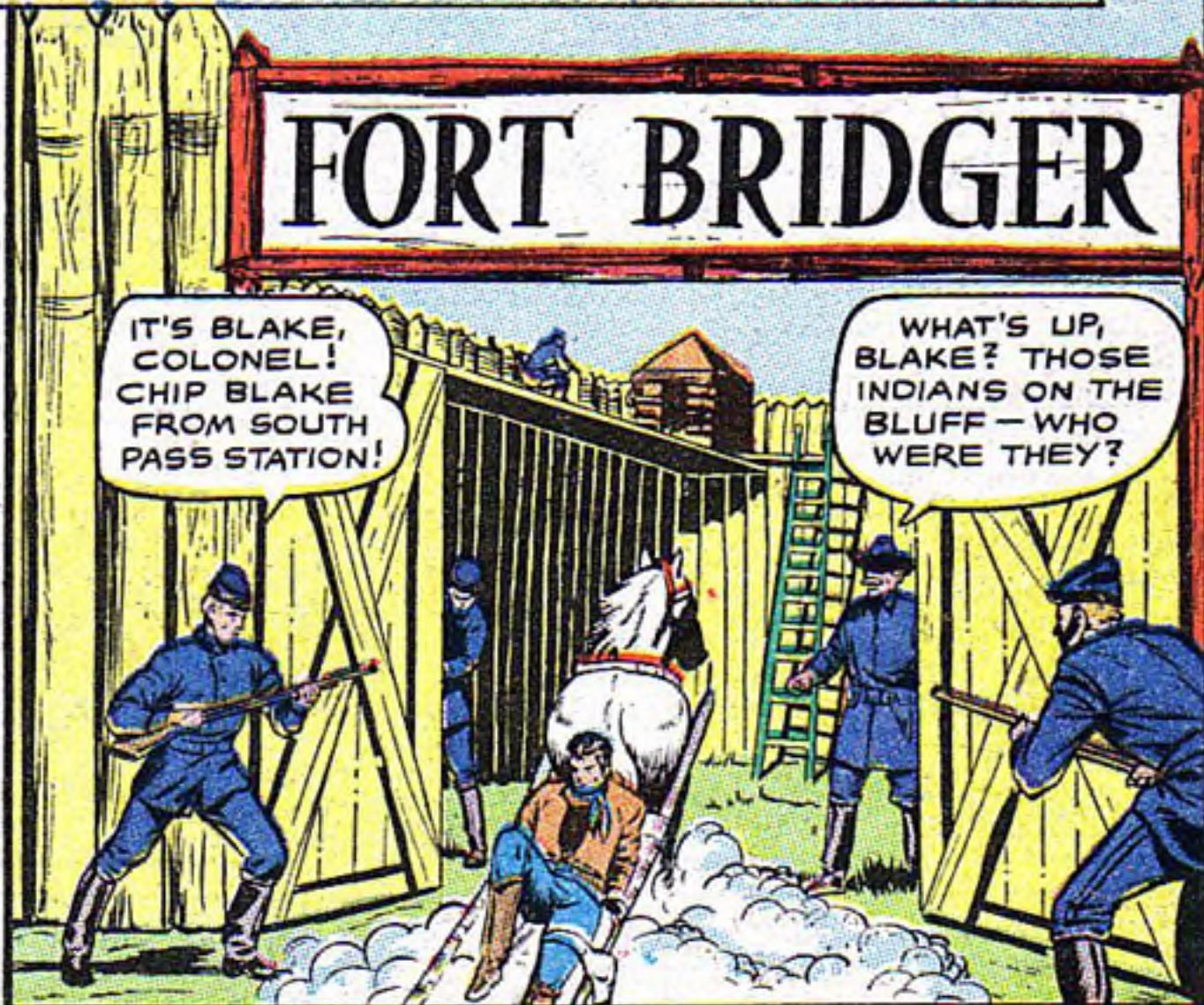


YOU DO NOT KNOW THE  
TONGUE I SPEAK, SO  
LET MY EYES SAY THIS—  
MAY THE GREAT SPIRIT  
GO WITH YOU AND  
BE GOOD TO YOU,  
MY FRIEND!

MINUTES LATER, STARTLED TROOPERS OPENED THE GATES  
OF THE FORT TO A STRANGE ARRIVAL—A WILD INDIAN  
HORSE THAT HAULED A DAZED AND WOUNDED AND  
BEWILDERED MESSENGER OF THE PONY EXPRESS...



I—I DON'T KNOW,  
COLONEL WEBSTER... I  
ONLY KNOW THE PIUTES  
JUMPED ME— THESE  
OTHERS RODE UP—  
AND HERE I AM WITH  
YOUR SPECIAL ORDERS!



BUT THERE MUST  
BE SOME  
EXPLANATION!



MAYBE IT ALL WILL COME  
TO ME LATER... THERE'S A  
FACE IN MY MIND THAT I  
KNOW I SAW SOMEWHERE...  
BUT RIGHT NOW, ALL I CAN  
SAY FOR SURE IS THAT  
MR. MARTIN IS PLUMB  
WRONG ABOUT DEAD  
INDIANS BEING THE  
ONLY GOOD INDIANS!





# STAMPS

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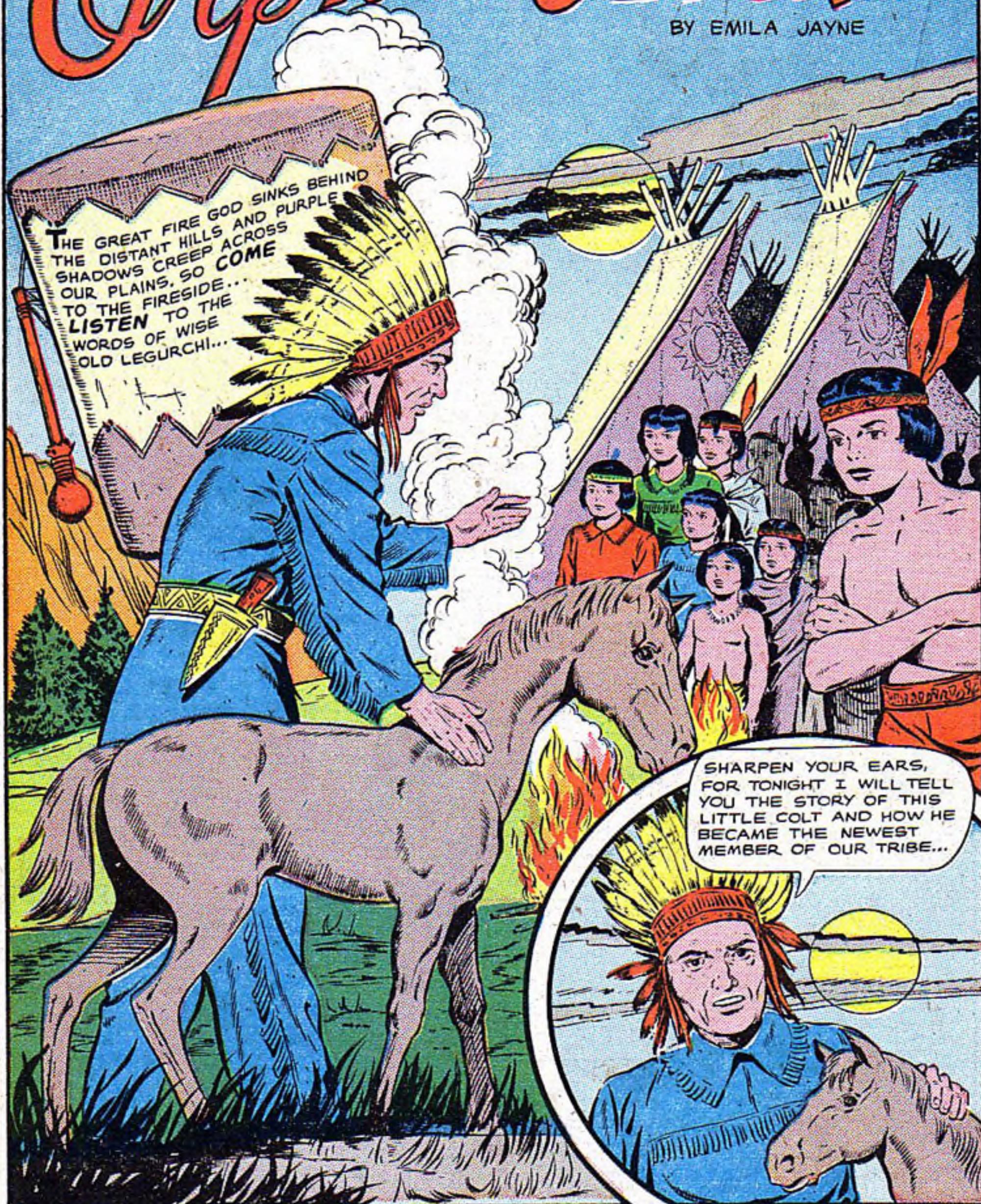
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358 Madison Ave.,  
New York 17, N. Y.

# Orphan of the Storm

BY EMILA JAYNE

THE GREAT FIRE GOD SINKS BEHIND  
THE DISTANT HILLS AND PURPLE  
SHADOWS CREEP ACROSS  
OUR PLAINS. SO COME  
TO THE FIRESIDE...  
LISTEN TO THE  
WORDS OF WISE  
OLD LEGURCHI...

SHARPEN YOUR EARS,  
FOR TONIGHT I WILL TELL  
YOU THE STORY OF THIS  
LITTLE COLT AND HOW HE  
BECAME THE NEWEST  
MEMBER OF OUR TRIBE...



IT HAPPENED IN THE HIGH COUNTRY. A RUMOR HAD REACHED OUR EARS THAT THE PAUNNEES WERE PAINTING FOR WAR. I LED A SCOUTING PARTY TO FIND OUT IF THIS WAS TRUE, AND AFTER THREE DAYS MARCH...



SO FAR, WE HAVE SEEN NO WARRIOR'S TRACKS ON THE SNOW.

THAT IS RIGHT, LEGURCHI. BUT SOMETHING STIRS IN THE VALLEY... LISTEN!

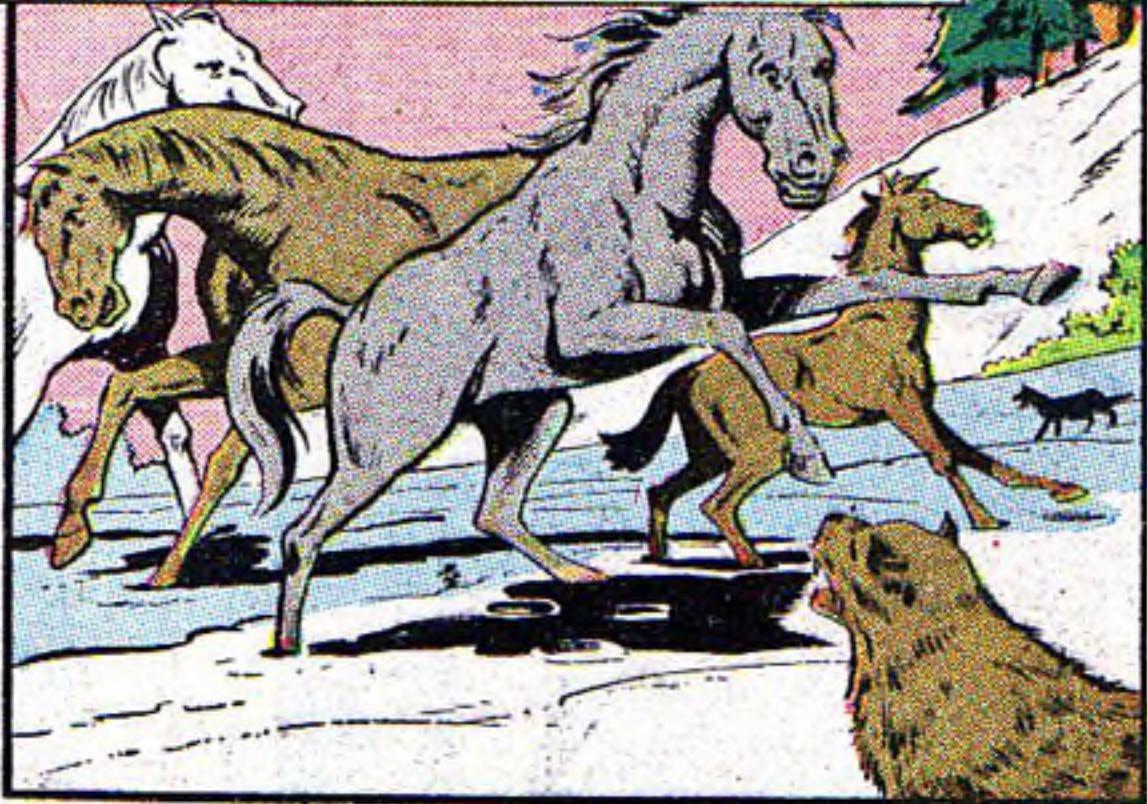


IT IS A WOLF PACK'S HUNTING CRY. THEY HAVE SCENTED THEIR PREY.

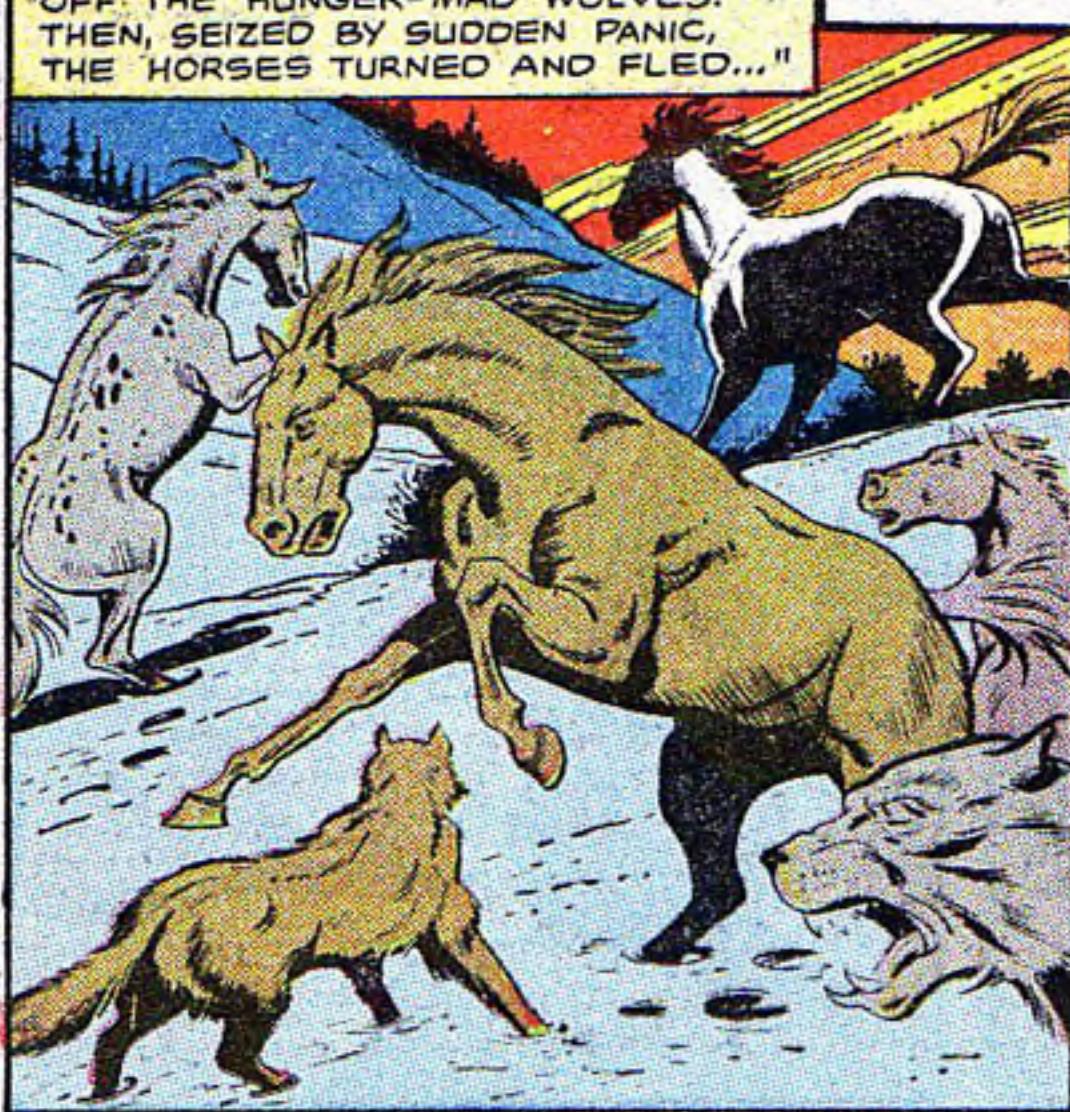
YES... AND CORNERED THEM TOO! LOOK - LOOK THERE IN THE GULLY!



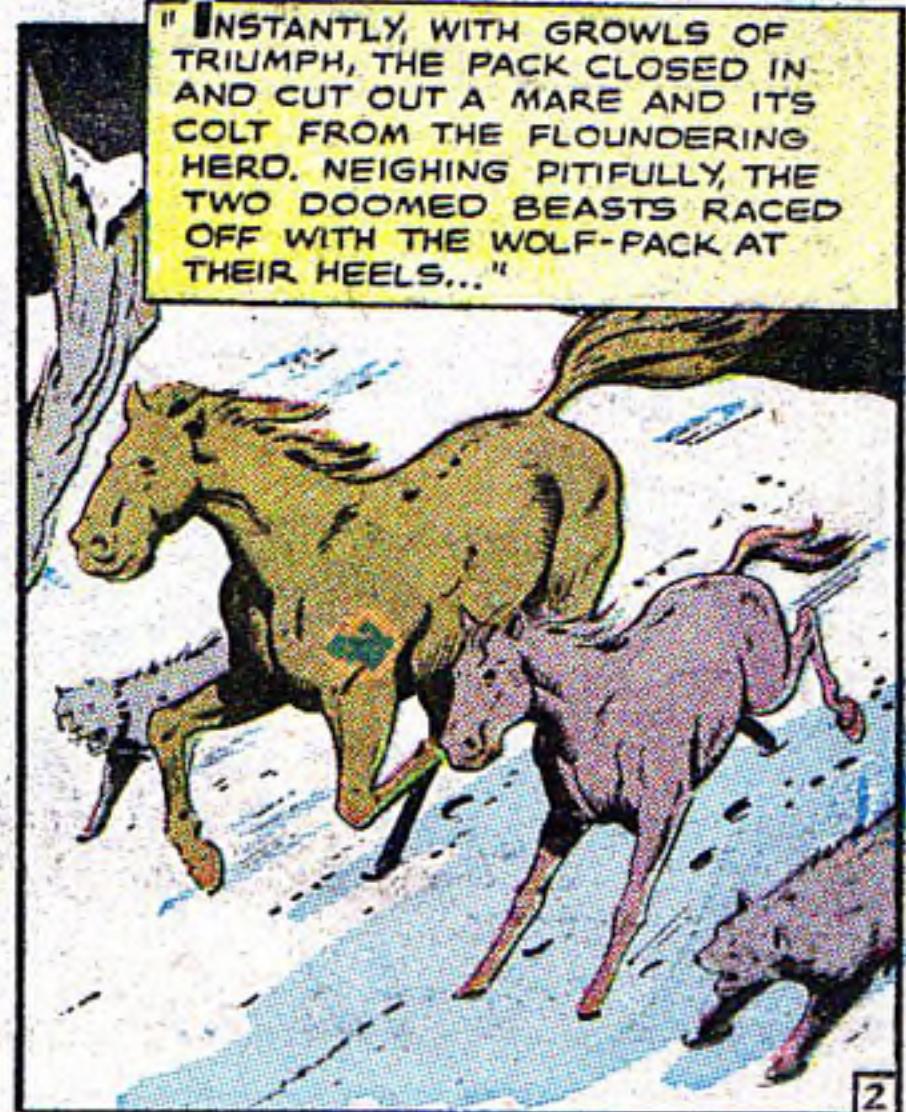
"AND THEN WE SAW A HERD OF WILD HORSES WHINNYYING IN TERROR AS THEY LASHED AT THEIR TORMENTORS WITH THEIR SHARP HOOFs..."



"FOR LONG MINUTES, THEY FOUGHT OFF THE HUNGER-MAD WOLVES. THEN, SEIZED BY SUDDEN PANIC, THE HORSES TURNED AND FLED..."



"INSTANTLY, WITH GROWLS OF TRIUMPH, THE PACK CLOSED IN AND CUT OUT A MARE AND ITS COLT FROM THE FLOUNDERING HERD. NEIGHING PITIFULLY, THE TWO DOOMED BEASTS RACED OFF WITH THE WOLF-PACK AT THEIR HEELS..."



TELL ME NOW, CHILDREN,  
WHAT HAVE YOU LEARNED  
SO FAR FROM MY STORY?

THAT IS RIGHT,  
LEGURCHI. THE  
WOLVES WERE  
SMARTER.  
THEY KNEW  
HOW TO  
DIVIDE AND  
CONQUER!  
WHAT  
HAPPENED  
NEXT?

THEN WE  
RUSHED IN.  
WE SAW THAT  
THE MARE  
HAD FALLEN...

DRIVE OFF THE WOLVES.  
WE WILL TAKE THOSE  
HORSES TO OUR VILLAGE.

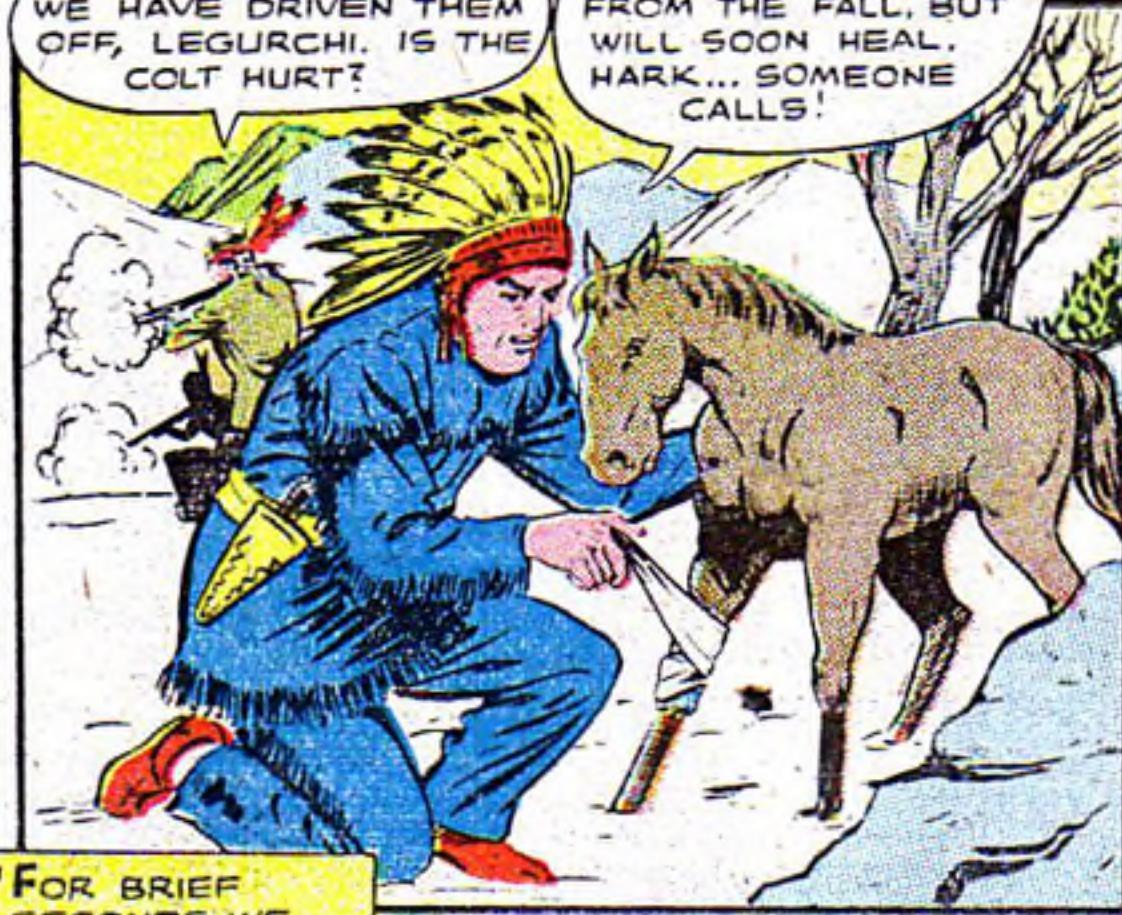
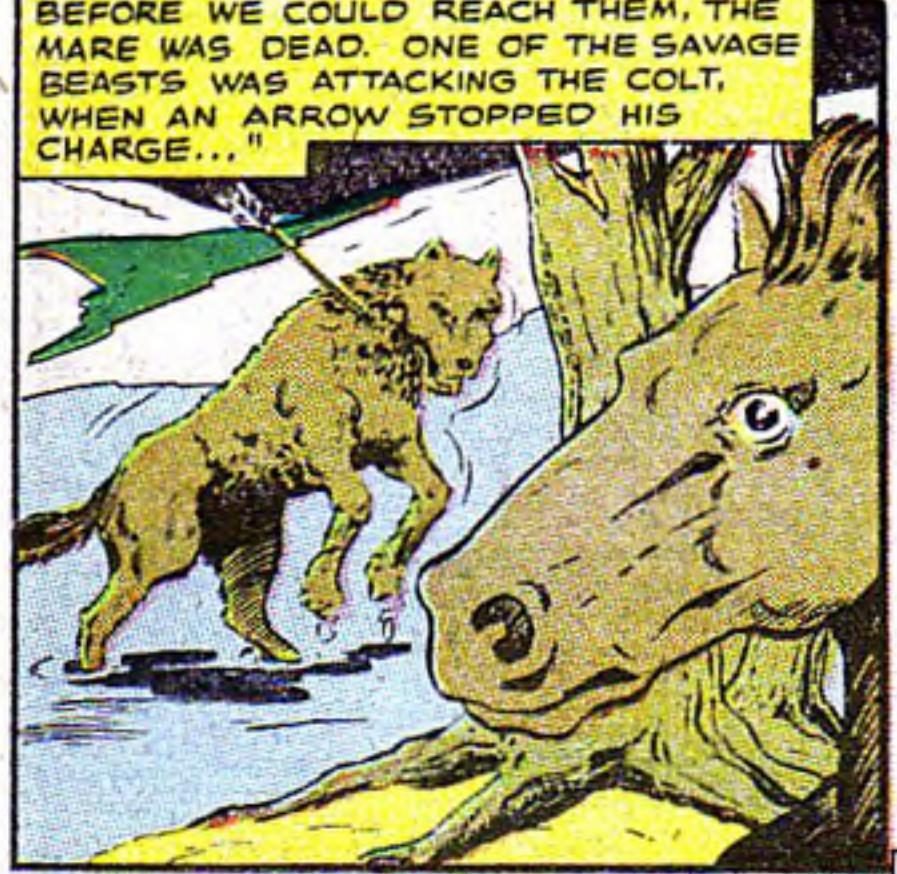
I KNOW!  
THE HORSES  
WERE FOOLISH  
TO SCATTER,  
FOR IN UNION  
THERE IS  
STRENGTH!



"BUT THE WOLVES WERE HUNGRY.  
BEFORE WE COULD REACH THEM, THE  
MARE WAS DEAD. ONE OF THE SAVAGE  
BEASTS WAS ATTACKING THE COLT.  
WHEN AN ARROW STOPPED HIS  
CHARGE..."

WE HAVE DRIVEN THEM  
OFF, LEGURCHI. IS THE  
COLT HURT?

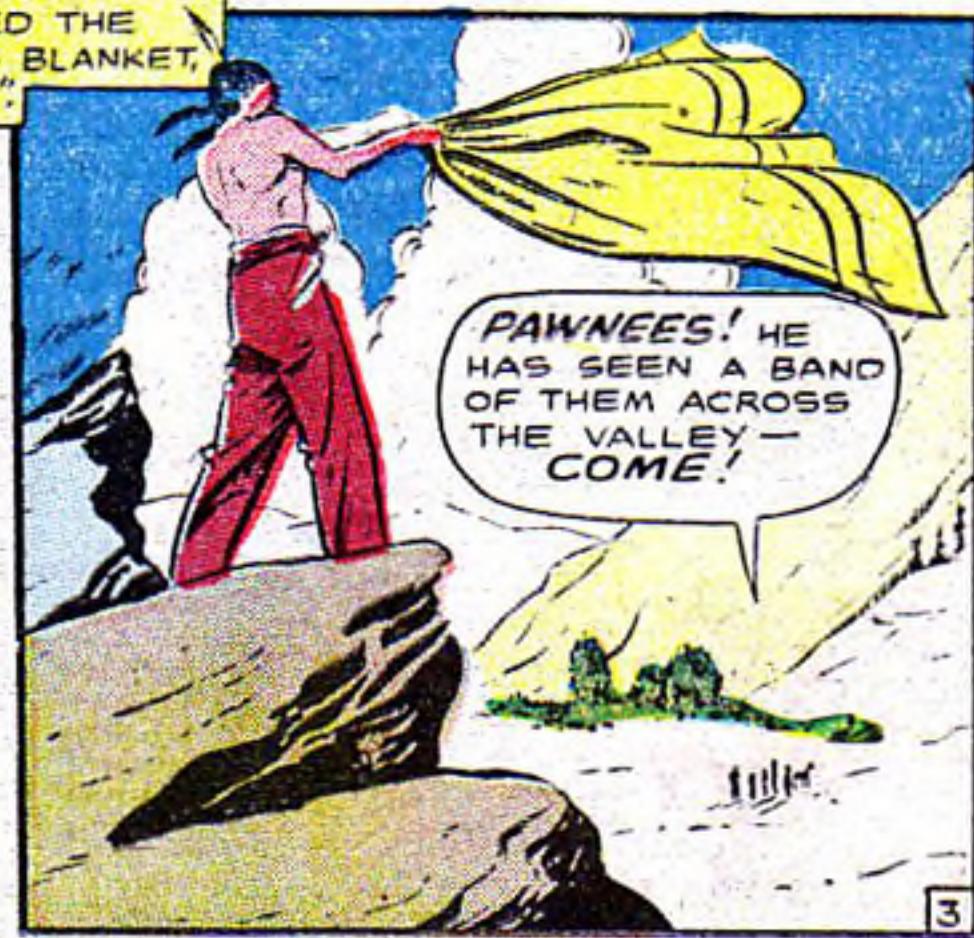
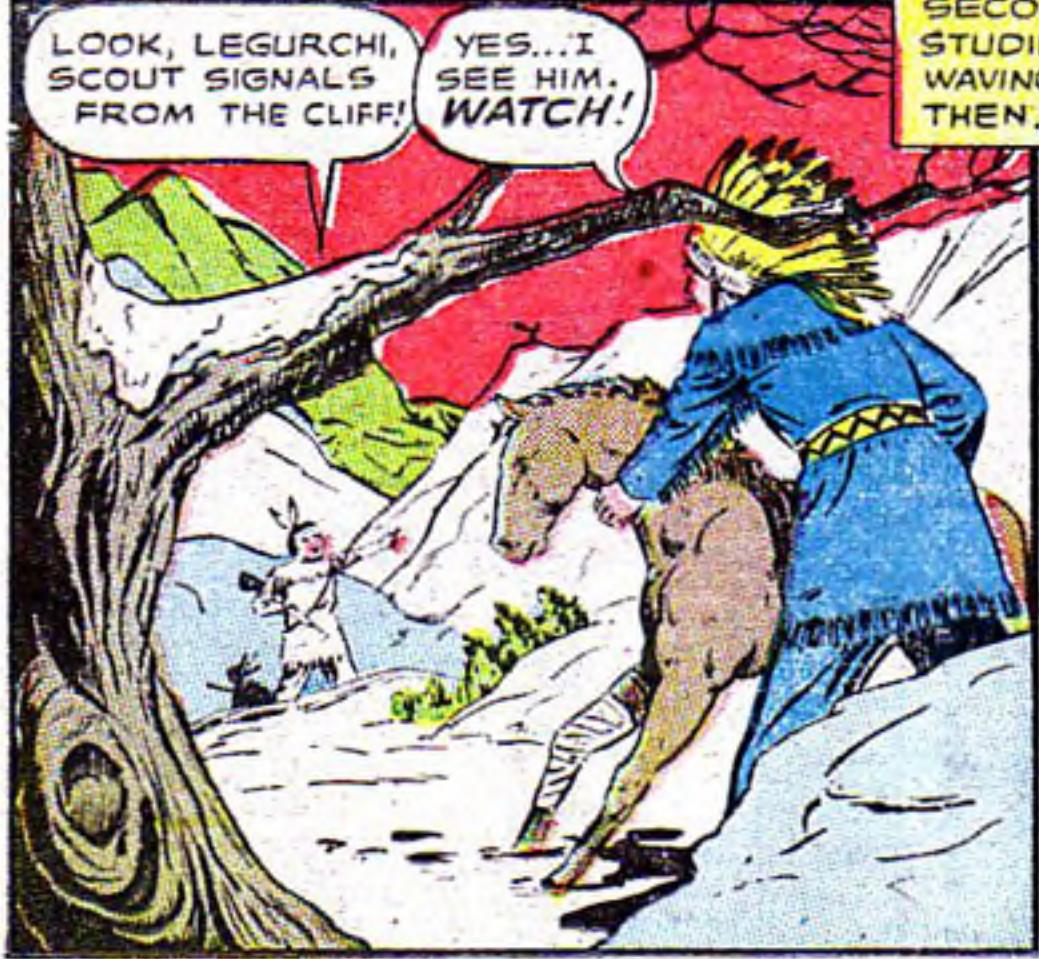
HIS KNEE IS BRUISED  
FROM THE FALL, BUT  
WILL SOON HEAL.  
HARK... SOMEONE  
CALLS!



LOOK, LEGURCHI,  
SCOUT SIGNALS  
FROM THE CLIFF!

YES... I  
SEE HIM.  
WATCH!

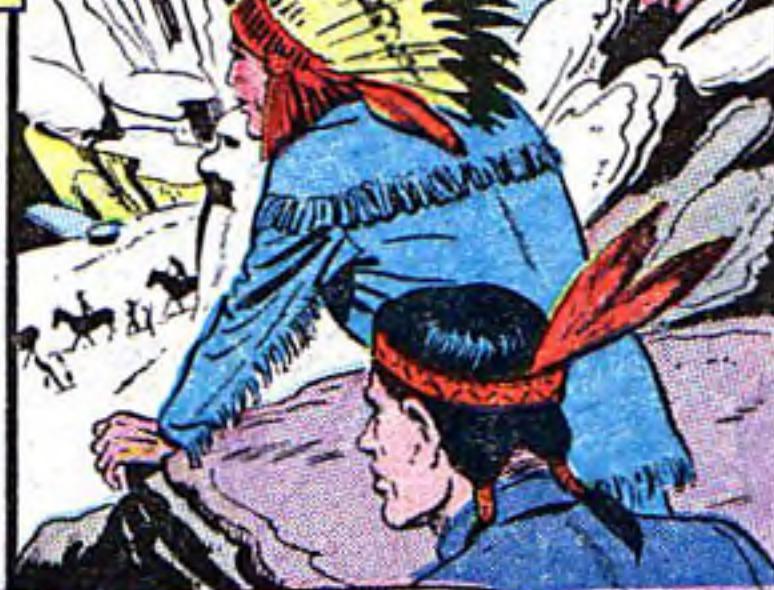
"FOR BRIEF  
SECONDS WE  
STUDIED THE  
WAVING BLANKET,  
THEN..."



"INSTANTLY, ALL THOUGHTS OF THE COLT WERE CROWDED FROM OUR MINDS AS WE RACED UP THE MOUNTAIN, AND SOON..."

THEY ARE PAWNEES, ALL RIGHT. BUT THEY HAVE THEIR SQUAWS WITH THEM. NO... THAT IS NOT A WAR PARTY!

COME. WE WILL RETURN TO THE VALLEY. I WANT TO SAVE THAT COLT!

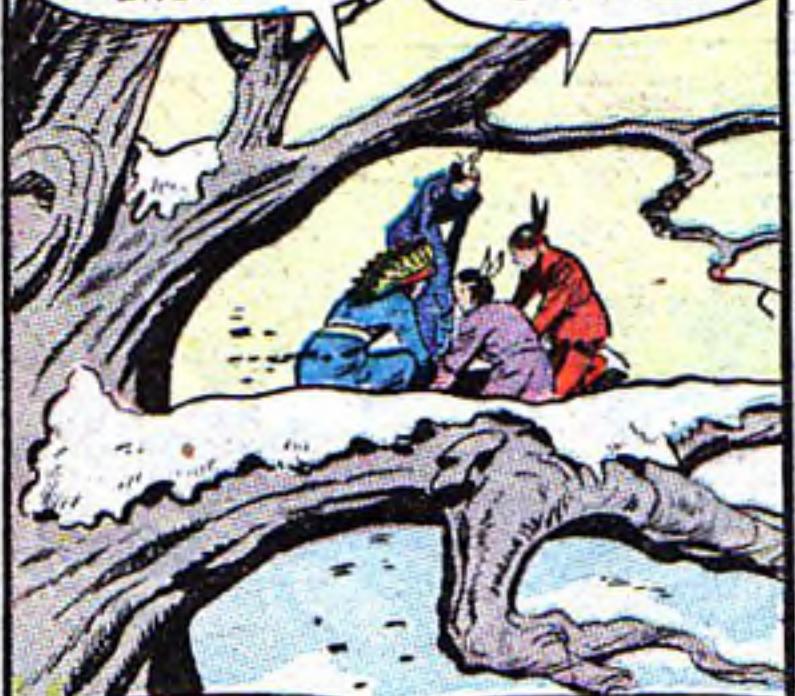


HE IS GONE, BUT HIS TRACKS ARE PLAIN ON THE SNOW.

AND THE WOLVES HAVE COME BACK. THEY ARE ON HIS TRAIL!

SO WE FOLLOWED HIM. THAT COLT WAS HURT, ALONE AND DEFENSELESS. WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IF YOU WERE HE?

A COLT CAN OUTRUN A WOLF. IF I WERE THE LITTLE HORSE, I WOULD HAVE GALLOPED OFF TO THE PLAINS!



YES... AND THEN I WOULD HAVE TRIED TO FIND THE REST OF THE HERD.

BUT YOU FORGET... THE SNOW IS PILED DEEP ON THE PLAINS, AND THE COLT'S HOOFs WOULD SINK INTO IT...

BUT THE WOLVES ARE MUCH LIGHTER AND WOULD SKIM OVER THE CRUST. IN SUCH A SITUATION, A COOL HEAD IS NEEDED. ONE MUST NOT GET PANICKY.

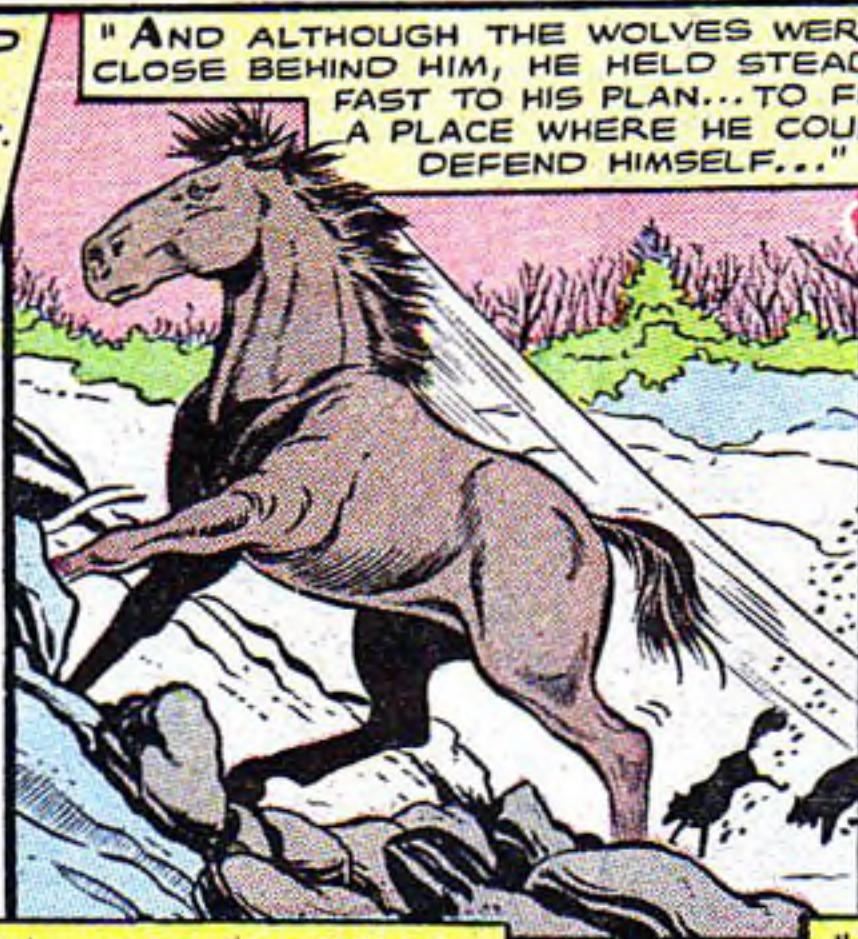
YOU ARE RIGHT, LEGURCHI, TO RUN TO THE PLAINS WOULD HAVE BEEN FOOLISH. BUT WHAT DID OUR LITTLE COLT DO?



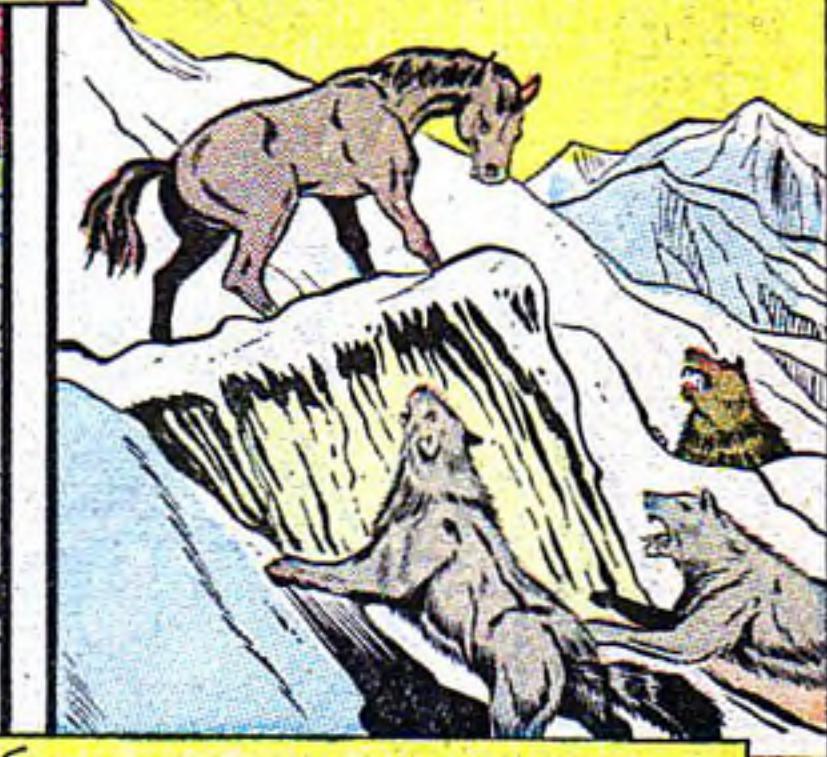
"WE FOLLOWED HIS TRACKS AND SAW THAT HE WAS SMART. HE HAD LEFT THE VALLEY WHERE THE SNOWDRIFTS WERE DEEP AND WAS CLIMBING A MOUNTAIN WHICH WAS ALMOST BARE..."



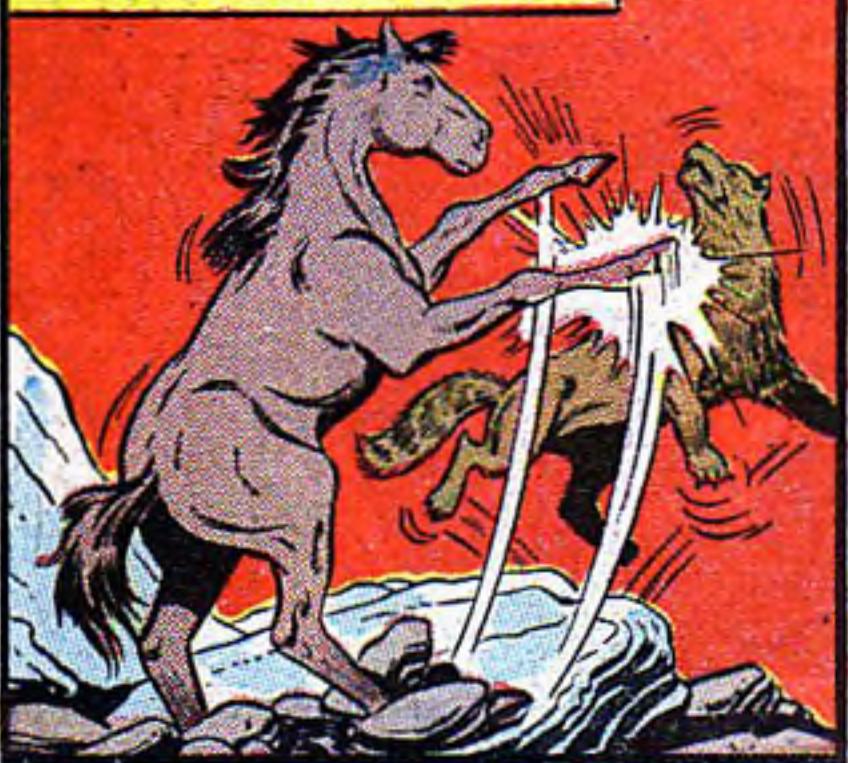
"AND ALTHOUGH THE WOLVES WERE CLOSE BEHIND HIM, HE HELD STEADFAST TO HIS PLAN... TO FIND A PLACE WHERE HE COULD DEFEND HIMSELF..."



"AND HE SUCCEEDED! HE SCRAMBLED UP ON A NARROW LEDGE, THEN TURNED TO FACE HIS TORMENTORS..."

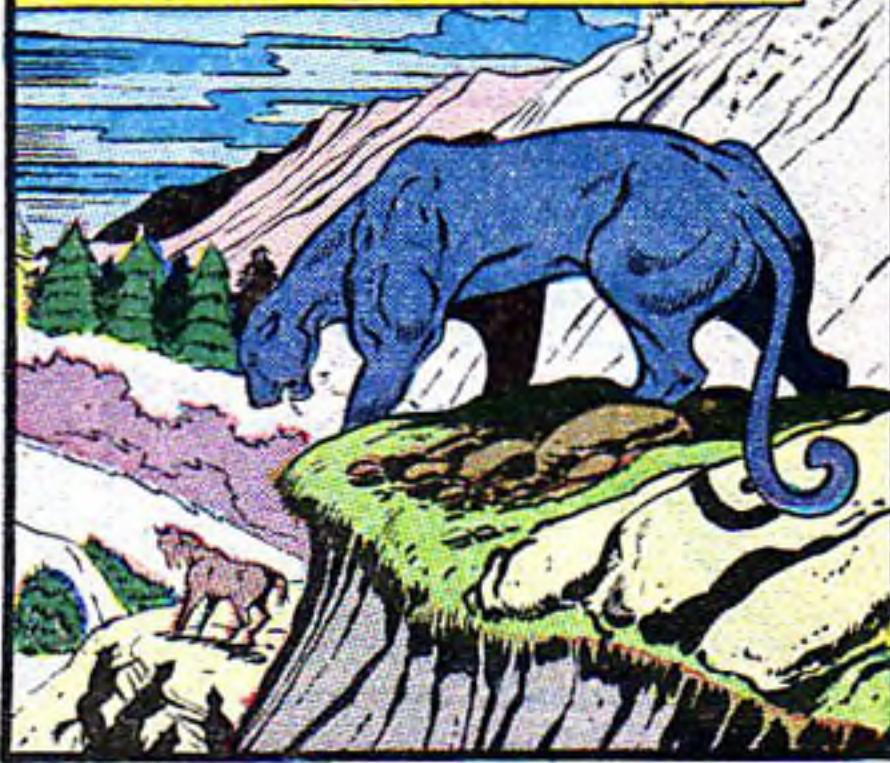


"ON THEY CAME, CASTING CAUTION TO THE WINDS, BUT SOON THEIR VICTORY HOWLS CHANGED TO YELPS OF PAIN AS THE COLT'S SHARP HOOFs LASHED OUT AT THEM..."

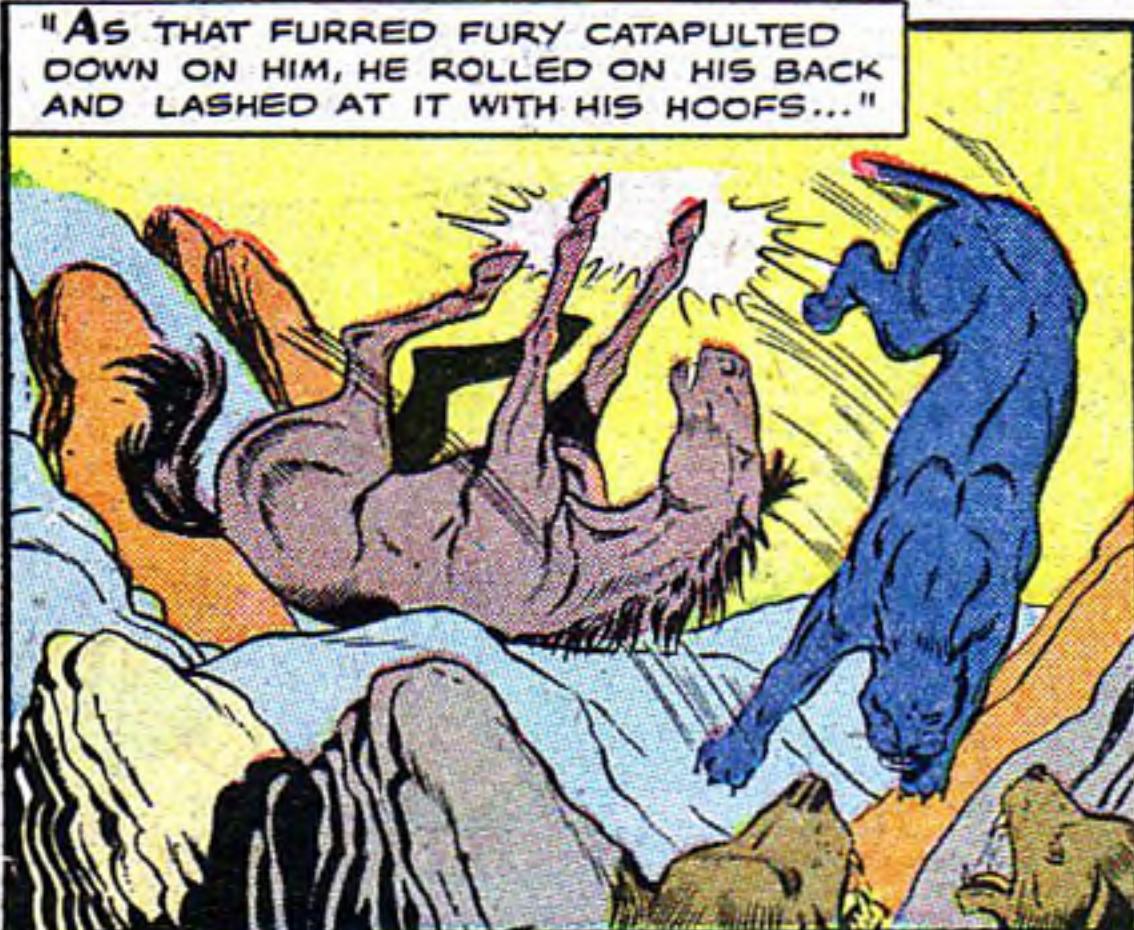


"AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE BRAVE LITTLE HORSE DROVE THEM BACK FROM THE LEDGE. BUT HE WAS ALONE AND THE WOLVES WERE MANY. SO FINALLY THEY SCRAMBLED ONTO HIS ROCKY PERCH..."

"STILL HE DID NOT DESPAIR, BUT GLANCED AROUND TO SEEK ANOTHER WAY TO ESCAPE. THEN HE SAW ANOTHER ENEMY ABOVE HIM... A COUGAR TENSED TO SPRING..."



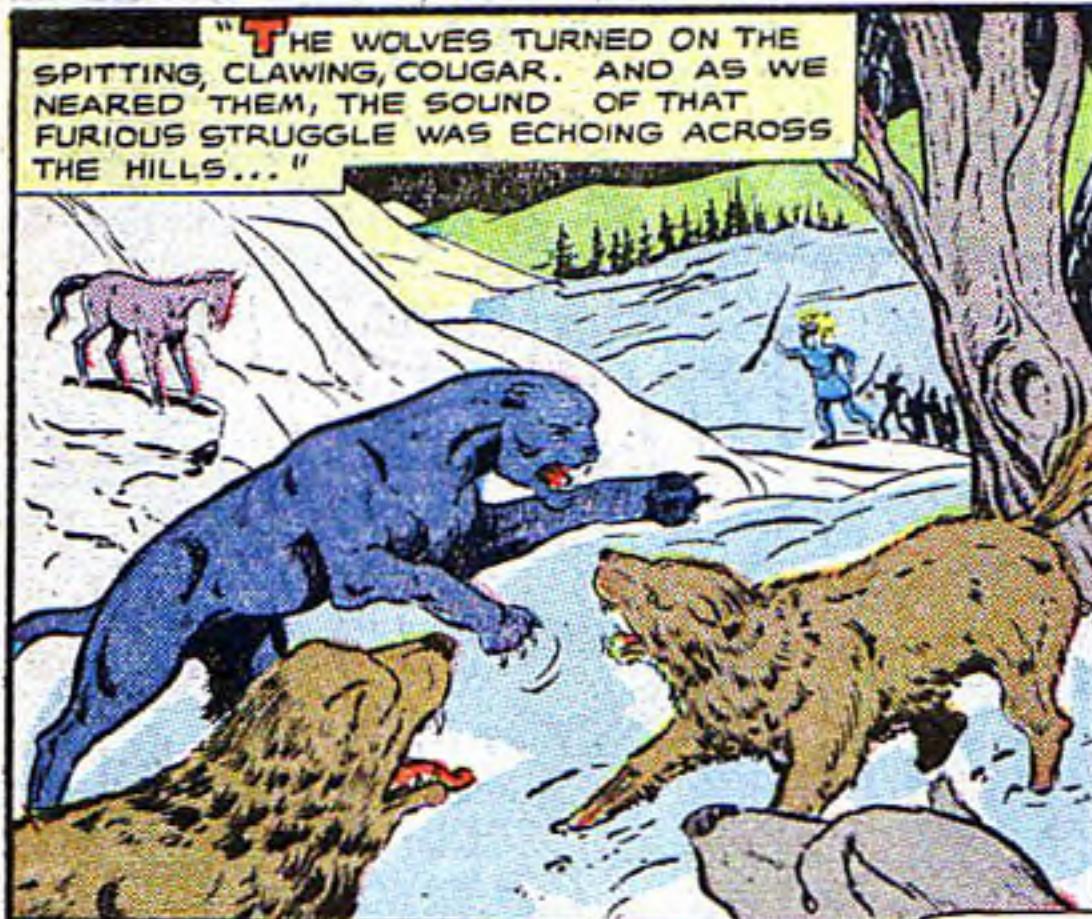
"AS THAT FURRED FURY CATAULPTED DOWN ON HIM, HE ROLLED ON HIS BACK AND LASHED AT IT WITH HIS HOOFs..."



VICTORY WAS HIS! THE COUGAR FELL INTO THE CENTER OF THE WOLF PACK. INSTANTLY THEY LEAPED UPON THAT KILLER CAT...



"THE WOLVES TURNED ON THE SPITTING, CLAWING, COUGAR. AND AS WE NEARED THEM, THE SOUND OF THAT FURIOUS STRUGGLE WAS ECHOING ACROSS THE HILLS..."

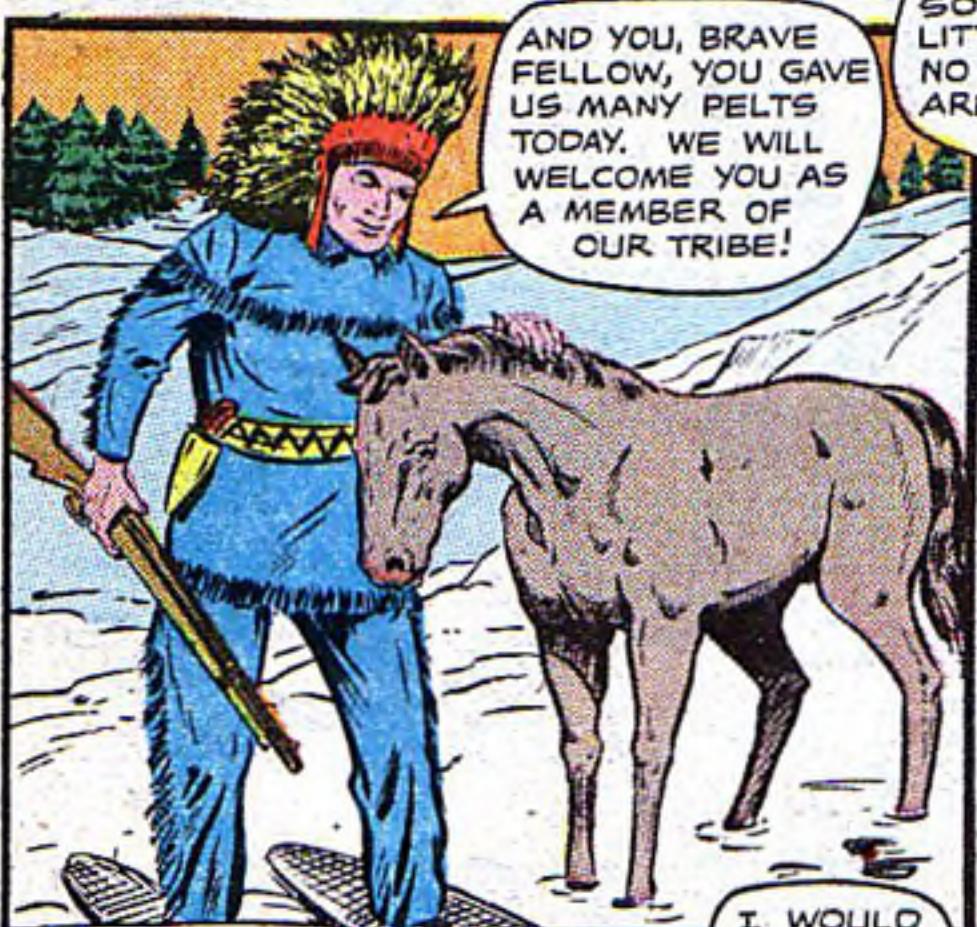


GOOD HUNTING, BRAVES! I WILL GET THE COUGAR WHILE YOU WIPE OUT THE WOLF PACK!



AND YOU, BRAVE FELLOW, YOU GAVE US MANY PELTS TODAY. WE WILL WELCOME YOU AS A MEMBER OF OUR TRIBE!

SO THAT IS THE STORY OF OUR LITTLE FRIEND. HE TAUGHT US THAT NO MATTER HOW GREAT THE ODDS ARE AGAINST US, WE MUST NEVER GIVE UP.



WHAT HAVE YOU NAMED HIM, LEGURCHI?

I HAVE LEFT THAT TO YOU, AND WILL GIVE THE COLT TO THE ONE WHO FINDS A GOOD NAME FOR HIM.

I WOULD CALL HIM THUNDER-BIRD.

I LIKE BRAVE WARRIOR!

WAR WOLF!

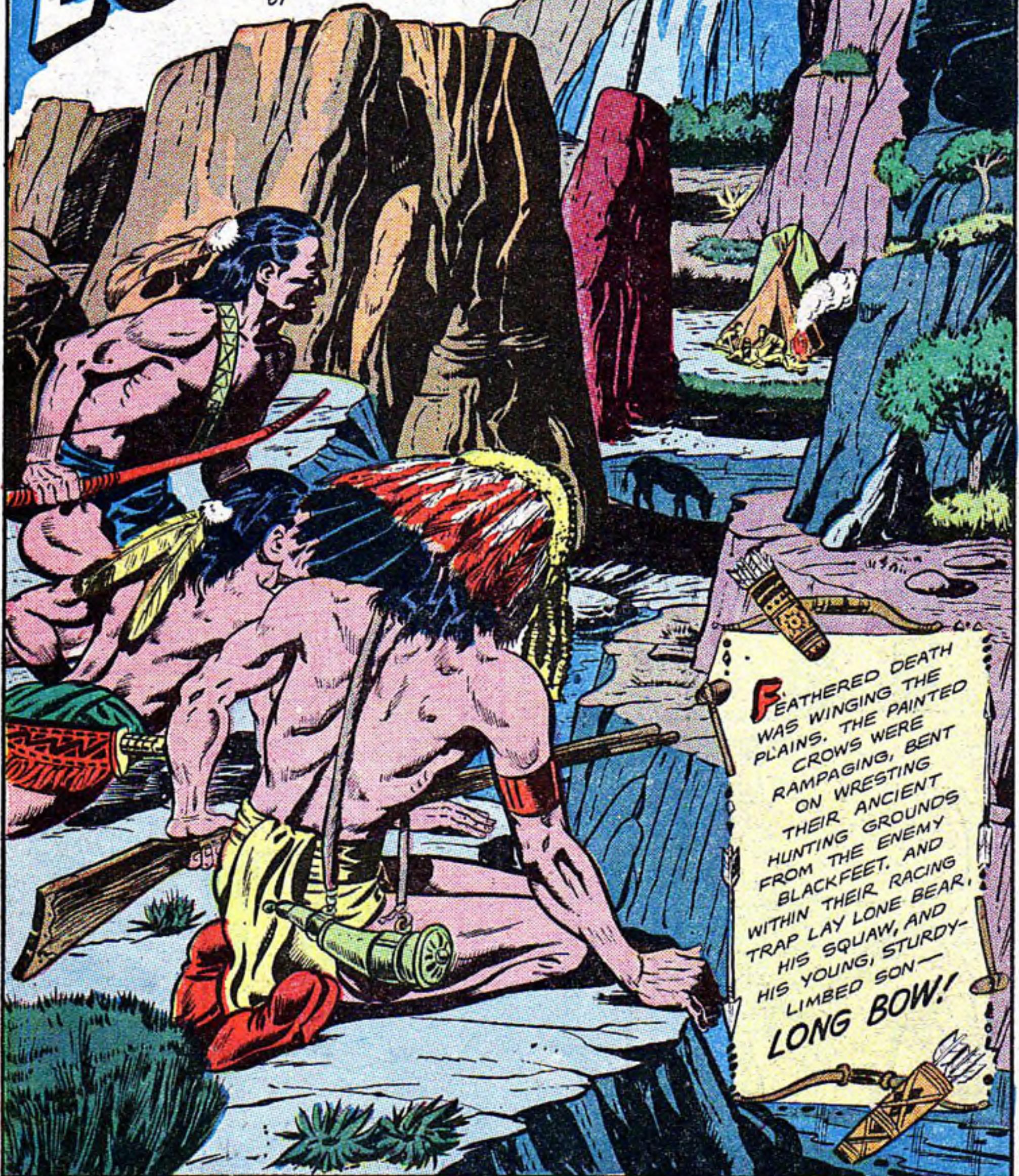


"THE SUN HAS SUNK BEHIND THE HILLS, AND IT IS TIME WE WENT TO OUR TEEPEES. BUT REMEMBER TO THINK UP A NAME FOR OUR BRAVE LITTLE HORSE WHO SO SMARTLY OUTWITTED THE WOLVES, AND IS THE NEWEST MEMBER OF OUR TRIBE!"

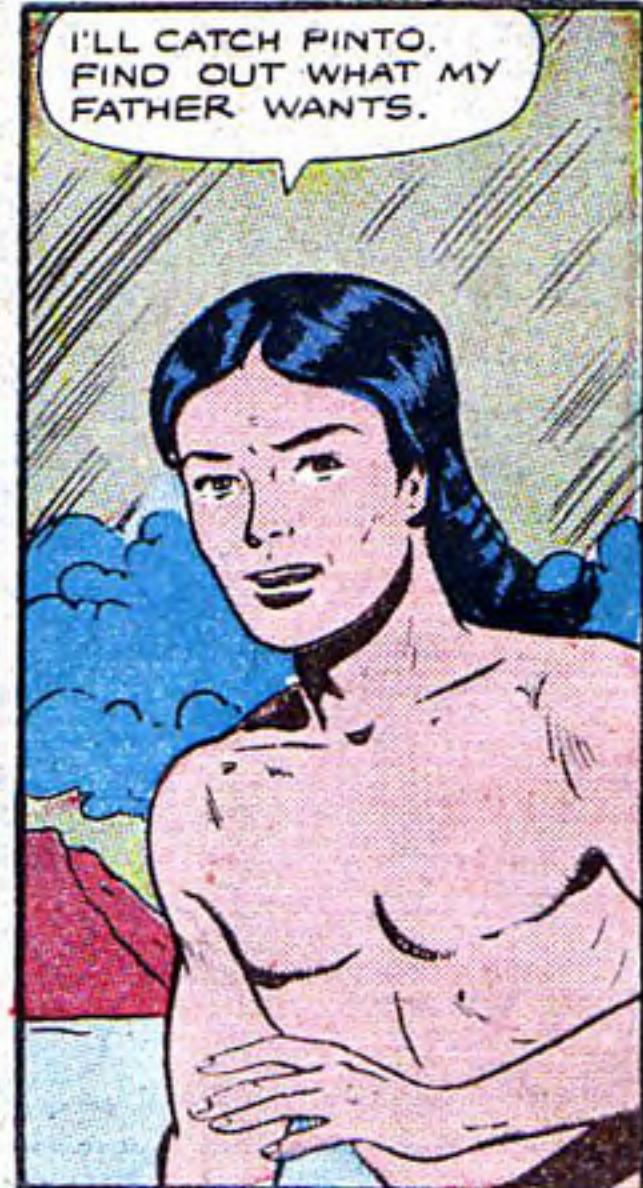


# LONG BOW!

BY CAPT. STUART KERRIGAN



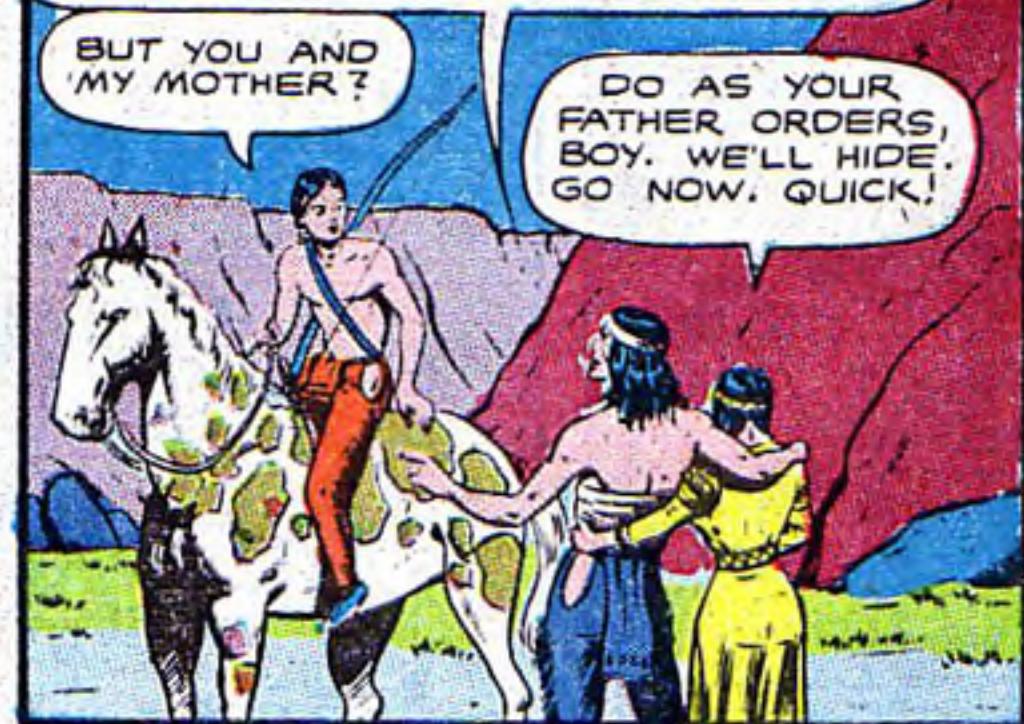
LONE BEAR'S ONLY WARNING HAD BEEN AN AMBUSH ARROW. THE CROW SHAFT DROVE INTO HIS BACK. PAIN BURNED THROUGH LONE BEAR, BUT HE KEPT ON HIS FEET. TWISTING, TURNING, HIDING HIS TRAIL, HE STUMBLLED BACK TO WARN LOOKING-GLASS AND THE BOY...



WERE THEY CROWS, LONE BEAR? WILL THEY FOLLOW AND KILL US?

THEY WERE CROWS. A WAR-PARTY. WE MUST SEND THE BOY AWAY BEFORE THEY FIND US.

TAKE CARE OF MY BOW, BOY. IT'S THE BEST BOW IN ALL THE PLAINS COUNTRY. TAKE IT AND RIDE FOR THE BIG CAMP. AND WATCH OUT FOR THE CROWS.



BUT TIME WAS ALREADY SHORT. OUT OF A CANYON GALLOPED THE CROW WAR-PARTY, DETERMINED NOT TO LET EVEN A BLACKFOOT CUB ESCAPE THEIR SCALP-KNIVES...



WAH-HOO!

EY-YI-YI! KILL THE BLACKFOOT DOGS! KILL THEM ALL!

YIP-PEE! LET NONE ESCAPE!

NO HOPE FOR US. IF ONLY THE BOY ESCAPES...



CHASE DOWN THE BLACKFOOT BOY. HE WILL GROW UP TO SCALP OUR SONS!

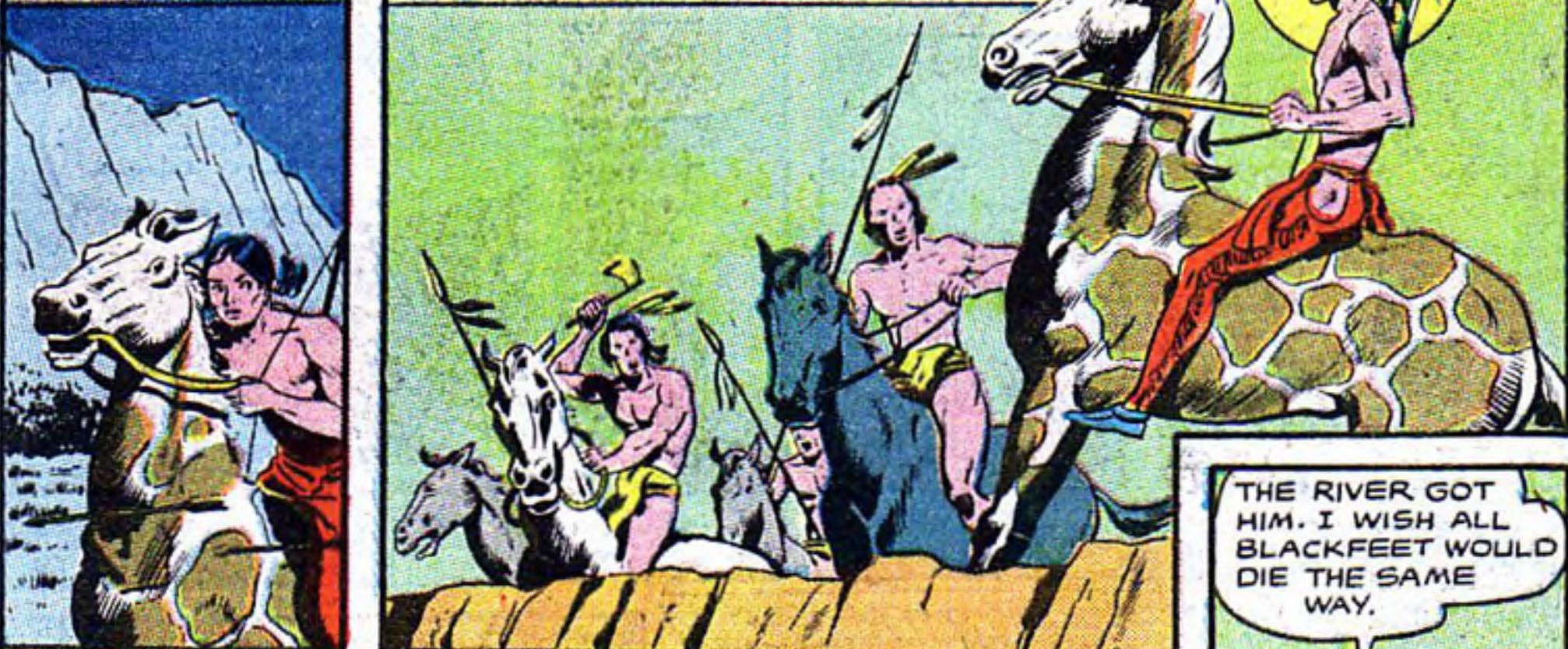


THE BOY KNEW HE MUST OBEY LONE BEAR'S ORDERS. HE MUST RIDE, BUT SOME DAY HE WOULD AVENGE LONE BEAR AND LOOKING-GLASS. SOME DAY LONE BEAR'S BOW WOULD SING A WAR SONG...

BUT THE CROWS WERE HOT ON HIS TRAIL, THEIR PONIES WERE SWIFT...

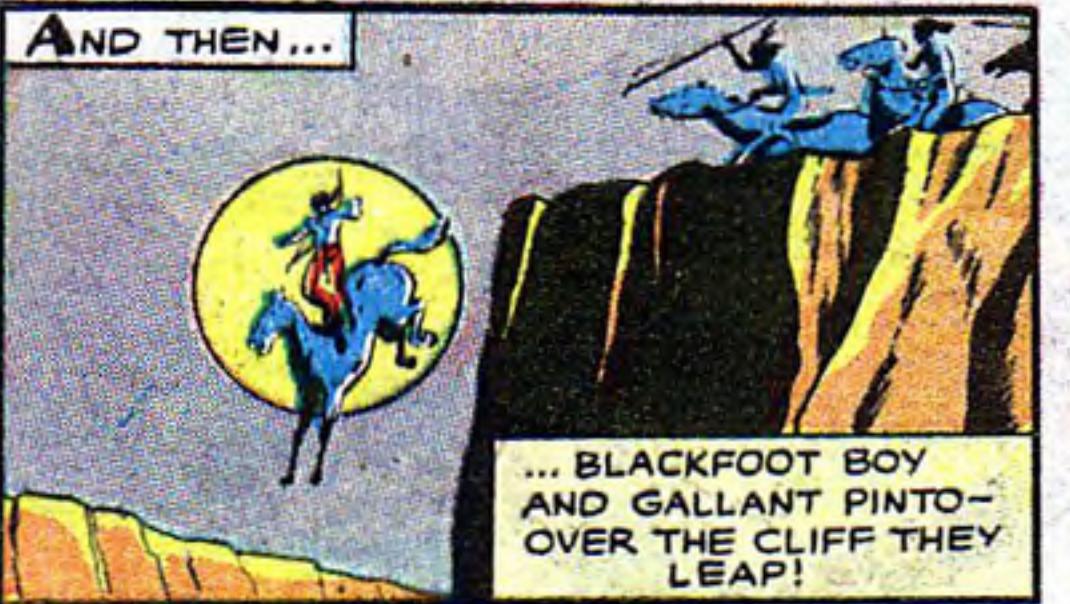


SUDDENLY, THE INDIAN BOY DREW REIN. THERE WAS THE ROSEBUD RIVER, BLOCKING HIM IN FRONT. THE GRINNING CROWS HAD CIRCLED HIM FROM BEHIND. THE TRAP WAS SPRUNG.



THE RIVER GOT HIM. I WISH ALL BLACKFEET WOULD DIE THE SAME WAY.

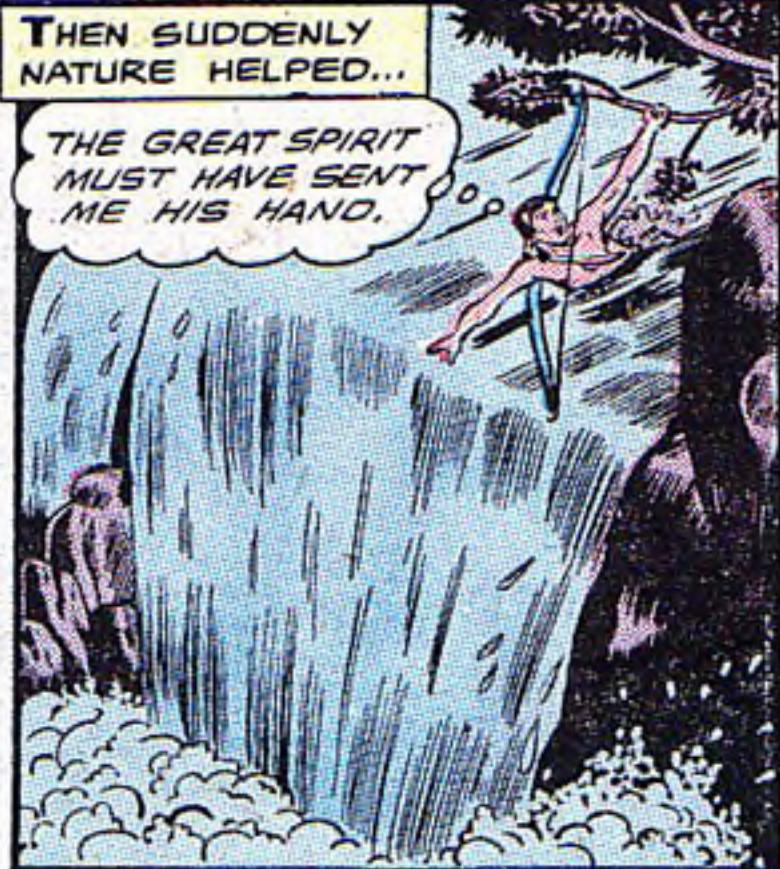
AND THEN...



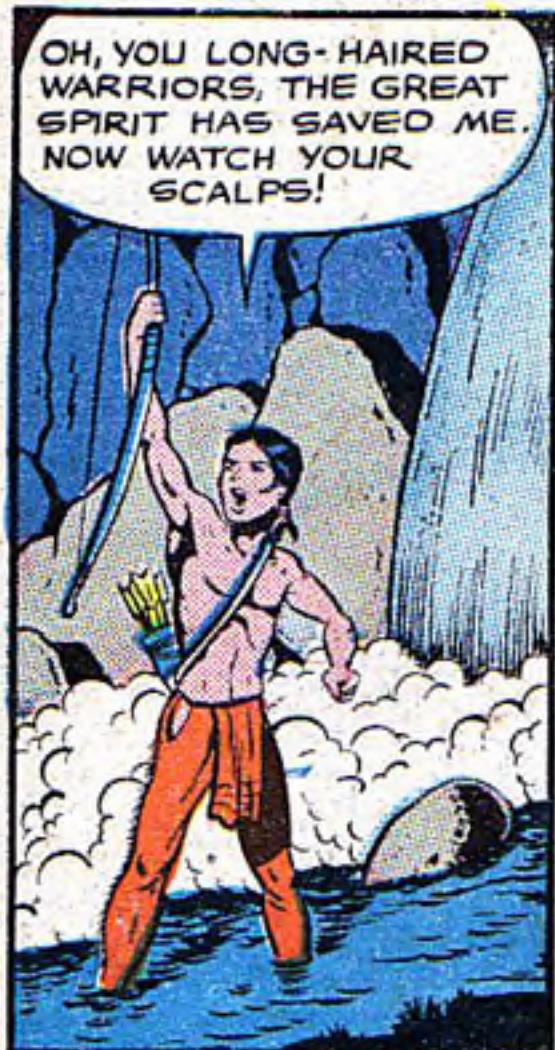
...BLACKFOOT BOY  
AND GALLANT PINTO—  
OVER THE CLIFF THEY  
LEAP!



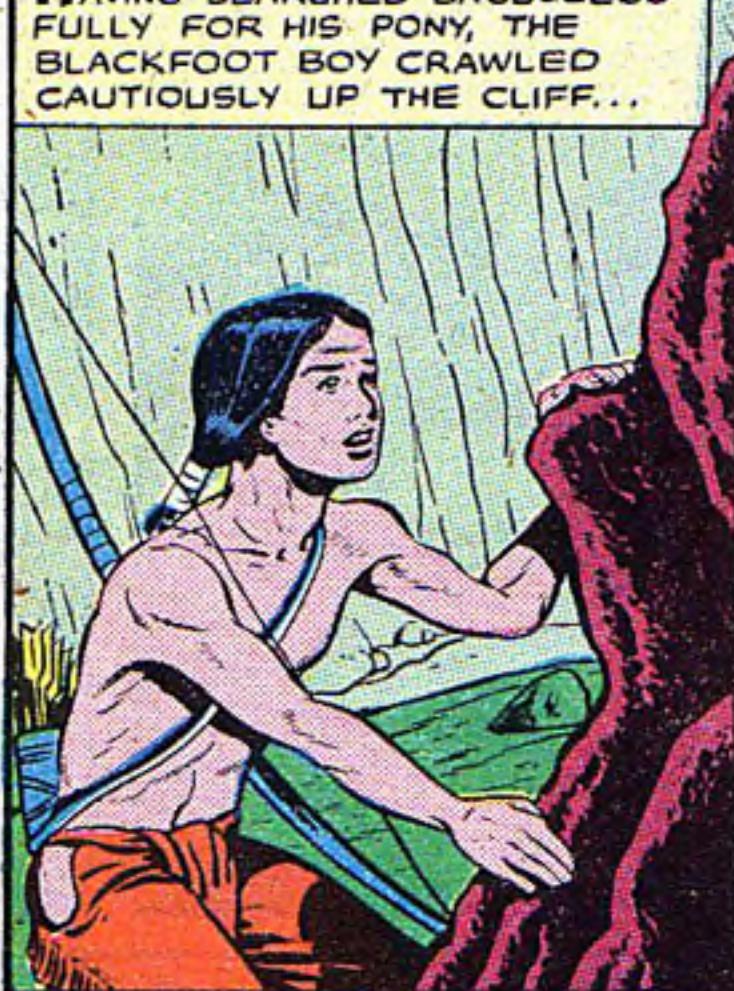
DOWN, DOWN,  
INTO THE CANYON  
OF THE ROSEBUD...  
HORSE AND  
RIDER STRUCK  
HARD. THE  
BLACKFOOT  
BOY WAS  
STUNNED. BUT  
HE FOUGHT  
HIS WAY TO  
THE SURFACE  
TO FIND  
THAT THE  
CURRENT  
WAS  
DRAGGING  
HIM TO THE  
FALLS...



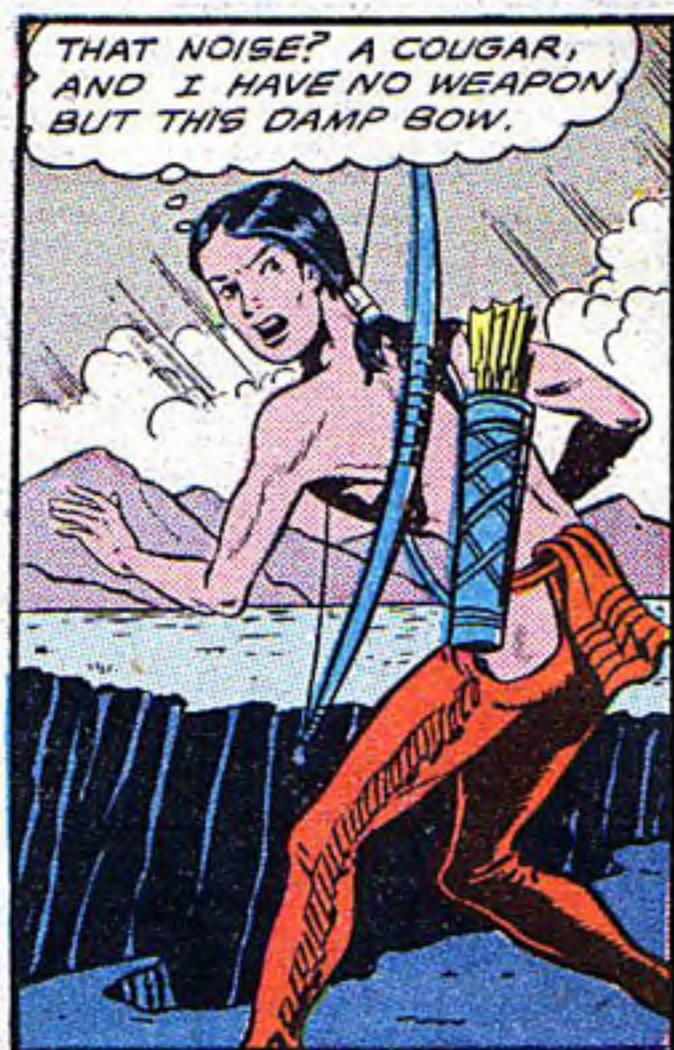
OH, YOU LONG-HAIRED WARRIORS, THE GREAT SPIRIT HAS SAVED ME. NOW WATCH YOUR SCALPS!



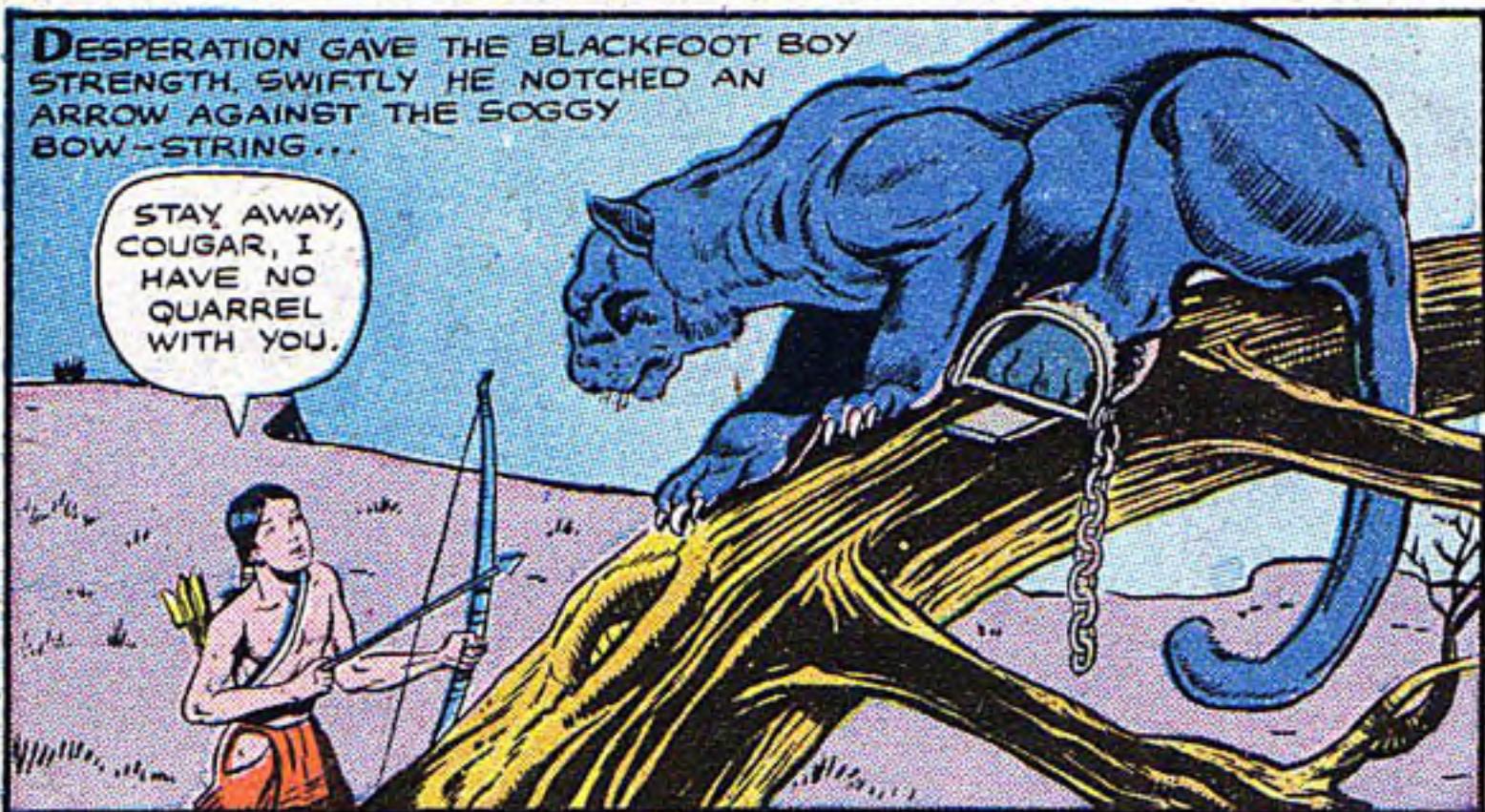
HAVING SEARCHED UNSUCCESSFULLY FOR HIS PONY, THE BLACKFOOT BOY CRAWLED CAUTIOUSLY UP THE CLIFF...



THAT NOISE? A COUGAR, AND I HAVE NO WEAPON BUT THIS DAMP BOW.

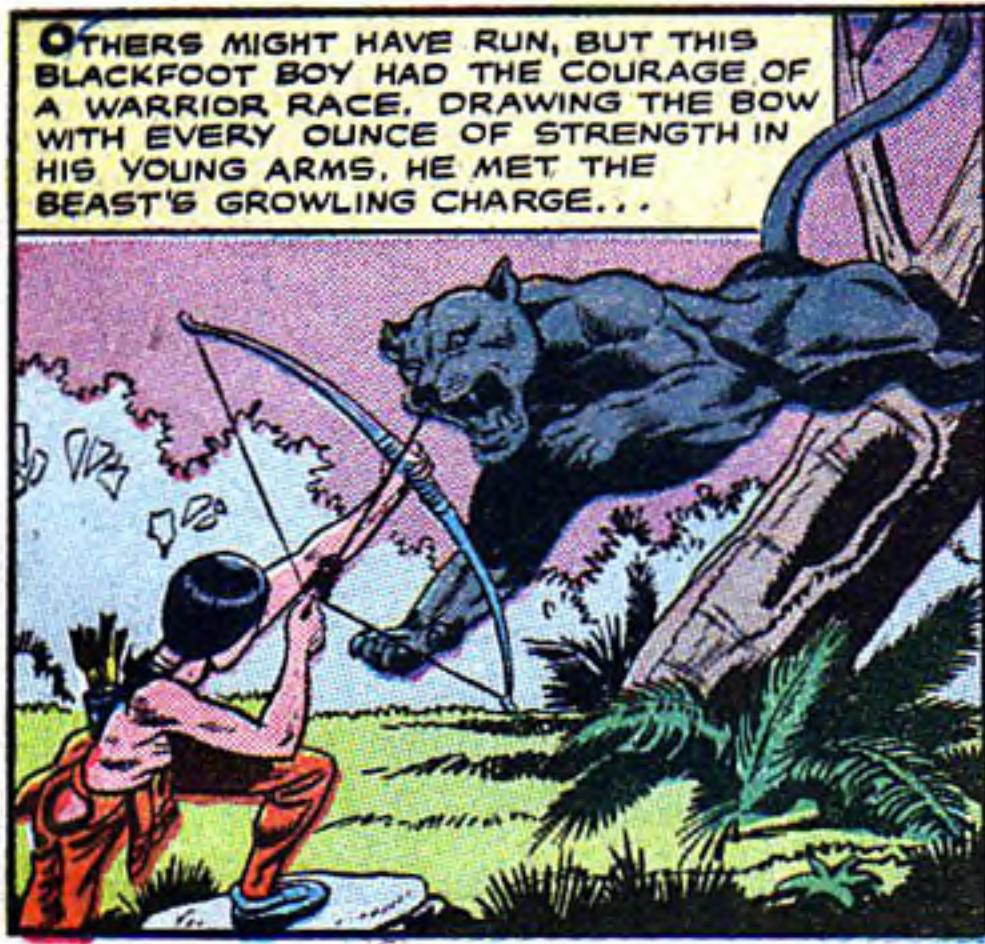


DESPERATION GAVE THE BLACKFOOT BOY STRENGTH. SWIFTLY HE NOTCHED AN ARROW AGAINST THE SOGGY BOW-STRING...

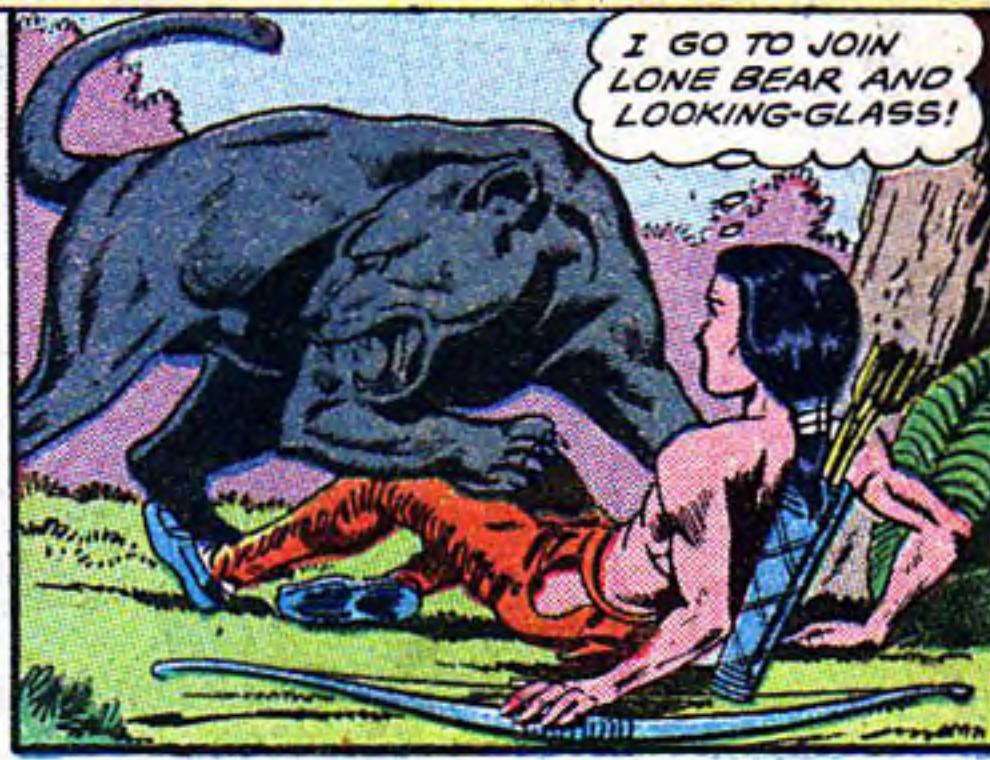


THE INDIAN BOY SAW THE BLAZE IN THE COUGAR'S TOPAZ EYES. HE SAW THE ANIMAL'S TWITCHING TAIL, THE PAINFUL TRAP WITH ITS BROKEN CHAIN CLENCHED TO HIS HIND FOOT, AND HE KNEW THE COUGAR WOULD ATTACK. HOW COULD HE FIGHT THE FIERCE BEAST WITH A WATER-SOAKED BOW SO THICK AND HEAVY THAT MANY WARRIORS COULD SCARCELY USE IT?

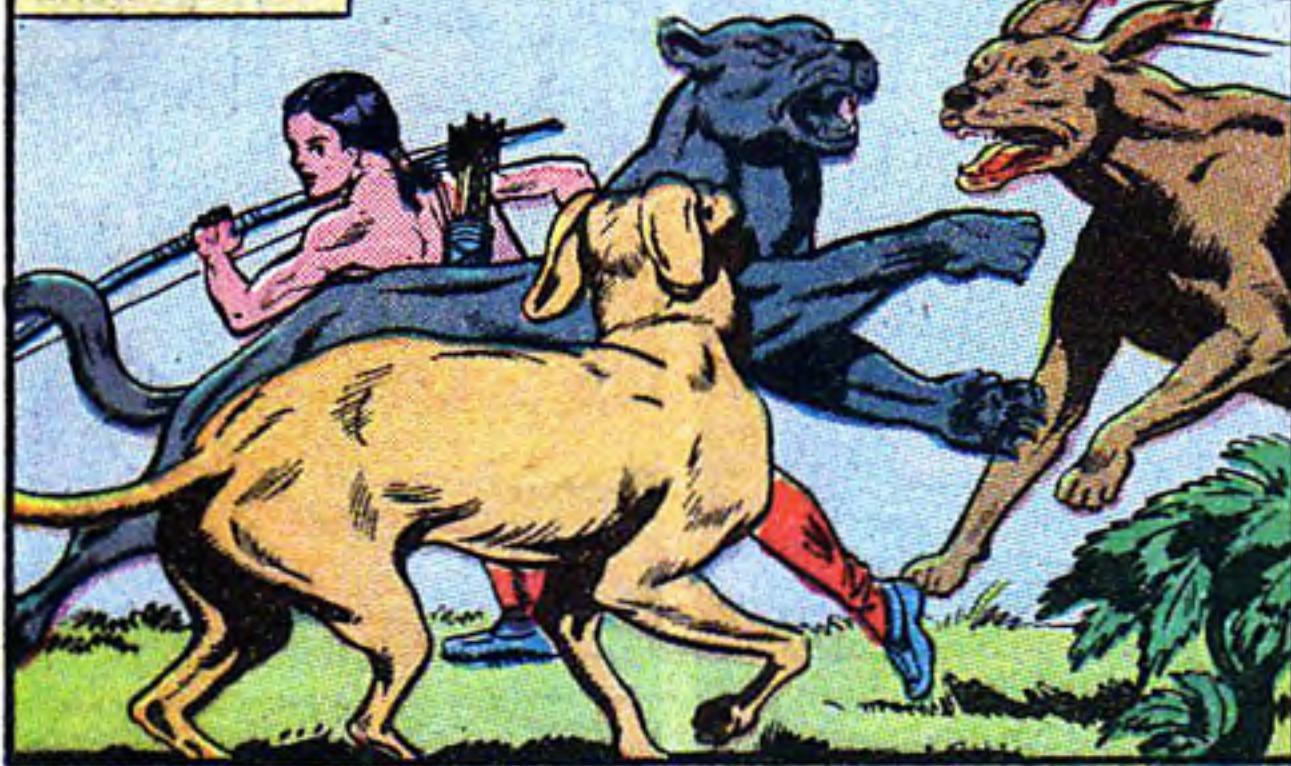
OTHERS MIGHT HAVE RUN, BUT THIS BLACKFOOT BOY HAD THE COURAGE OF A WARRIOR RACE. DRAWING THE BOW WITH EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH IN HIS YOUNG ARMS, HE MET THE BEAST'S GROWLING CHARGE...



THE GREAT BOW WITH ITS EAGLE-FEATHERED SHAFT TWANGED DAMPLY, THE ARROW NICKED THE COUGAR, BUT THE PAIN-MADDENED CAT WAS NOT TO BE STOPPED SO EASILY. A SWEEP OF THE PAW AND THE BOY WAS DOWN...



SUDDENLY, THE GLADE WAS FILLED WITH A FEROCIOUS BARKING. THE COUGAR WHIRLED FROM THE HELPLESS BOY TO FACE TWO HUGE HOUNDS DRIVING IN FROM EACH SIDE...



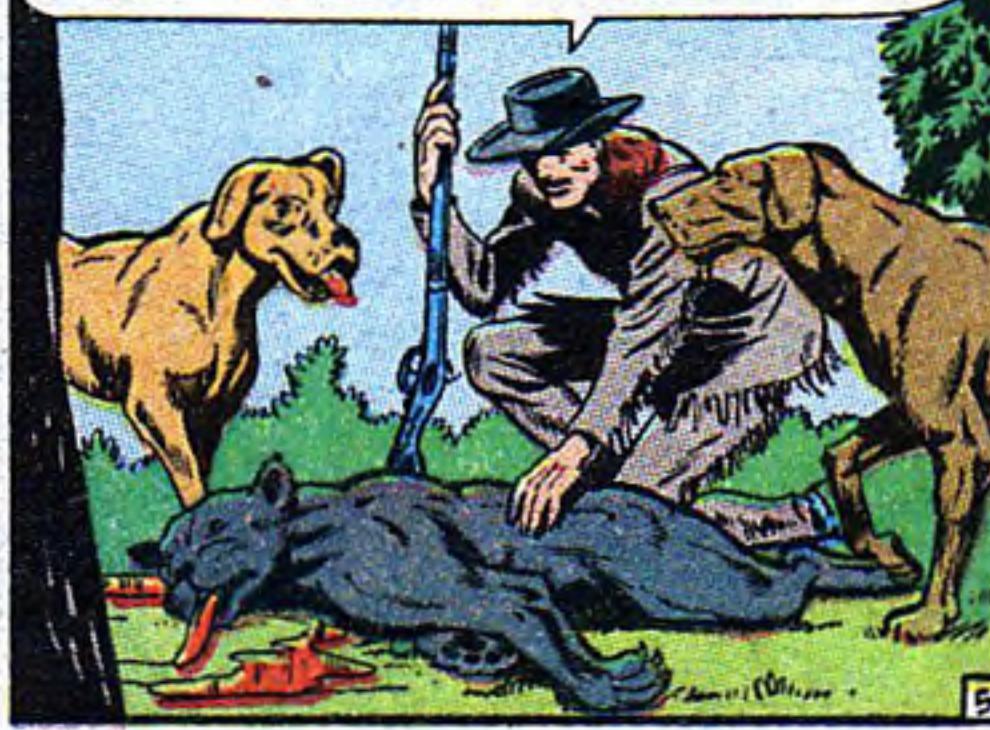
ABOVE THE BARKING, SNARLING FRAY CAME ANOTHER SOUND—THE SOUND OF MOCCASINED FEET...



BUT ONLY ONE MAN CAME, A TALL, GAUNT WHITE MAN. TO THE SCARED BLACKFOOT BOY, HE TOO SEEMED AN ENEMY...



GOOD WORK, SAMSON. GOOD WORK, GOLIATH. LUCKY YOU FOUND THIS CRITTER, ELSE HE'D HAVE MADE OFF WITH HIS HIDE AND OUR TRAP, TOO. HEY, HERE'S AN ARROW GRAZE! INJUNS AROUND.



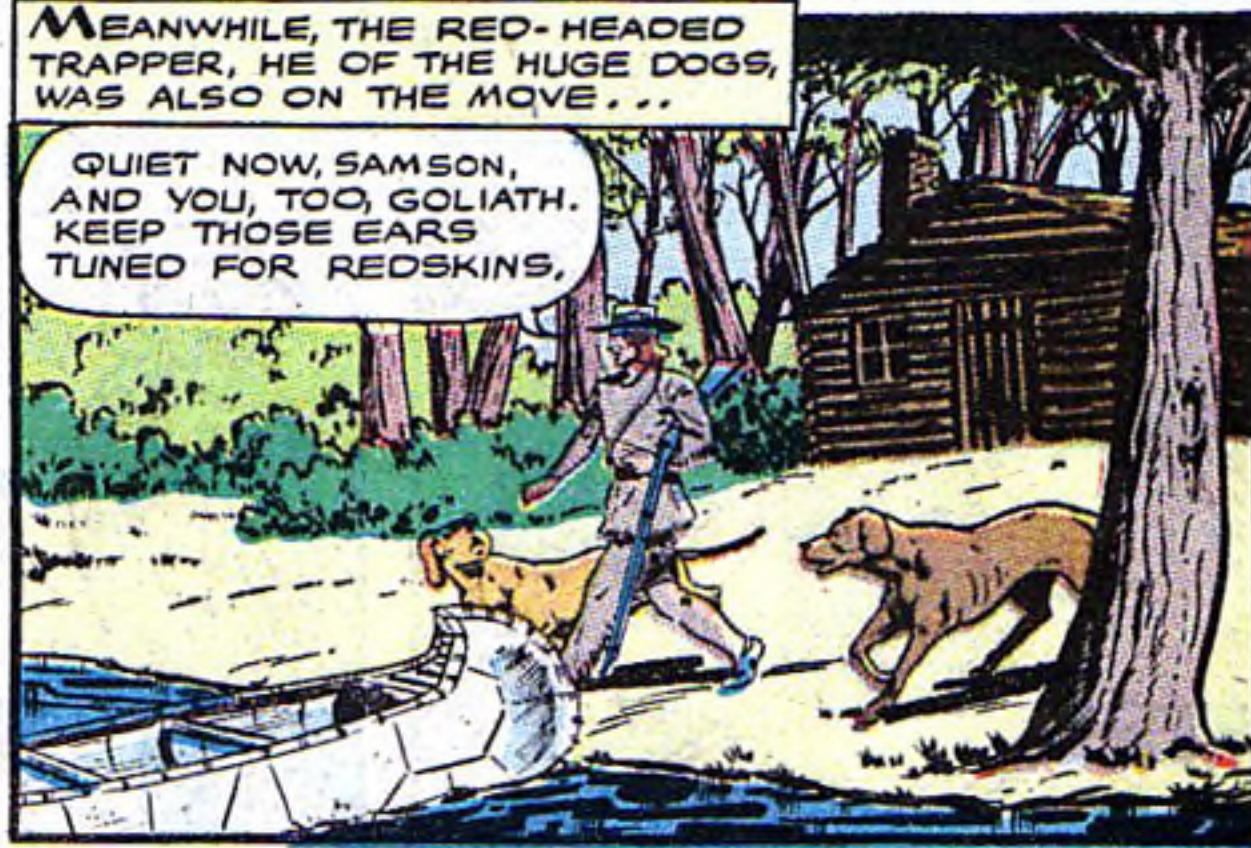
SAD AND WEARY, THE SON OF LONE BEAR AND LOOKING-GLASS DRAGGED HIMSELF INTO A CAVE THAT HAD SPOTTED. HERE IN THE ABANDONED COYOTE DEN THE BOY SLEPT THE SLEEP OF THE WILDS, THE SLEEP OF THE BEAR AND THE DEER, BISON, THE ANTELOPE. AND THE BOY AWOKE WITH THE SUNRISE, STRONG AND REFRESHED...



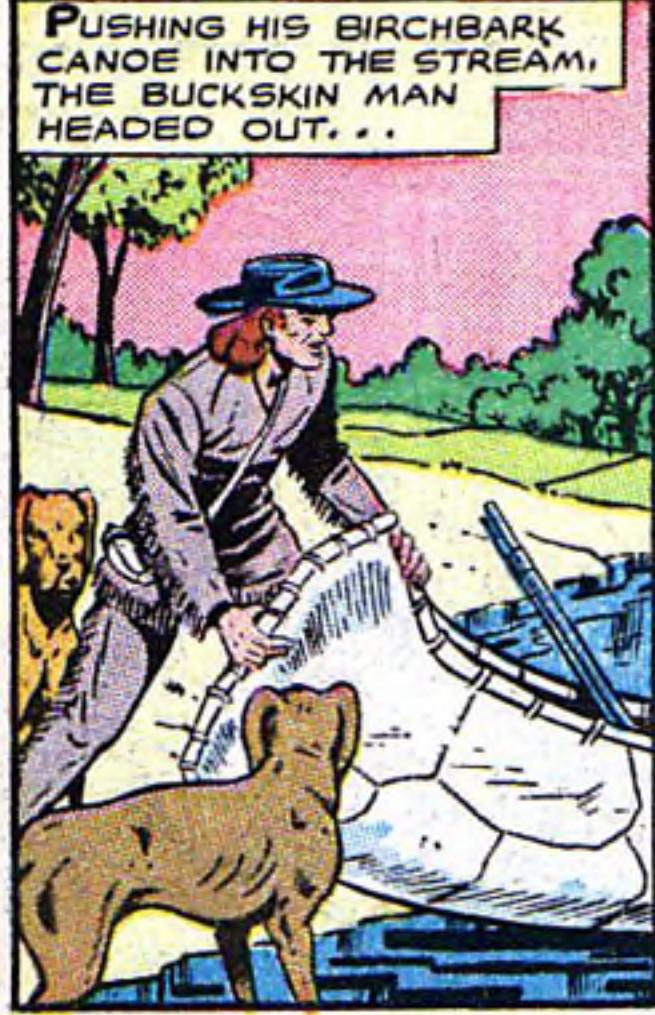
CLOSE BY, THE INDIAN BOY FOUND A CLEAR STREAM THAT FED THE TURBULENT ROSE BUD RIVER...



MEANWHILE, THE RED-HEADED TRAPPER, HE OF THE HUGE DOGS, WAS ALSO ON THE MOVE...



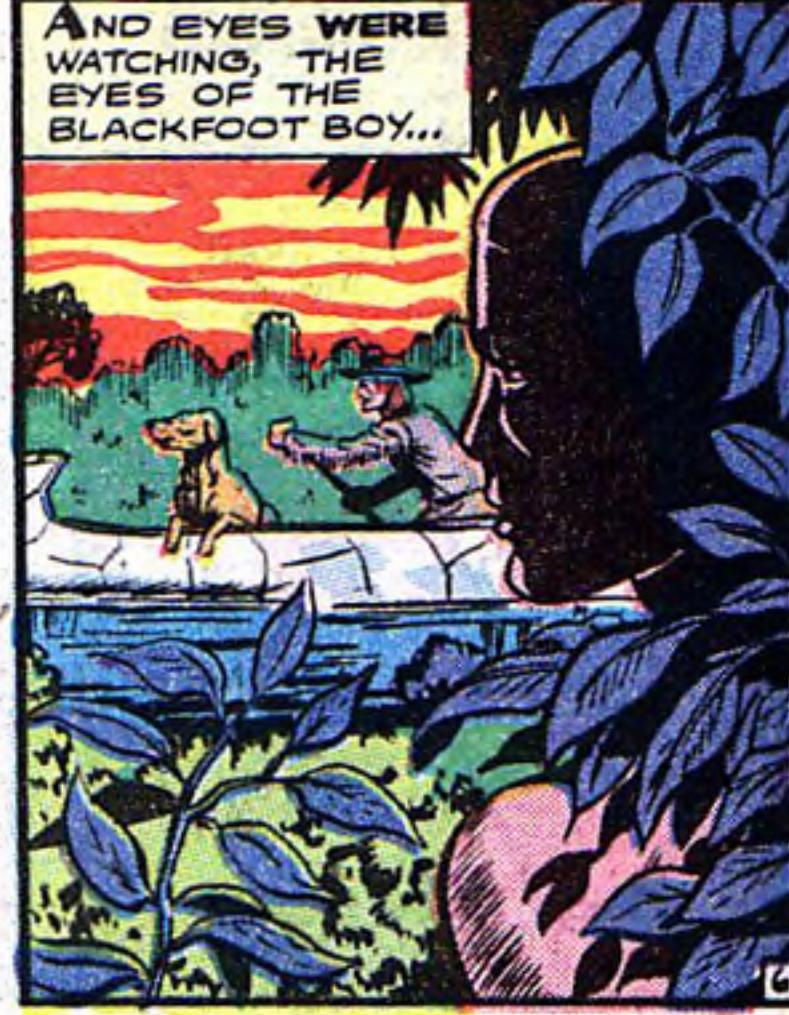
PUSHING HIS BIRCHBARK CANOE INTO THE STREAM, THE BUCKSKIN MAN HEADED OUT...



I FEEL AS IF EYES WERE WATCHIN' US. THE WOODS ARE A MITE TOO SILENT.



AND EYES WERE WATCHING, THE EYES OF THE BLACKFOOT BOY...



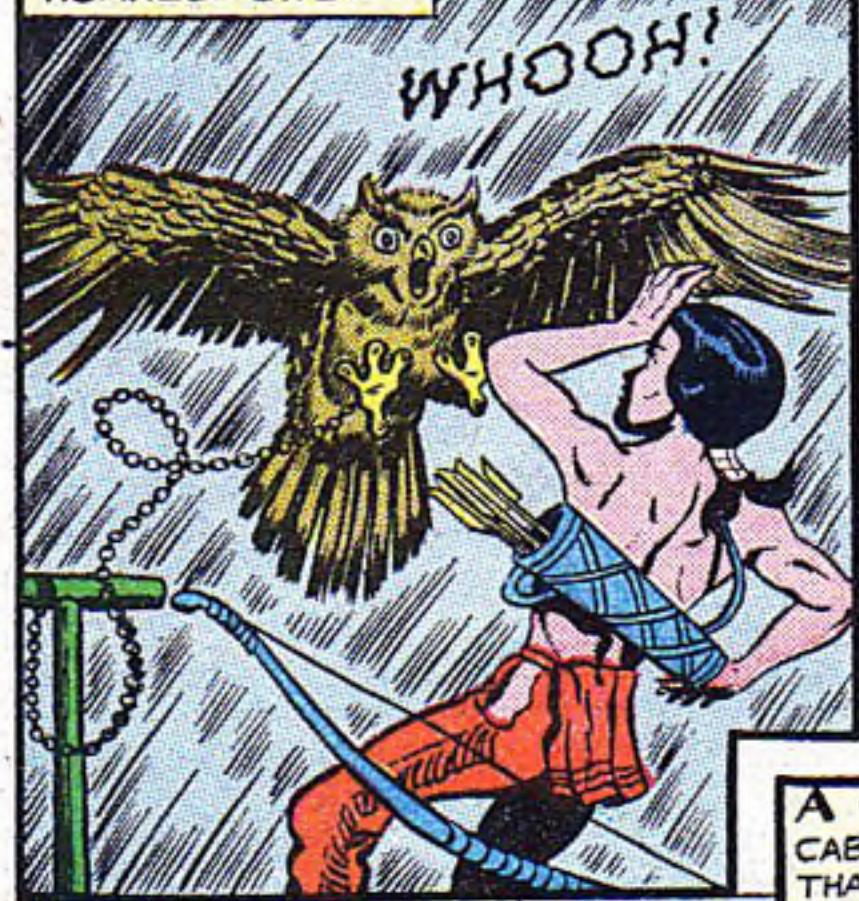
IT WAS ALMOST AS MUCH CURIOSITY AS HUNGER THAT DREW THE BLACKFOOT BOY TO THE WHITE TRAPPER'S CABIN. HE HAD SEEN ONE OR TWO SUCH PLACES BEFORE, BUT LONE BEAR HAD ALWAYS WARNED HIM AWAY. "SOME PALESKINS ARE GOOD MEN, SOME ARE BAD," LONE BEAR HAD SAID. "BETTER TO STAY AWAY..."



THE RICH ODOR OF VENISON AND PEA-BEANS DREW THE INDIAN LAD TOWARDS THE FIREPLACE. SUDDENLY A HORRIBLE MOANING FROZE HIS BLOOD...



HE TURNED JUST IN TIME TO AVOID THE RAKING ATTACK OF A FURIOUS HORNED-OWL...



DON'T SCOLD ME, OWL, I'M NO THIEF. I'M ONLY HUNGRY. I'LL REPAY YOUR MASTER FOR WHAT I TAKE.



PERHAPS THE OWL IS AS WISE AS THEY SAY. PERHAPS HE UNDERSTOOD THE BOY. AT LEAST HE QUIETED DOWN AND WATCHED THE LAD EAT...



THE BOY WAS FEEDING HIS FRIEND, THE OWL, WHEN A FAINT, STEALTHY NOISE REACHED HIS FEAR-SHARPENED EARS...



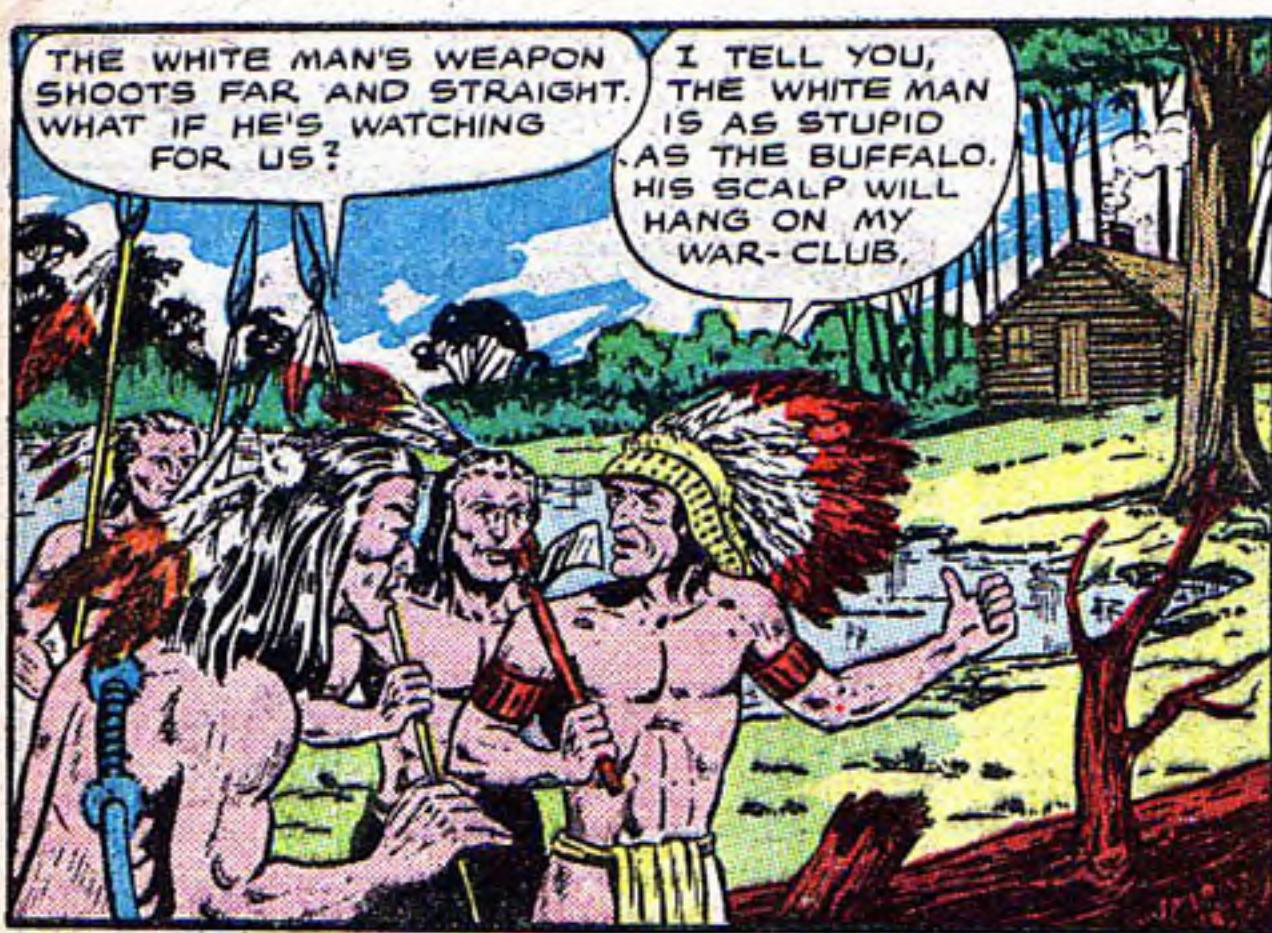
A WAR-PARTY WAS APPROACHING THE CABIN. IT WAS THE SAME BAND OF CROWS THAT HAD FALLEN ON LONE BEAR AND LOOKING-GLASS...



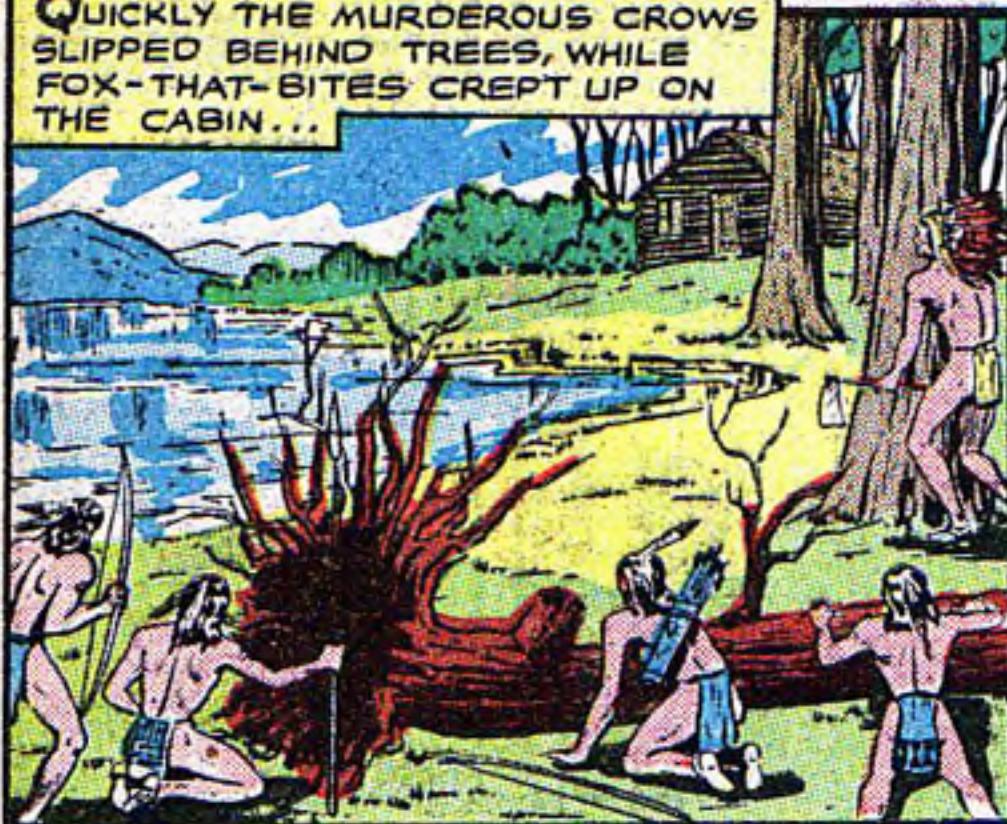
THE WHITE MAN'S WEAPON SHOOTS FAR AND STRAIGHT. WHAT IF HE'S WATCHING FOR US?

I TELL YOU, THE WHITE MAN IS AS STUPID AS THE BUFFALO. HIS SCALP WILL HANG ON MY WAR-CLUB.

STAY IN HIDING WHILE I, FOX-THAT-BITES, SCOUT THE WHITE MAN'S LODGE.

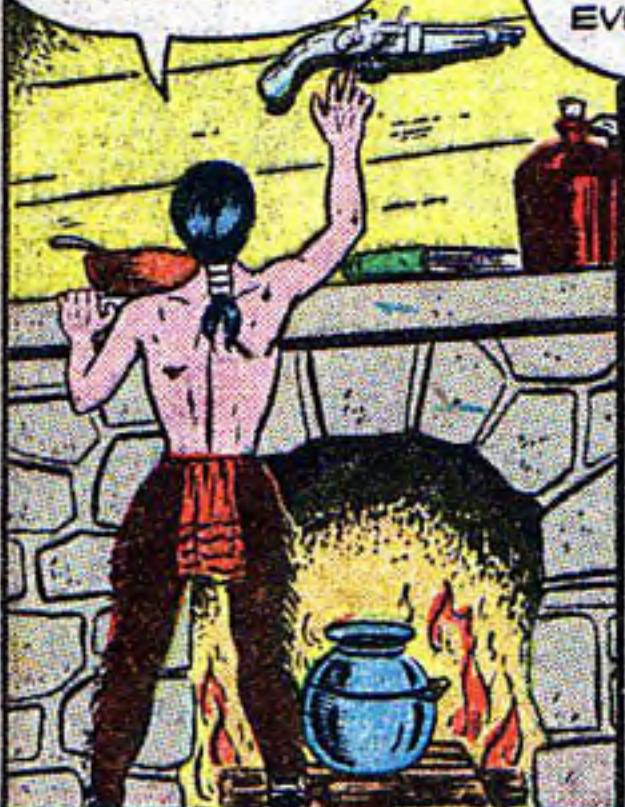


QUICKLY THE MURDEROUS CROWS SLIPPED BEHIND TREES, WHILE FOX-THAT-BITES CREEPED UP ON THE CABIN...

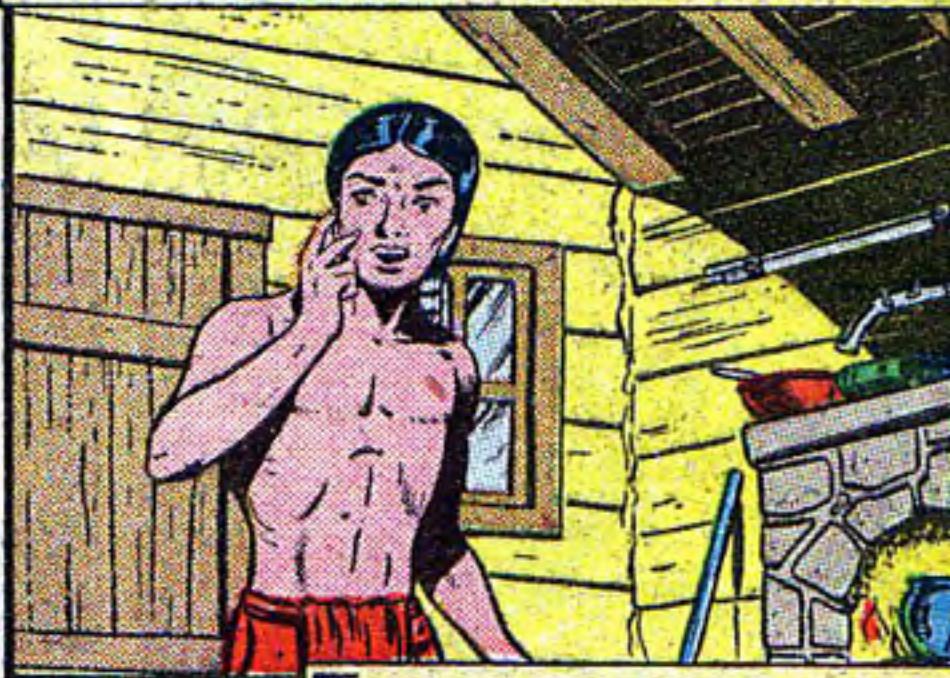


ONCE MY FATHER TOLD ME HOW THE WHITE MAN'S THUNDERSTICK WORKS...

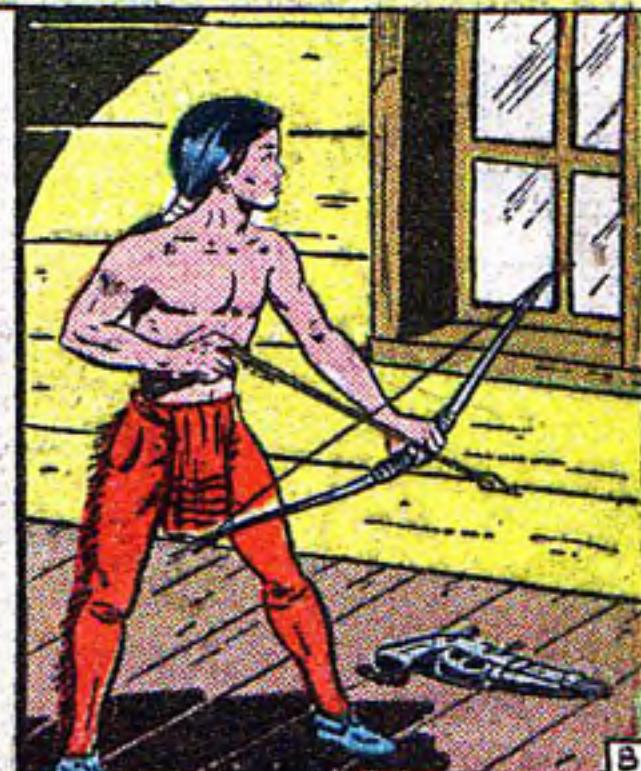
THAT SHINY PEBBLE INSIDE MUST BE THE DEATH-THAT-ROARS. IF MY BOW FAILS, I WILL TRY THIS WHITE MAN'S WEAPON, BUT I WOULD RATHER HAVE A TOMAHAWK OR EVEN A GOOD SHARP HUNTING KNIFE.



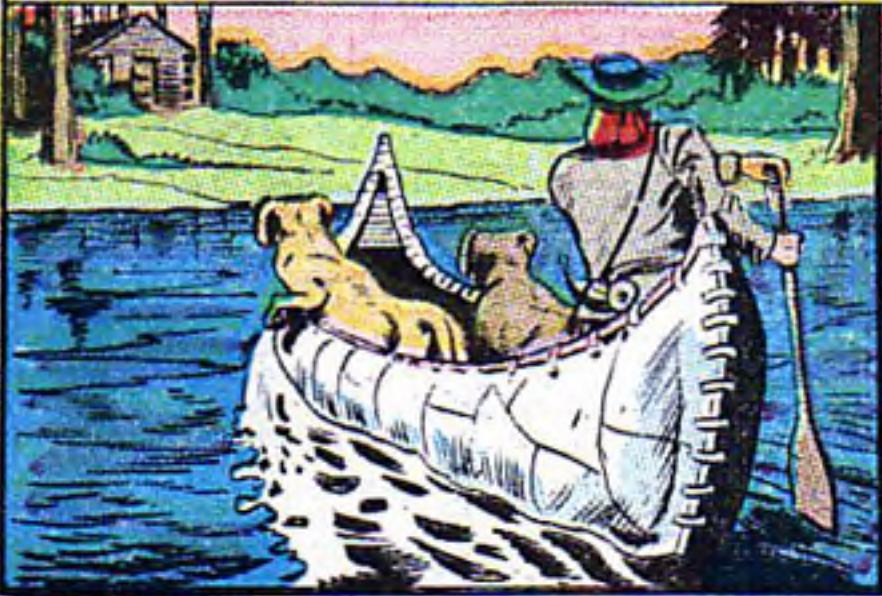
THE BLACKFOOT BOY'S KEEN EYES HAD GLIMPSED THE CROW CHIEF'S WAR-BONNET. HE KNEW HIS DEADLY ENEMIES HAD HIM CORNERED. BUT HE WASN'T BEATEN YET...



THE SINEW BOW-STRING HAD DRIED IN THE WARMTH OF THE CABIN. THE BLACKFOOT BOY PREPARED FOR THE ATTACK. HE WAS SCARED, BUT HE KNEW THAT A BLACKFOOT MUST NEVER ADMIT FEAR...



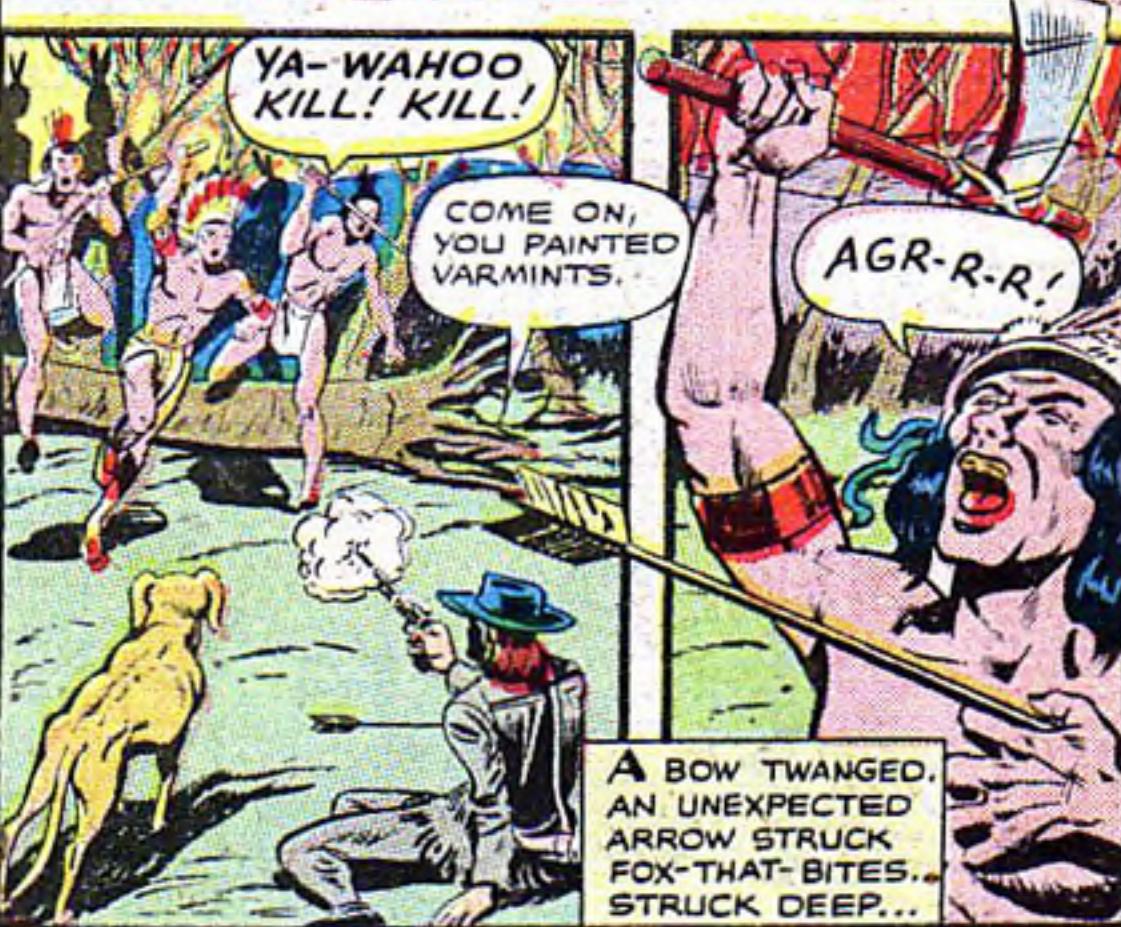
NOW A STRANGE THING HAPPENED. A CANOE CAME SHOOTING DOWN THE RIVER, THE WHITE MAN, HAVING FOUND INDIAN SIGNS, HAD SWUNG BACK TO PROTECT HIS CABIN AND HIS RICH STORE OF PELTS...



THE TRAPPER THOUGHT HE WAS WELL AHEAD OF THE MARAUDERS. HIS FIRST WARNING OF AMBUSH CAME WHEN THE GREAT HOUND, SAMSON, GAVE VOICE...



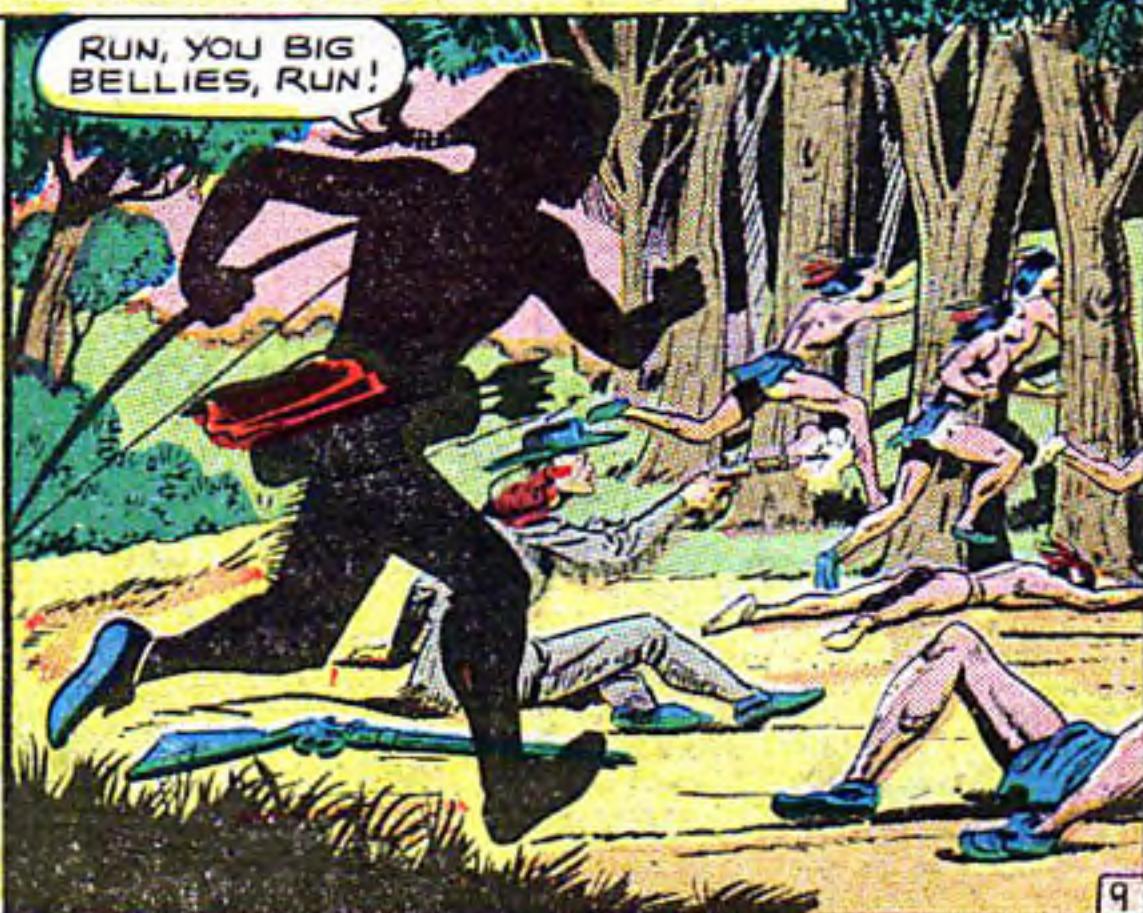
BUT NOT IN TIME...BLACK- FEATHERED CROW ARROWS WERE ALREADY LASHING AROUND HIM. ONE SHAFT DROVE DEEP INTO THE TRAPPER'S SHOULDER...



A BOW TWANGED. AN UNEXPECTED ARROW STRUCK FOX-THAT-BITES... STRUCK DEEP...

THE SUDDEN FEROCIOUS ATTACK IN THEIR REAR STARTLED THE CROWS, SENT THEM STAMPEDED INTO THE WOODS. THEY HADN'T EXPECTED A REAL FIGHT...

IT WAS THE BLACKFOOT BOY SHOOTING HIS FATHER'S GREAT HUNTING BOW WITH A STRENGTH BORN OF REVENGE...



CAN I HELP YOU, WHITE-MAN? I KNOW MUCH ABOUT TENDING ARROW WOUNDS. MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME HOW TO USE HERBS.

WHERE DID **YOU** POP FROM? YOU MUST HAVE BEEN HOLED UP IN THE CABIN.

YES, I WAS HIDING IN YOUR LODGE. I WAS LOST AND HUNGRY, BUT I DID NOT MEAN TO STEAL YOUR FOOD. I WOULD HAVE PAID YOU BACK.

DON'T TALK OF PAY, I OWE YOU MY LIFE. I'M OBLIGED, LAD, A HEAP MORE OBLIGED THAN I CAN EXPRESS IN INDIAN LINGO.

HEREABOUTS THEY CALL ME TRAPPER JIM. WHAT'S YOUR NAME, LAD?

I AM THE SON OF LONE BEAR, THE GREAT HUNTER. IN MY TRIBE A BOY DOESN'T GET A NAME UNTIL HE'S DONE SOMETHING TO EARN IT.

THAT'S A POWERFULLY TALL BOW YOU CARRY FOR ONE SO YOUNG. I HARDLY SEE HOW YOU'VE GOT THE STRENGTH TO BEND IT.

IT'S MY FATHER'S BOW. HE GAVE IT TO ME JUST BEFORE THE CROWS KILLED HIM. IT'S TRUE, I CAN HARDLY BEND IT, BUT TODAY I HAD TO.

YOU KNOW, LAD, I BEEN THINKING ABOUT A NAME FOR YOU. I THINK YOU SHOULD RIGHTLY BE CALLED **LONG BOW**. IT'S A GOOD NAME, AND YOU SURE EARNED IT.

LONG BOW... I LIKE THAT NAME. IT SOUNDS BIG AND BRAVE.

WELL, LONG-BOW, WHAT DO YOU SAY? WILL YOU STAY WITH ME UNTIL YOU CAN REJOIN YOUR TRIBE?

I'D LIKE THAT, TRAPPER JIM. IT IS WELL THAT THE WHITES AND THE INDIANS DWELL LIKE BROTHERS. THERE IS ROOM FOR BOTH IN THIS BROAD LAND.

OUTSIDE, THE WIND OFF THE BIG HORNS WAS SINGING OF AN EARLY WINTER. INSIDE THE TIGHT CABIN, LONG BOW FELT SAFE AND SECURE WITH HIS NEW-FOUND FRIEND, TRAPPER JIM, AND THE TWO GREAT HOUNDS. FOR THE MOMENT AT LEAST, LONG BOW, THE BLACKFOOT BOY, WAS SAFE...

GOOD. WE SHALL HUNT AND TRAP TOGETHER.

TOMORROW, LAD, I'LL SHOW YOU MY TRAP-LINE.

FOR MORE GREAT ADVENTURES OF LONG BOW AND TRAPPER JIM, SEE THE NEXT BIG ISSUE OF **INDIANS!**



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I Send You Many  
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"My first job was obtained for me by your Graduate Service Dept. Am now Chief Engineer, Police Radio Station WQOX." T. S. Norton, Hamilton, Ohio.

"Am tied in with two Television outfits, and do warranty work for dealers. Use N.R.I. tests often." Robert Dohman, New Prague, Minn.

"Four months after enrolling for N.R.I. course, was able to service Radios; averaged \$10-\$15 a week in spare time." W. H. Weyde, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"N.R.I. helped me get position as Radio Mechanic with United Airlines. Have Radio Telephone 2nd Class License." Lehman Hauger, San Bruno, California.

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National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

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# GROW MORE VIRILE HAIR

in 30 DAYS or DON'T PAY A CENT!

Most people could have saved their hair had they acted in time! Beware of too much hair in your comb!

Absolutely nothing known to science can do more to help you to

# STOP GETTING BALD!

Once you notice symptoms of too much hair in your combings, itchy scalp, excessive dryness or oiliness,

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## GUARANTEED RESULTS WITH NEW FORMULA

THE HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA kills the hair-destroying germs (1) Pityrosporum Ovale, (2) Staphylococcus Albus and (3) Cornebacterium Acnes. Leading dermatologists feel that in killing these germs you rid yourself of the scalp conditions that result in BALDNESS! KILL THESE GERMS. Don't risk letting them KILL your HAIR GROWTH; and your chances for growing more virile hair! The Hair Research Formula has been extremely successful with "DIFFICULT" hair and scalp conditions! Almost at once your hair looks THICKER, more attractive and alive!

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### GET FIVE IMMEDIATE BENEFITS!

- (1) Kill the three types of germs that may be retarding your normal HAIR GROWTH
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- (3) Enjoy healthful massaging action.
- (4) Bring HAIR-NOURISHING blood to the scalp.
- (5) Remove ugly loose DANDRUFF

THE HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA is an amazing NEW, SCIENTIFIC FORMULA and it CONTAINS NO ALCOHOL! So resultant is this NEW and IMPROVED AMAZING FORMULA that ABSOLUTELY nothing known to science can do more to GROW MORE VIRILE HAIR. You must be 100% delighted with results or your money will be refunded. Remember your chances for love and romance and your chances for SUCCESS are so much greater when you have more virile hair, so DON'T RISK GETTING BALD! Act at once!

### EXCLUSIVE FORMULA

The HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA is an exclusive laboratory created formula. It is sold only by us exclusively—it is not yet obtainable in any other way but by mail from us! We know that absolutely nothing KNOWN TO MEDICAL SCIENCE CAN DO MORE TO SAVE YOUR HAIR! NO OTHER FORMULA CAN GROW MORE VIRILE HAIR MORE QUICKLY, OR CAN STOP YOU FROM GETTING BALD MORE SURELY! BALDNESS WON'T WAIT! Act now! MAIL COUPON TODAY!



PROOF!  
Former  
skeptical  
people like  
you, now  
SATISFIED  
USERS!

and scalp itch, now after only two days, no more Scalp Itch and no more dandruff." R. K., New Orleans, La.

"Yes I have grown more virile hair in 30 days, I am more than pleased." G. W., Jersey City, N. J.

"No more falling hair since the very first week I tried your formula." Mrs. L. K., New York, N. Y.

"Thanks a million for convincing my husband; his hair stopped falling out. I use it too; it got rid of my infuriating scalp itch in just three days." Mrs. G. T., Washington, D. C.

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I enclose \$3. send three months' supply.

I understand if not delighted with the new and improved HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA I can return the unused portion after 10 days for full purchase price refund.

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### Guarantee

If the HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA isn't better than any product or treatment you ever had, if it isn't the best science knows for you to do to grow more virile hair in 30 days, if it doesn't do for you what it has done for others, if you are not delighted with it, return it and your money will be refunded in full. HAIR RESEARCH FORMULA is guaranteed to both MEN and WOMEN!

HAIR RESEARCH CO.  
1025 Broad St.  
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LOSE UGLY FAT!

A NEW, SCIENTIFIC WAY TO



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